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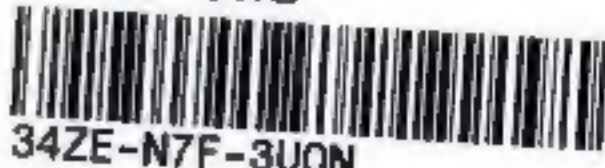


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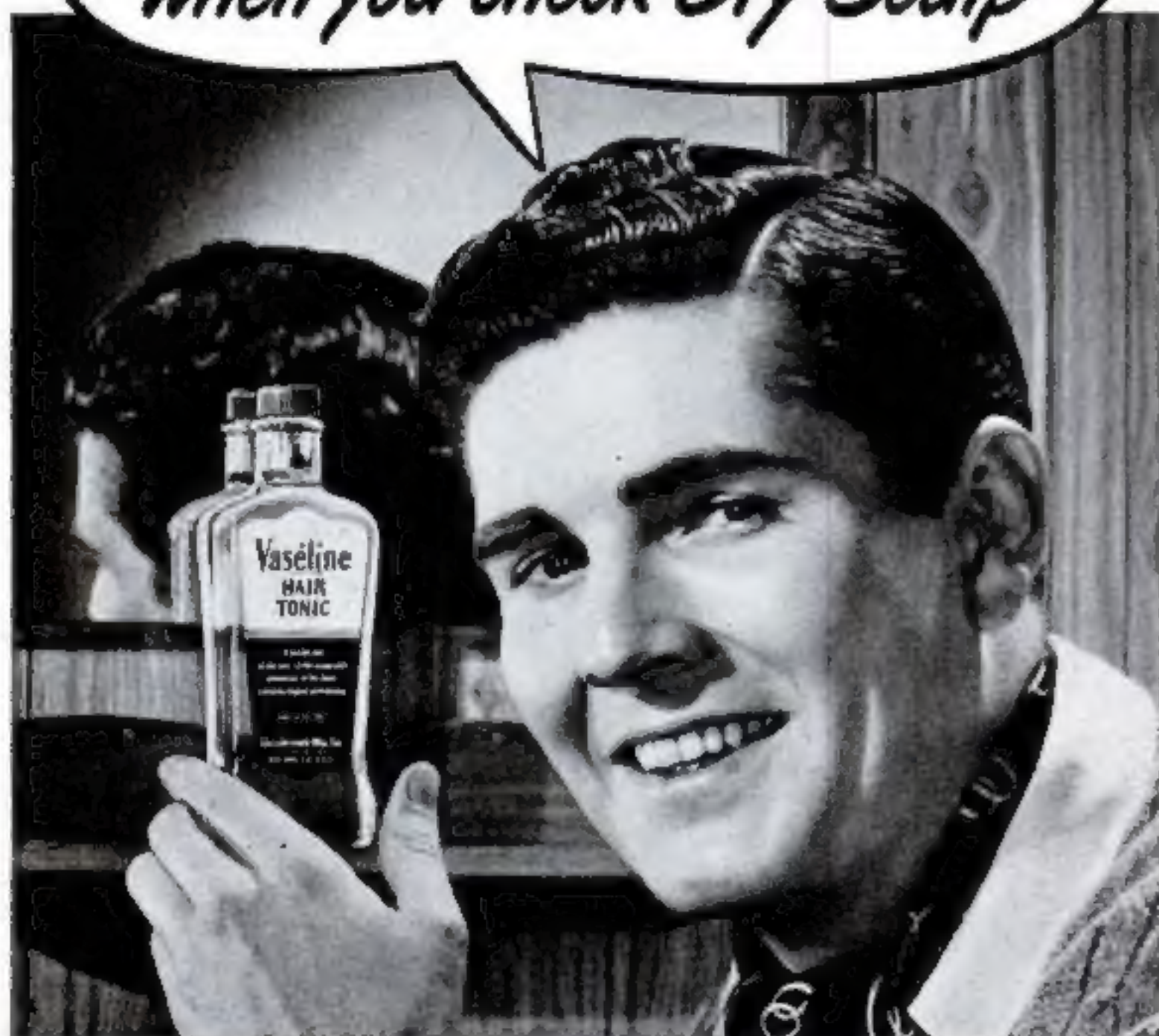
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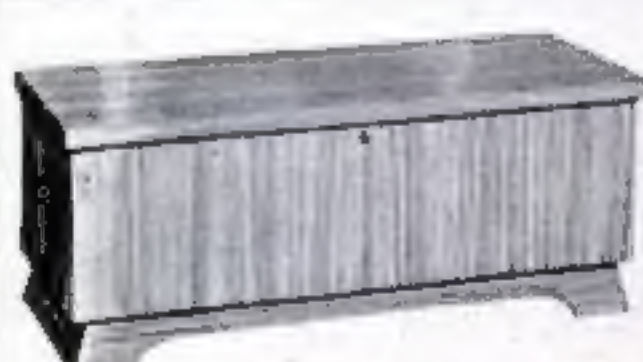
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FROM THE EDITORS . . .

This week, instead of being concerned with the world around us, LIFE surveys an entire half century. In deciding to devote an issue to the spectacle of the U.S. when it was emerging as the most powerful of all nations, some rather arbitrary decisions had to be made.

The first one concerned the date of a mid-century issue. It is argued from a purely arithmetical point of view that this issue should be appearing at the beginning of 1951. But LIFE is stringing along with such authorities as the Library of Congress and Mark Sullivan, the most widely read historian of the early century, who said that Jan. 1, 1900 "seems to the eye and sounds to the ear more like the beginning of a century than Jan. 1, 1901."

As the staggering amount of research that goes into a project of this kind got under way, it became obvious that there wasn't room for everything. Thus the world as a whole has been ignored except where it directly affected the U.S. There is no account of the two wars as such. So many publications, including LIFE, have reported them so well, both while they were going on and

in retrospect, that we found very little fresh material.

Since we have made some bad guesses ourselves, we were comforted by some of the new century's special editions. A New York *World* seer thought the 20th Century would produce a perfect race and the Brooklyn *Eagle* predicted that the Dodgers would join the American League. We decided it would be foolish to do any crystal-balling beyond having Bill Mauldin (p. 96) tell us about his generation which is going to have to take over the country someday.

If we've omitted some things we've included many others. Even so, we expect to be chided by some readers for leaving out favorite memories. But if the subjects we have included recall others that evoke an equally warm feeling, we will be satisfied.

Younger readers may be like Mary Hartig, who posed for the cover. When she was told she was wearing a Gibson girl costume she said, "What's that?" We hope to give those who are too young to remember all about the era a sense of surprise and discovery. That is the way it was with LIFE's staff. We never had more fun assembling an issue.

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GOLD LOCKET was bought with *Post-Dispatch's* \$25 gift.

BABY SHAW

BABY SHAW WAS BROUGHT TO ST. LOUIS BY THE STORK WHEN THE CENTURY WAS TWENTY SECONDS OLD.



THE BLESSED EVENT was sketched for *Post-Dispatch*, which considered news so important that it devoted its entire

front page to Shaw—except for an item reporting sale of the New Jersey Central Railroad to J. P. Morgan for \$23 million.

THE CHILD WHO WAS HAILED BY ST. LOUIS AS THE FIRST-BORN OF THE 20TH CENTURY HAS TURNED OUT TO BE "MR. MIDSTREAM," THE AVERAGE MAN OF THE PAST 50 YEARS

By ROBERT WALLACE



THE HAPPY INFANT, photographed at 6 months in 1901, was the apple of St. Louis' eye.

IN St. Louis the 20th Century began on Jan. 1, 1901, by local option. Whether it actually began then, or was really a year old, was a matter of supreme unconcern to a 78-pound woman named Mrs. Mackey Shaw, who lived at 3923 North Ninth St. As the bells tolled midnight, she was giving birth to her first and only child, a 6-pound boy. Meanwhile a neighbor stood at the telephone, telling the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that the probable winner of the newspaper's "20th Century Baby Contest" was checking in. The exact time of arrival: 20 seconds past 12 midnight.

The neighbor was right. In a few days the *Post-Dispatch* proclaimed the news in front-page headlines. Baby Shaw had made it 10 seconds ahead of the Pollard baby, 40 seconds ahead of the next runner-up. (After Shaw arrived, the next 10 children born in St. Louis in the 20th Century were girls.)

This was fame. Nothing like it had ever happened to the parent Shaws and never would again, although both would live to see the dawn of the mid-century. The *Post-Dispatch* clutched the baby to its ink-stained bosom, then held it aloft for all the Midwest to see. Gifts were

showered on the child; the wealthy newspaper came across with \$25 in prize money with which Mrs. Shaw bought a baby carriage and a locket that her son could keep all his life. Strangers called at 3923 North Ninth St. to leave boxes of baby clothes. The mail was full of knitted caps, messages of congratulation and advice, predictions of great things. A man wrote saying that he was going to send the baby a gold watch. A stock raiser of High Hill, Mo. promised to send a Jersey cow and her 2-week-old calf if he could have the privilege of naming the child. Another correspondent insisted that the baby should be christened Century M. Shaw, which would have permitted him to sign his letters with a simple 100. In the upshot the Shaws named their child Junius Pulitzer, after his grandfather and the publisher of the *Post-Dispatch*. By chance this was also the suggestion of the stock raiser of High Hill, but he never sent cow or calf. The gold watch never arrived either.

A St. Louis astrologer was hired by the *Post-Dispatch* to cast young Junius' horoscope, which he did in the evasive, something-for-everybody style of his trade. Junius, said the astrologer, had been born under the sign of Libra

and would therefore grow up to be "careful, prudent, painstaking, resolute, high-minded . . . good-natured and a skillful performer upon some musical instrument." Then, to cut the taste of saccharine, he hastily added that Junius would have a life of turmoil and unrest, would have to fight for what he got and would have falls caused by animals. Also Junius would have to learn not to trust his friends because few would be faithful.

When he got around to what Junius would look like at maturity (and hence to the only ground on which he could be trapped) the astrologer fell down sadly. "[I see] a tall, well-proportioned body, rather slender figure, hair brown, quite smooth and glossy, face round to oval, features regular and finely chiseled, clear complexion, dark eyes." Shaw at maturity is not tall; he stands 5 feet 6 inches (his mother is only 4 feet 11 inches). His hair is gray. It was once brown but wavy, not smooth. He weighs 175 and is built like a bushel basket. His eyes are blue and his features, although pleasant, are not finely chiseled. He looks like a bright, friendly chipmunk sculptured in soft pink soap.

As Shaw, looking like a chipmunk, straddles the mid-century, he has behind him what Edgar Guest called a "heap o' living." Most of this living has been different from what the astrologer foresaw. Junius got through two predicted periods of "most evil" without so much as sneezing, but during a "good" period in 1918 he came down with appendicitis. His life has been very typical of his era. He got married when everybody else did, got divorced, got drunk, went broke, made a comeback, bought a new car, all at the proper times. It is difficult to hear him tell his story without the eerie feeling that it is not one man who is talking but a million men. Shaw is a prototype. He is like the familiar face that constantly appears and disappears on a crowded street, the tune that is always half heard and half recognized but then fades out. He is the man everyone knows intimately but yet has never met—Mr. Midstream.

The first thing Shaw is sure he remembers is a fire that happened when he was 3. The family had moved to a flat over a St. Louis saloon. In the middle of the night the place began to burn. His parents awakened him, and among the sounds of breaking glass and axes chopping, the smell of smoke, burning sawdust and spilled booze, young Junius walked downstairs to safety, as sedately as though he were going to Sunday school.

He was easily pleased. When he was 5 he decided that he wanted to go on a picnic. So his parents took him to O'Fallon Park, solemnly unwrapped a single sandwich and handed it to him. Junius fondled it and went home with a feeling that he had known glamour. It was the same way, later, with the circus. His father took him to the parade, held him on his shoulders so that Junius could catch a quick glimpse of an elephant, and took him home. Junius thought that was fine.

When he was 7 Junius went through his big childhood bout with disease. He got pneumonia, went outdoors too soon during his convalescence and came down with double pneumonia. After that he was so skinny, his 72-year-old father now recalls, that "if you threw a hat at him, it'd hang wherever it hit him."

The astrologer had said that he would be a skillful performer, so when he was 10 his mother sat him firmly before a piano, got him a teacher and waited hopefully for his genius to emerge. It never did, but Junius played a few youthful recitals at Baldwin Hall and Cabanne Library, and the *Post-Dispatch* (which had been documenting his life, with diminishing interest, all along) expressed the hope that the boy would "continue to use his God-given gift and go on to a brilliant career."

On April 14, 1912 the *Titanic* met disaster on her maiden voyage. Junius was in Clarksville, Mo. that day

looking for a veterinary. His grandmother had given him a pony (which he named Betsy) for his birthday. He kept it at his aunt's farm, where on the day of the great disaster it gouged out one of its eyes on a barbed-wire fence. Junius found a veterinary, who saved the animal from death by infection, but ever afterward April 14, 1912 was a black date in Junius' mind and he would have swapped John Jacob Astor, and all the other gallant souls who went down in the cold sea near the iceberg, for a pony with two eyes.

Nineteen hundred and fourteen to Junius was not the year the war began. It was the year his father finally bought a Model-T Ford after having stuck to the buggy for what was to Junius an unreasonable length of time. When the car arrived the piano lessons, school and even the girl who lived across the street (her name was Lynwood Epperson, and he would marry her when he was 21) disappeared from his mind. Day after day Junius retired to the backyard to stare glassy-eyed at the machine. Then abstract love gave way to passion, and he began to paw over it and take it apart. At one time he had the Model-T so completely disassembled that there was simply nothing more he could do with it—the next step would have been to transform it back to the Mesabi iron ore from which it had come. At this point his mother threatened to call his father at once, but Junius put the car back together and it ran as well as, if not better than, before.

At 15 Junius had learned to drive the car and was in other respects almost a man. His parents had moved to a hotel (his mother disliked housework) and the boy had a room of his own, with a key of his own. These adult responsibilities caused him to lose interest in schoolwork, and when he reached 16 he was only halfway through the eighth grade. His teacher suggested that he was not cut out for the academic life, so he quit school and went to work for the old Missouri Auto Specialty Co. at 19th and Locust. Next year he transferred to the McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Company (auto parts) and began a career that lasted from 1917 to the depth of the depression in 1932.

In the auto-parts business Junius found several congenial friends. He bought an old Willys-Overland, which looked like a bathtub and was so nicknamed, and spent his evenings touring the better joints of St. Louis—the Blue Moon, the Cadillac and Belvedere Joe's. When World War I came along he was too young to be drafted. He bought a saxophone, not necessarily by way of celebration, and taught himself to play it. But it turned out that this was not the instrument on which Junius was destined to be a skillful performer. He was even worse at it than he was at the piano.

When the '20s began Junius was moving fast at McQuay-Norris. His nickname was changed to Jack, because June did not seem to fit the character of a rising young employee—or of a dignified family man. In 1922 he married his childhood sweetheart Lynwood Epperson.

McQuay-Norris gave him part of its St. Louis sales territory and he packed his bags and took off, calling on car dealers and garages. From the start he was a go-getter. He was lively and jovial, never droopy around the edges. He made thousands of sales and hundreds of acquaintances, and the bosses marked him as a comer. In 1926 they gave him the district managership of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and South Carolina, and he went to live in Montgomery, Ala.

The Roaring '20s were going full blast, and so was Junius. In Montgomery his bootlegger was the one who served the very best restaurants and the country club. He brought his high-quality merchandise to Junius in 10-gallon jugs, which Junius buried under the floor of his garage and tapped when the need arose.



SHAW NOW is a chubby, cheerful and successful businessman.

BABY SHAW'S HOROSCOPE



"Will be troubled with stomach ailments in early life."



"He will suffer falls caused by animals."



"He will be a skillful performer upon some musical instrument."



"Will have a strong tinge of romance in his nature."

Follow this sheet-shopper to the white sales

Learn How To Pick Today's Best Sheet-Buys!



4 "HOW CAN I TELL IF A SHEET WILL WEAR WELL?"

A sheet made by a reliable manufacturer should give several years of service with ordinary care.

Cannon Sheet owners of experience love to tell you proudly how extra-well their Cannon beauties wear!

Laboratory tests prove Cannon *Combspun* Percales to be wonderfully strong—thanks to the fine quality cotton used, the combing process, the super-fussy Cannon care in manufacture. Those firmly-woven selvages resist ripping, add extra life.



5 "CAN I—MYSELF—ADD LIFE TO MY SHEETS?"

No doubt about it! Care in laundering, care in use make months of difference.

Wash with any good mild soap, rinse thoroughly (soap left in weakens sheets) and if you use bleach, follow directions, rinse every bit out.

Cannon *Combspun* Percale Sheets come to you dazzling-white as a January snowfall—really need no extra bleach beyond drying in sun!

Don't use too hot an iron, and don't iron folds—smooth folds in by hand.

In use, loosen sheets gently from mattress, don't yank. Don't make laundry bags of them—don't let youngsters play tent!



6 "I'D LOVE TO PAMPER MYSELF WITH COLORED SHEETS—ARE THEY PRACTICAL?"

Pamper away! You'll love Cannon *Combspun* Percales in the deliciously soft new WATER COLORS—true pastels!

Choose among Shell Pink, Aquamarine, Lagoon Green, Sunrise Peach, Moonlight Yellow, Cloud Grey. So flattering, so decorative.

And yes, they ARE practical—wash-fast and fade-resistant. (Priced slightly higher than plain white.)



1 "NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—I NEED SHEETS!"

Now's the time to get them—when your favorite store is offering special January values. First step is to figure out what kind will best fill your needs:

MUSLIN. A lower-priced, good utility sheet, woven with fewer and thicker threads than percale. You'll find Cannon Muslin a dazzling buy—snowy-white, even-textured, with the sturdy construction that means a long life!

PERCALE. Softer, smoother, as you'd expect—woven with finer threads and more of them. To combine luxury with day-in, day-out practicality, get Cannon *Combspun* Percale Sheets.

Combspun means extra loveliness, extra wear! Finest American cotton is combed till only long, smooth fibers remain, giving sheets a fine-fine feel, extra strongness. Today's top value!



2 "ANY WAY I CAN RECOGNIZE A GOOD SHEET?"

Hold the fabric to the light and make sure all the threads are the same thickness, woven in straight lines.

Beware of fuzziness, knots, or uneven places—these shorten a sheet's life.

See how smooth to your eye, soft to your touch new Cannon *Combspun* Percale Sheets are. Notice the selvages—woven extra strong; the hems, stitched evenly with tiny stitches.

You can trust Cannon to police all these details for you—just look for the Cannon label!



3 "IS THERE ANY ADVANTAGE TO A LIGHT-WEIGHT SHEET?"

Just as you'd expect, a lighter-weight sheet is easier for bedmaking and home laundering.

And in a quality sheet, lightness means that it's woven of finer yarns!

You'll doubly enjoy Cannon *Combspun* Percale Sheets. Not only do those lighter, finer yarns make them smoother and more luxurious—the closeness of the weave is good for extra wear, too!



7 "CAN I GO BY PRICE IN PICKING THE BEST VALUE?"

Not always. An unknown "bargain" may prove to be an expensive mistake!

And even among sheets of the very same construction, there may be difference in quality of cotton, evenness of weave, thoroughness of inspection.

So why not trust Cannon to watch over all the manufacturing steps you can't see for yourself?

That's what the smartest young-marrieds do! They choose Cannon because Cannon's been giving them top sheet values for years!

So join the ladies rushing to the sheet counters to snap up Cannon *Combspun* Percale—today!

Cannon Combspun Percale Sheets

CANNON TOWELS

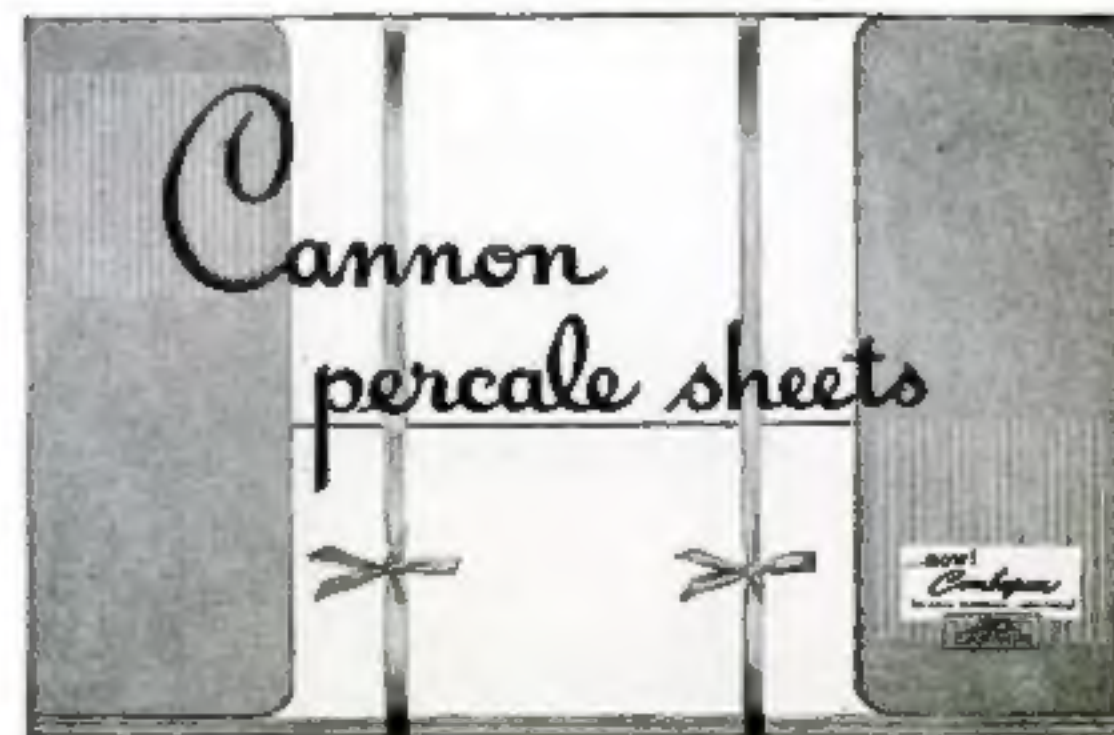
STOCKINGS

BLANKETS

BEDSPREADS



CANNON MILLS, INC., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



©COPY. 1938 CANNON MILLS, INC.



Headache? Feel
Feverish? Muscles
Ache? Sluggish?
... due to a

**NASTY
COLD?**

GROVE'S COLD TABLETS work fast on these usual cold symptoms, to bring you...



**QUICK
RELIEF**

Only genuine GROVE'S COLD TABLETS bring you wonder-working Hyoscyamus for relief of nasal stuffiness... in combination with seven other active medicines (including a mild laxative) that work fast to ease other cold miseries, too!




**GROVE'S
COLD
TABLETS**

THE GROVE LABORATORIES, INC., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

TUMS **BAD NIGHT?**

Take Tums-
feel **RIGHT!**

Relieve acid indigestion,
gas, sour stomach,
almost instantly



TUMS 10¢
Handy Roll
3-roll package, 25¢

for the tummy

**ENJOY
BETTER
HEARING!**

"Eveready" hearing-aid "B" batteries give you more power because their flat-cell construction eliminates waste space! You get better hearing longer... fewer battery changes... with "Eveready" "B" batteries!

Ask your hearing-aid dealer!

He was a member of the Travelers' Protective Association and the Southeast Missouri Drummers. He took up horseback riding and tennis, and became an excellent dancer. Often, when he had business in Miami, he shipped as a deckhand aboard a "dynamite" boat in the Bahamas trade and came back from his trips to the islands with a satchelful of the best British whisky. This was a commodity for which he had learned to have great respect, because of a calamity which befell him during a sudden drought in Atlanta. With some other salesmen he got hold of a jug of back-hill "white lightning," drained it to the sludge and next morning awakened with what he thought was lockjaw. Tottering into a hotel coffee shop, he pointed at his rigid jaws and mumbled, "Ook. Can' ope' mout'."

"Can you get a spoon into it?" asked a waitress.

"Nunn."

"Don't be scared. This happens all the time. Go get four aspirins, dissolve them in the hottest water you can stand, and suck them in through your teeth."

Shaw did as he was told, and after 24 hours his lockjaw disappeared. He went back to drinking bonded whisky.

When the '29 crash hit the South, it did not at once affect Junius. He was making something more than \$10,000 a year and kept plugging along with little pain through 1930 and 1931. But in 1932 McQuay-Norris ordered its salesmen to cut back. Expense accounts were forced down, sales dropped, commissions dwindled until there was so little profit in new orders that few men bothered to go after them. In mid-summer Junius was invited back to the home office and asked to resign. After he had sold his house in Montgomery and moved his wife and daughter back to St. Louis, he had exactly a nickel left.

For the next six months the \$10,000-a-year-plus salesman worked in a meat market in Clarksville, Mo., earning three meals a day and a place to sleep. In 1933 he was divorced, and his daughter went to stay with her mother.

But soon after Roosevelt moved into the White House, 32-year-old Salesman Shaw started his comeback. At first the best he could do was \$30 a week and commissions with the Gates Rubber Company, a job he picked up in competition with 60 other unemployed men. He hit the road through Missouri, Indiana and Kentucky, talked fast and convincingly, and began to sell his goods. In two years he was halfway to the top of the heap again, and in 1935 he remarried. This time his bride was Mrs. Florence Richardson, a divorcee with two children. He bought a new Packard for them to ride around in.

In the next few years Junius sold like a demon. The war made it easy for him, and in 1943 his sales volume for Gates hit \$189,000. But even as he raked in the commissions he thought he saw the ghost of 1929 rising again. He quit Gates and took a job from which no one could ever fire him: he went into business for himself. In 1949 the Clayton Auto Parts Co. (J. Shaw & H. Sauerbrunn, partners) did \$160,000 worth of business in St. Louis.

The 20th Century Baby is now happy and well fixed. He has, as almost always, a new car. He owns a house in "the" St. Louis suburb, Ladue, a far cry from the flat over the saloon, the hotel room and the meat market. He is even thinking of retiring and going to live in Florida. As for the astrologer, he did not stick around to see how Junius checked out with the horoscope. If he had, the astrologer might have kicked himself soundly for not writing the one thing that would have made him 100% correct: "You will have an average, happy life." But then, the people who paid for the horoscope would have felt gyped, and would never have appreciated the wisdom of it.



MR. AND MRS. SHAW, in their comfortable house in wealthy, fashionable St. Louis suburb of Ladue, have every modern luxury, including television.

**GOOD...any
old time!**



the cracker
with
that swell
cheese
flavor



America's
largest selling cheese cracker!
Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.

Caress your
tresses
with



ACE HARD RUBBER
COMBS
so smooth · so durable

**RELIEVES
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS PAIN**

FAST



Here's Why...

Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients that are specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

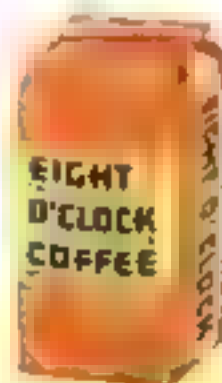


JUST PLAIN GOOD!

Here are the three different ways to make A&P Coffee. There are exactly three ways to make a fine coffee, the way that everybody enjoys. That's the A&P Coffee. From the best, you love the taste of the coffee, the way it roasts fresh and just ready for your eyes, and its Custom Ground for the way you use coffee. It's plain good. That's what it's all about. A&P Coffee. And they've made it America's largest selling coffee. Try it. But you'll say that for your money. A&P Coffee is just plain GOOD.

A&P COFFEE

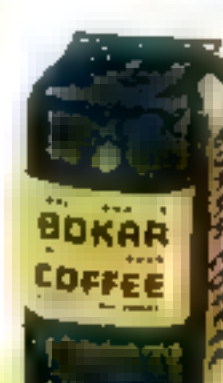
AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



Mild and
Mellow



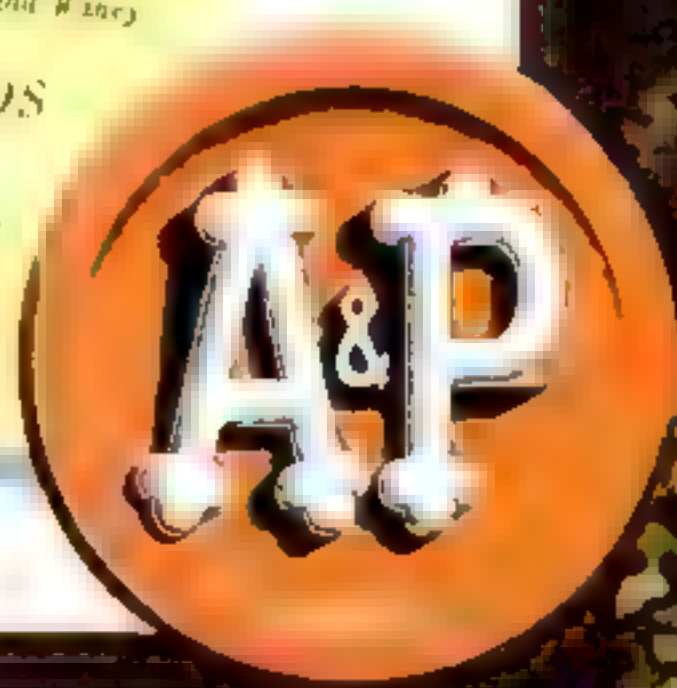
Rich and
Full Bodied



Vigorous
and Flavors

3 DISTINCT BLENDS (ALL WONDERFUL)

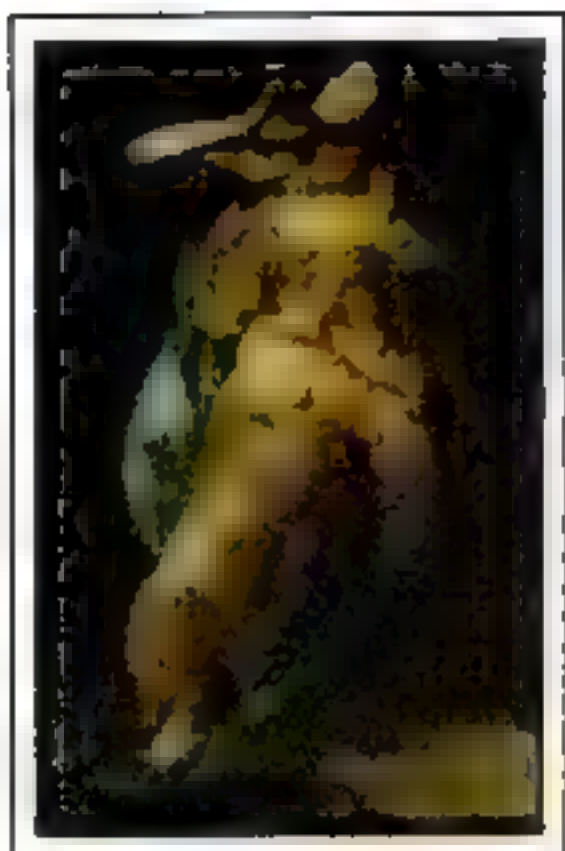
Unlike most coffees which come in one blend only, A&P Coffee offers you the blend that exactly suits your taste.





ALFRED STIEGLITZ led the movement to change photography in America from an entertaining hobby to an art. Through pictures like this brooding portrait

of his sister Selma he made Americans realize that a camera was far more than an amusing toy. An English critic said wistfully, "One wishes that he were a Briton."

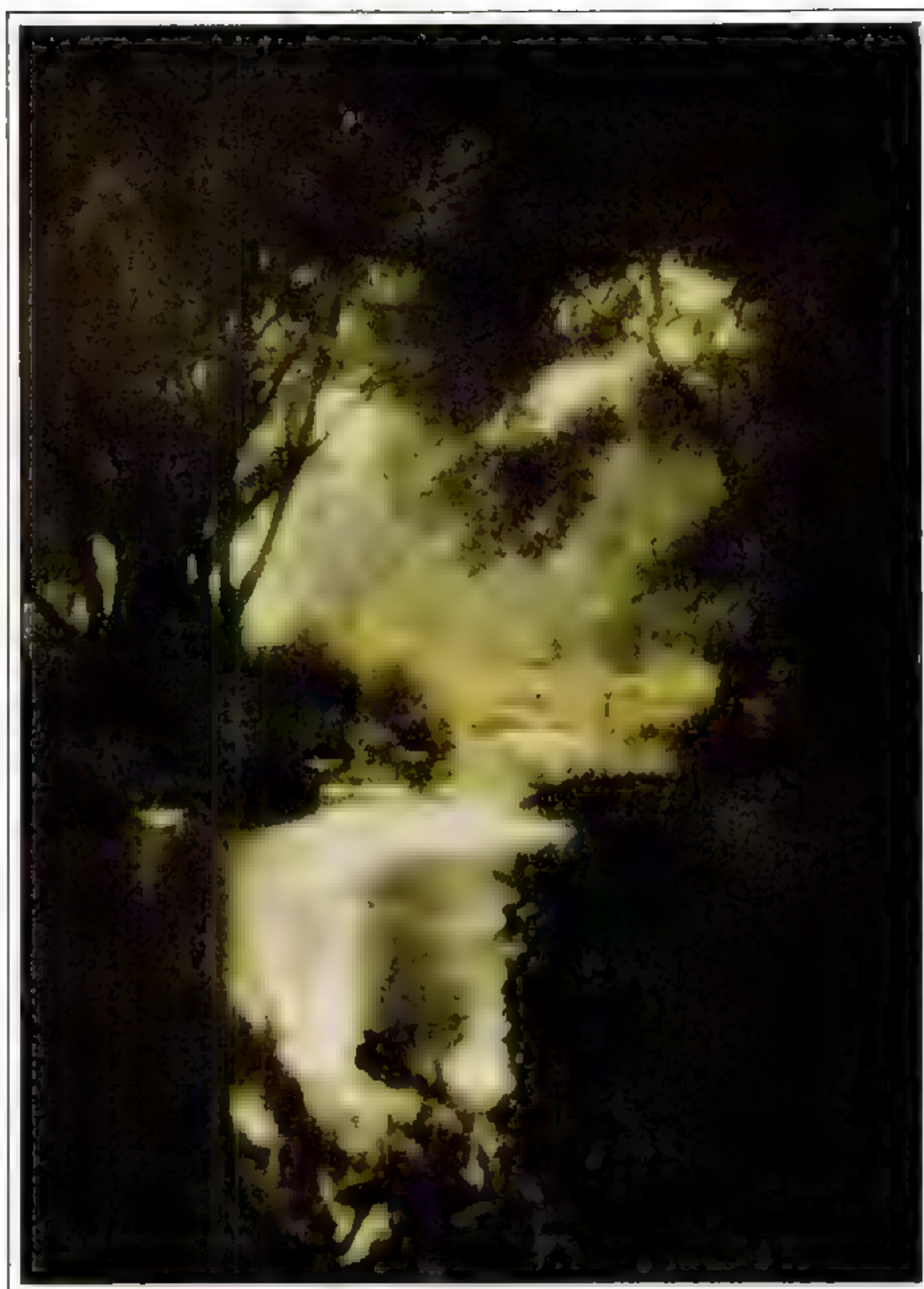


DANCER by Genthe was fine recording of movement in color.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Beautiful color photos
date from early 1900s

On the last Friday in September 1907 a group of New York reporters was invited to a skylighted Fifth Avenue art gallery by pioneer Photographer Alfred Stieglitz. Here for the first time Americans saw autochromes, the earliest practical type of color photograph. Developed in 1903 in Europe, an autochrome was a glass plate coated with grains of dyed starch which, when processed, formed a real color picture. Though they were crude and seldom reproduced, autochromes opened up a new world for such outstanding photographers as Stieglitz, Steichen and Genthe, who began composing their color photographs in the mood of romantic paintings. As these pictures show, they succeeded.



COUNTRY SCENE by Genthe has delicate hues of 19th Century painting. Genthe did most of his early

work in San Francisco, where he was noted for his unstilted color portraits of stage stars and society ladies.



ARNOLD GENTHE took a Rembrandt-like portrait of Actor Otis Skinner in leading role in *Kismet*.



EDWARD STEICHEN took this picture of Gertrude Käsebier, the leading woman photographer of

the period. He was among first to use autochromes and his were first to appear in an American magazine.



"Sag-ring off Party - 1850" The young folks loved to invade the sugar camp and enjoy fresh-made maple sugar cooled on the snow.

The real maple sugar flavor you've longed for!

For Vermont Maid Syrup, our skilled blenders select maple sugar that is unusually full-flavored; then blend it with cane sugar. This blend gives you, at moderate cost, real maple sugar flavor that is uniformly rich and delicious.

Enjoy Vermont Maid Syrup today. Your grocer now has it in attractive glass jugs, ready for your table.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



Made by the makers of
My-T Fine Desserts and Brer Rabbit Molasses

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LIFE

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THE GOLDEN YEARS BEFORE THE WARS

One fine spring day in 1904 a dusty caravan that had crawled all the way from the east coast came chugging onto the fairground at St. Louis' great new Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Facing a Ferris wheel of awesome size a photographer aimed his camera at the arriving automobilists as I took the picture on this page. It bespoke a major change in American life: tired exhaust fumes were about to replace the unforgettable smell of the horse as a prevailing national odor. The fair that these motorists visited was the most exciting ever, and the biggest (it covered 1,240 acres), and the first at which the technologies of shoemaking, well-digging, smelting and war-making were not merely shown in static exhibits but demonstrated to tourists on the spot. Its vigor and its vastness somehow typified a new spirit that was spreading across the country in the years between 1900 and the Great War: a cocksure confidence that Americans had the power to do anything in the world and do it better than the rest of the world. It was an adolescent spirit, boiling with the conflict between youthful naivety and mature sophistication that always marks adolescence in a man or a country. Looking back on that far-away and almost forgotten era, it takes on a soft, golden haze—as a nation we were at peace, the world loved us, and if there was evil among us at least some of our leaders recognized it and fought it. (See Historian Nevins' article on page 78.) God was in his Heaven, the Devil in his Hell. It was probably the last time when people could be sure of things, when the world was in order and everybody knew where he stood in it. The scene was being set for the most surprising and adventurous half century in the memory of man.





FAMILIAR CITY SCENE: A HORSE FLOUNDERS IN SNOW UNDER A NEW YORK EL WHILE AN EARLY CHAIN-DRIVEN TRUCK ROLLS BY IN THE BACKGROUND



FALLING HORSES

Dobbin plugged loyally ahead,

Everybody loved the horse. People put up drinking troughs for him, jailed men who beat him and wept when he fell down in the slippery winter streets (*late 19*). The horse was the plain man's necessity. There were 20 million of them in the U.S. around 1900, and a dependable nag could be bought for \$140. Feed was cheap, carriages and wagons had reached the peak of efficiency. The oat bag, buggy-whip, axle-grease and horseshoe nail industries were thriving and essential parts of the national economy.

Hardly anybody loved the auto. People complained at the noise it made, made laws against its going through parks and split their sides

← BUGGIES JOIN BATHERS ON THE BEACH IN 1904



FAMILIAR COUNTRY SCENE. A PIERCE-ARROW TOURING CAR BOGS DOWN WHILE HORSE BEHIND FENCE SURVEYS AUTO AND DISCONSOLATE DRIVER ON BANK

AND STUCK CARS

but the auto chugged past him

laughing when it got stuck in the mud (above). The automobile was the plutocrat's plaything, the rage of Newport. There were 8,000 cars in the country in 1900, most of them imported or expensively custom-made. Their tires cost about \$40 apiece and lasted 2,000 miles.

But the "horseless carriage" began to intrude upon every tranquil gathering of buggies (bottom, opposite page). Meanwhile auto races (right) and cross-country tours proved that the new machine was as dependable as it was fast. Then, in 1908, Henry Ford developed a mass-produced car to sell for \$825. Dobbin didn't know it, but the horse age was as good as dead.

A BIG RACE GETS OFF IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE →





▲ **HORSEBACK DINNER** given by Cornelius K. G. Billings, one of the great racing enthusiasts of the era, for New York Riding Club in 1900 exemplified the cult of the equestrian. He had planned this party for his new home and stables in New York's Fort Tryon Park, but when he found that the build-

ings would not be completed in time he rented Sherry's restaurant and staged his dinner there. Guests arrived on horseback and backed their steeds into an elevator which took them to the dining room, where they ate in saddle from trays while horses munched oats and costumed lackeys cleaned up behind them.

▼ **BAL MASQUE** staged in January 1905 by James Hazen Hyde climaxed extravagant parties of the age. Hyde, vice president of Equitable Life Assurance Society, transformed Sherry's into replica of Louis XVI's court. A famous French actress, Mme. Gabrielle Réjane, was brought over and appeared in a





palanquin borne by liveried lackeys. But party's cost of more than \$200,000 aroused a public already suspicious of waste in insurance companies. The ensuing clamor forced a state investigation which, under Charles Evans Hughes, led to stricter insurance laws. Shortly thereafter Hyde went into exile in France.



"THE SOCIAL PUSH" IS GIBSON LAMPOON ON SOCIAL CLIMBERS (ABOVE, RIGHT), WHOM HE DESPISED

HIGH SOCIETY'S HIGH JINKS

They reached climax of extravagance when there really was a "400"

The new century saw some notable high jinks of that notable phenomenon of the time: New York society. It was still the golden age of the American aristocracy, when class and breeding drew such strict lines that the listing of 400 names by Ward McAllister as the only ones worth knowing in the country was accepted by society as definitive. In this bright period the urge to conspicuous spending which manifested itself in stately mansions (pp. 89-92) was also evident in the parties America's social arbiters threw.

The social extravaganzas of the day were really extravagant. Champagne, caviar and exotic interior decorations were staple ingredients. Nobody blinked an eye at a host who imported English pheasants for dinner or hired the Metropolitan Opera's orchestra to play supper music. In 1900 Cornelius Kingsley Garrison Billings, heir to a Chicago utilities fortune, threw a memorable binge (top, left) for members of the New York Riding Club, to which guests rode on horseback to savor the best of Louis Sherry's food while their faithful steeds

munched oats and pawed the sod-covered floors of New York's most exclusive restaurant.

These were the days, too, of the social climber. Sheer wealth, amassed in gold fields and oil wells, was beginning to batter at the barriers of class and breeding. Failure to get an invitation to tea at Mrs. Oliver H. Perry Belmont's (who survived a divorce from William Kissam Vanderbilt to become New York's social arbiter) was more of a disaster for an ambitious matron than the panic of 1907. In time breeding became confused with luxury; the resultant extravagance of social affairs like the James Hazen Hyde ball (bottom, left) aroused public opinion and undermined the structure of high society itself.

The most potent critic of the era was Charles Dana Gibson, himself a socialite. While he satirized in biting drawings the foolishness of the chosen few, he also set a new standard which was to influence the generation of the new century in its formative years: the glorification of American womanhood, regardless of class or position, and the presentation of the virtues of honesty, simplicity and chivalry in American life.



"HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS" HAS GIBSON POKING GENTLE FUN AT THE YOUNG MAN OF THE FAMILY



IN A BOONVILLE PARLOR a game of rummy occupies a couple's evening in the early 1900s. They are playing by the light of gas lamp, warmed by a wood-

burning stove. The family Bible lies open near desk. Big family photographs hang on walls, and the street music of the popular *Banjo Dandies* or the piano,



COMMERCE AND CULTURE took up town's time. Here a hardware store (above) displays bird cages, pails, stoves and the ever present case of jack-

knives. Below: a group of pretty students interested in uplift practice the Delsarte system, which taught them graceful gestures to accompany every emotion.



U.S. before the Wars CONTINUED

1



DIGNIFIED ANGLERS relax on a sunny afternoon. They are probably out for catfish and perch.

SMALLTOWN LIFE

People liked simple pleasures, solid comfort, a little uplift

In small towns—most of them—life was self-sufficient and pleasant. It was certainly that way in Boonville, Mo. (pop. 6,000), on the Mississippi River. Because of the railroad and by-passed the town, Boonville missed some of the bustle of a booming age and settled down to a life as leisurely as the river in midsummer. It was a time when a skilled clerk or bookkeeper could earn as much as \$6 a week and live comfortably on it. Potatoes were 40¢ a bushel, eggs 12¢ a dozen, whiskey \$2 a gallon. Breakfast or supper at the commercial hotel cost 75¢; an elegant hot turkey dinner cost 25¢.

Boonville's streets were lined with comfortable houses, most of them with barns and hog sheds. There was plenty of drama at the Stephens Opera House and collisions in the big Riverfront mansion across the water. And, like all small towns, Boonville was fine for boys. After trimming the kerosene lamps, driving the cow to pasture and chopping stycow wood, they could poke along the riverbanks, watch the steamboat or gawk at one of the town's half dozen automobiles. In winter there was skating on the river; in summer, fishing and even nude bathing—but not, according to a local ordinance, until at least two stars were visible in the sky.



A CRAP GAME passes time on the Boonville-New Franklin Ferry, which operated until the year 1921.



OFF FOR A PICNIC on the Missouri River, Boonville families wait for sailing time aboard the excursion boat *Nadine*, while a dog waits on the gangplank. The

Nadine capsized and sank in 1905 with loss of four lives. The small boy in dark stockings on the top deck is Albin Schmidt, who now runs a jewelry store in town.

U.S. before the Wars CONTINUED



HERE COMES THE PARADE

Colossal circus picture salutes bygone pageantry

The sounds came first—rumbling wheels, clattering hoofs and the comp-pah-pah of a big brass band. Then the parade burst down the street in crimson wagons, queenly equestriennes, clowns, cowboys and, most incredible of all, camels and elephants marching right by the corner grocery.

In the early 1900s the circus was the mass entertainment of America. It brought pageantry to Main Street and displayed it most gaudily in the



parade that heralded the show. The photograph above, which is the largest one ever put together of a circus parade, was taken of Campbell Brothers Consolidated Shows in 1908. The picture starts at top left, goes across strip to the right, continues underneath at far left and so on. The parade began with an escort carriage. Next came the grand band wagon, eight equestriennes and eight animal wagons. Next came another band wagon

and six bigger cages, and then a picture of a horse which the cameraman dubbed in to fill a blank space. Still another band wagon was followed by Cossack riders, a Mexican band, two more wagons, oxen and a convention of camels. As a climax came elephants and the calliope that echoed all over town. By 1923, Ringling Brothers had given up their parades because they were too much trouble and the grand old custom was about over.



PATRON OF THE RACES was Perry Belmont, onetime U.S. minister to Spain, who married the famous beauty Jessie Robbins Sloane after she was divorced from wealthy Henry T. Sloane in one of Newport's juiciest scandals. Picture was taken in 1905, the year Belmont's brother helped found \$4 million Belmont Park. Perry Belmont died in 1917 at the age of 96.



DANCER Isadora Duncan founded modern dancing style, practiced free love. She made more than \$2 million but died broke in 1927.

WELL-DRESSED

Everybody enjoyed the flamboyant doings

The times produced some notable show-offs and although Americans made a great point of jeering at flamboyance they had a fine time watching it. They gossiped happily over the private lives of gentlemen sports like Perry Belmont (left) and were awed by Sandow's magnificent display of brawn (right). They followed with pride the matrimonial progress of Broadway's gorgeous Florodora girls as one by one they knocked



THE FLORODORA GIRLS were idolized by stage-door Johnnies. Shown here is the original 1900 sextette—Margaret Walker, Marjorie Relvea, Daisy Greene, Vaughn Texsmith, Agnes Wayburn and Marie Wilson. All of them married wealthy beaux, and Marie Wilson,



ADVENTURER Mrs. Anna Taylor in 1901 became first person to shoot Niagara Falls in a barrel, emerged scratched and shaken (above).

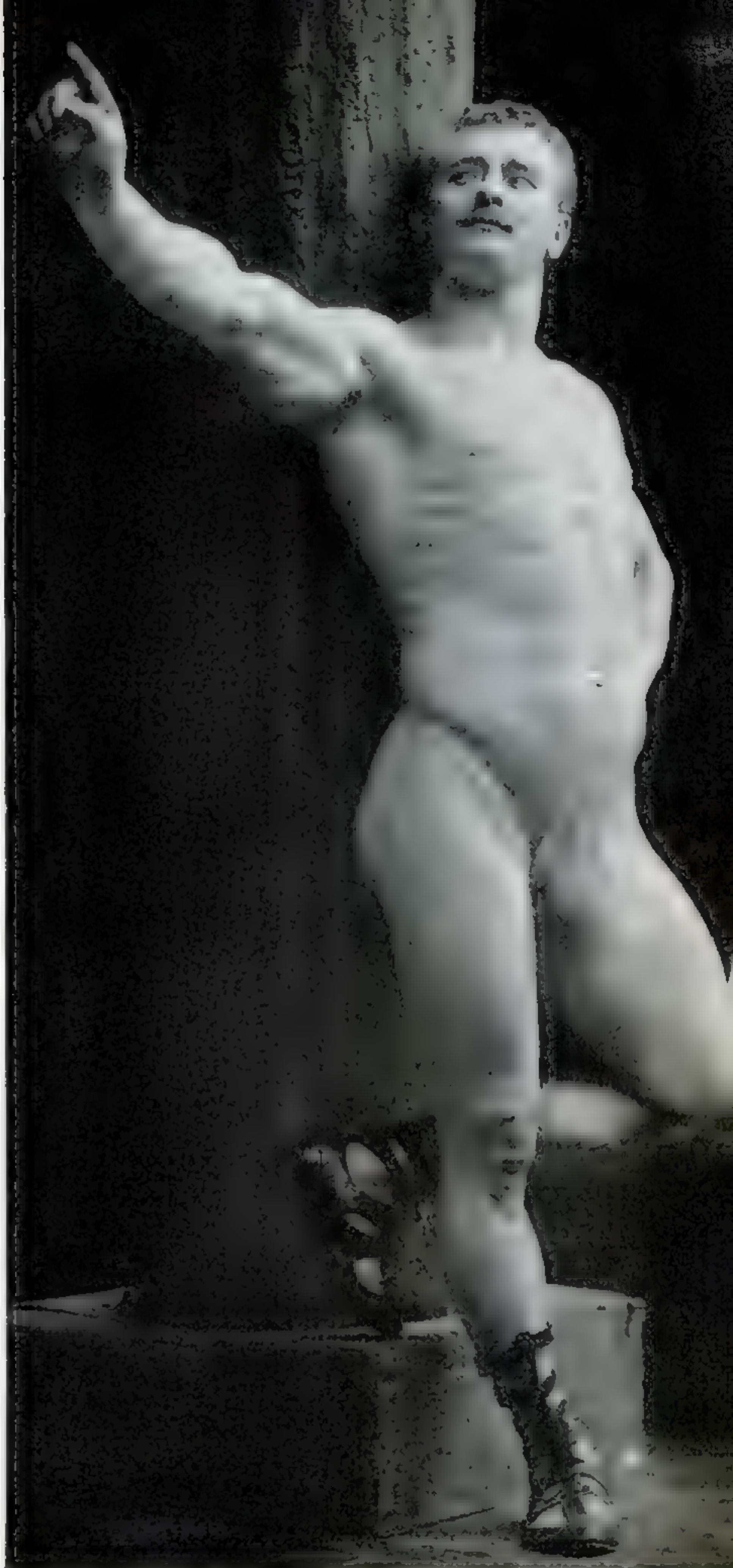
AND UNDRESSED

of chorus girls, sports and free love

over American millionaires and British lords. When a buxom, 160-pound lady schoolteacher braved Niagara Falls in a steel-bound barrel and survived the ordeal, she became a national figure. When a free-thinking dancer named Isadora Duncan braved public opinion by preaching free love and practicing it to the extent of having two illegitimate children she became a national scandal. At least Americans acted scandalized.



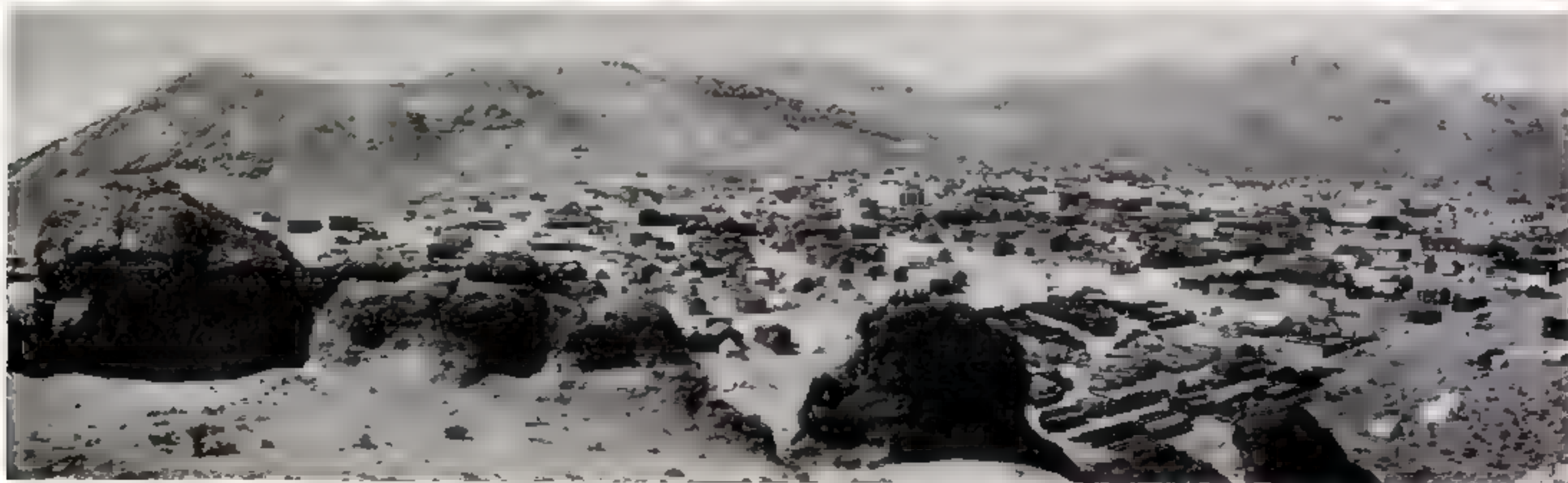
according to Broadway legend, made \$750,000 in stock-market tips during *Florodora's* long run (over 500 performances). In all there were some 79 *Florodora* girls, two of whom became British peeresses and all of whom had more than their share of oysters and champagne.



SANDOW THE STRONG MAN, shown here impeccably clad in a fig leaf, was Florenz Ziegfeld's first outstanding discovery. His feats of strength—such as lifting a pony and holding it out at arm's length—thrilled worshipful small boys and swooning society women, who were encouraged to feel his muscles. He died in 1925 at 58 from effects of lifting his car out of a ditch.



THE MAIN STREET OF TONOPAH, NEV., SHOWN HERE IN 1903, WAS A BUSY BUSTLE OF OLD COVERED WAGONS, MULE TEAMS AND WELL-HEELED PEDESTRIANS

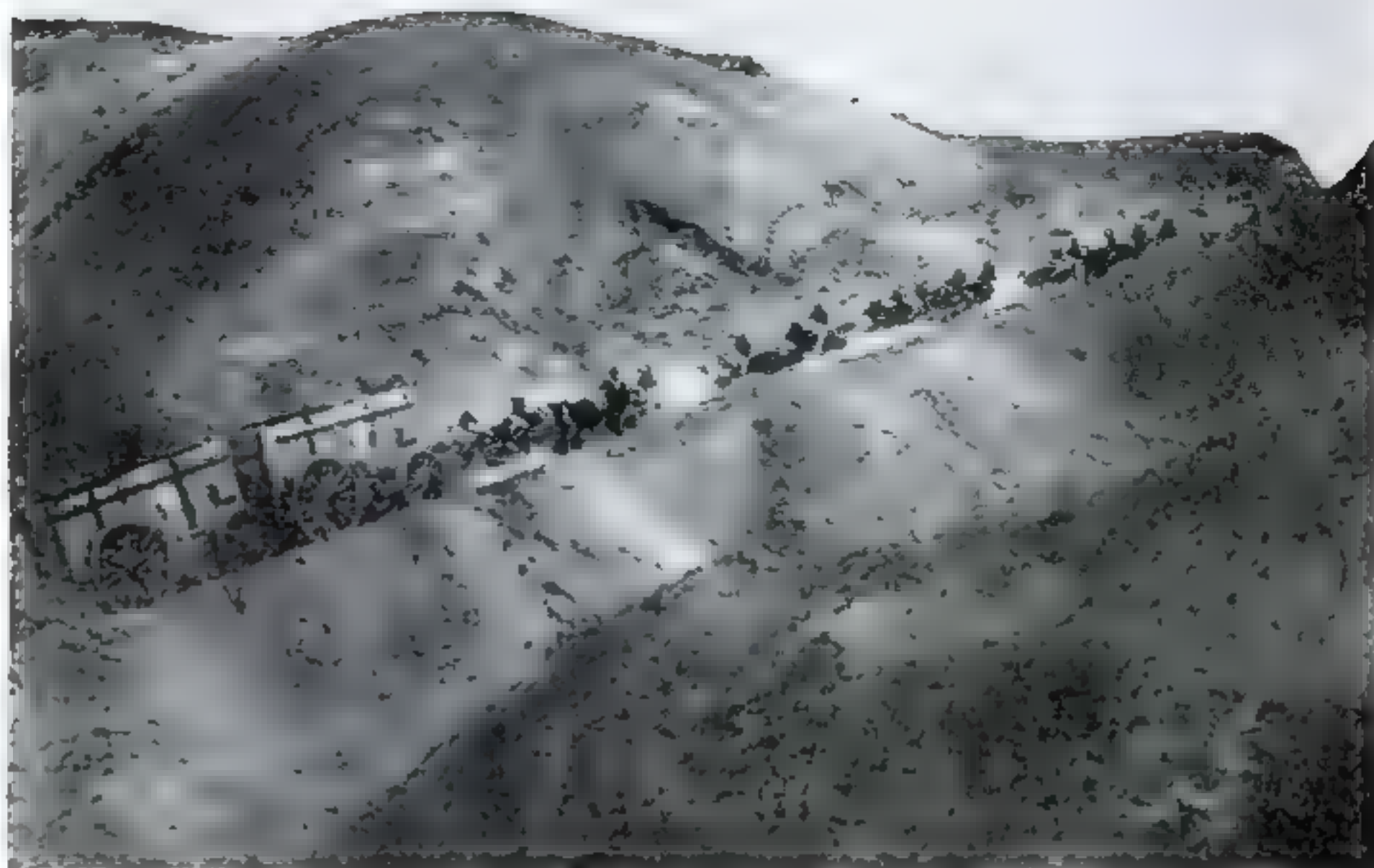


RHYOLITE IN 1907 HAD 7,000 PEOPLE, FREQUENT TRAFFIC JAMS OF PROSPECTORS' BURROS, THREE RAILROADS AND EVEN SOME STEEL AND CONCRETE OFFICE BUILDINGS. SITU-

ATED NEAR THE NORTH END OF DEATH VALLEY, ITS BIGGEST ATTRACTION, HOWEVER, WAS THE ICE-COLD BEER THAT ITS CELEBRATED ICE PLANT MADE AVAILABLE FOR THE PROSPECTORS.



THE TOWN HAD 16 SALOONS FOR EVERY CHURCH



TWENTY-MULE TEAMS CLIPPETY-CLOPPED SUPPLIES INTO, AND RICH ORE OUT OF, THE NEVADA HILLS

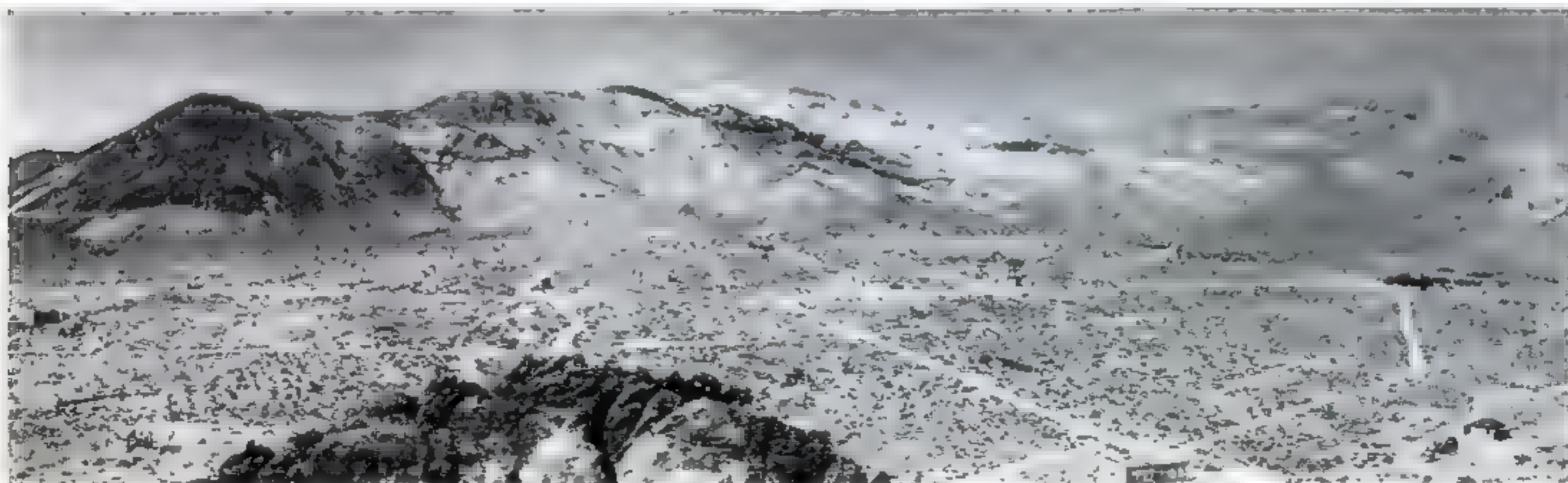
THE LAST GOLD RUSH

It gave an 1849 look to the arid plains of 20th Century Nevada

The days of the great American gold rushes seemed over. Most big mines had played out, most of the prospectors had gone with the buffalo. Then one day in 1900 (according to one version of his story), "Lazy Jim" Butler's burros ran away while he was on a forlorn prospecting expedition in southern Nevada. Butler picked up a rock to throw at them, hefted it and then looked at it thoughtfully. The last gold rush was on, and 20th Century Americans presently relived these scenes so familiar to the 19th.

The rush actually began with silver. Lazy Jim had found rich surface ore near Tonopah (Indian for "Little Water"). Little Water became first a city of tents, then shacks, then substantial buildings. In 1902 gold was found at what became Goldfield, then near Rhyolite in 1904 and at Rawhide in 1906. Legendary prospectors, long forgotten, reappeared to stake claims on land so rich 48 tons of gold ore once brought \$575,000. The desert blossomed with communi-

ties that grew roaring rich overnight. Bartenders could not bother to count small change but kept it in buckets to be thrown by the handful to panhandlers. Four-dollar-a-day mineworkers paid \$2 to be lifted across the muddy streets so as not to soil their boots. They were "high-grading" (stealing) as much as \$1,000 worth of ore a day out of the mines they worked, without rebuke from the fantastically rich owners. Everyone demanded luxury. Restaurants imported lobster and pheasant, served *en plumage*, for grizzled sourdoughs who washed them down with champagne cooled with 5¢-a-pound ice. Desert rats in evening dress solemnly attended Tonopah's new "opera house," their red necks rasped by the collars of boiled shirts. Dance-hall girls glittered with diamonds. Then, at about the decade's end, the mines ran out. The French chefs and desert rats went their ways. The towns dwindled rapidly. The sagebrush and the blowing sand have long since claimed most of them.



RHYOLITE IN 1949 had sunk back into the alkaline dust, its streets still marking off blocks in the sagebrush. It grew to size in two years but its veins, which

produced almost \$3 million worth of gold, were worked out in five. Today the four inhabitants of its few remaining buildings run a bar, cater to stray tourists.



EMANCIPATED ANKLES appeared as the hemline ascended in the post-1900s. Even as early as 1908

(above) they became an object of male attention. These lucky fellows were riding a New York streetcar.



EMANCIPATED WIFE contentedly reads the *Breeders' Gazette* on a 1911 Indiana farm while an

early version of the washing machine, powered by an auxiliary gasoline engine, does her clothes for her.

U.S. before the Wars CONTINUED



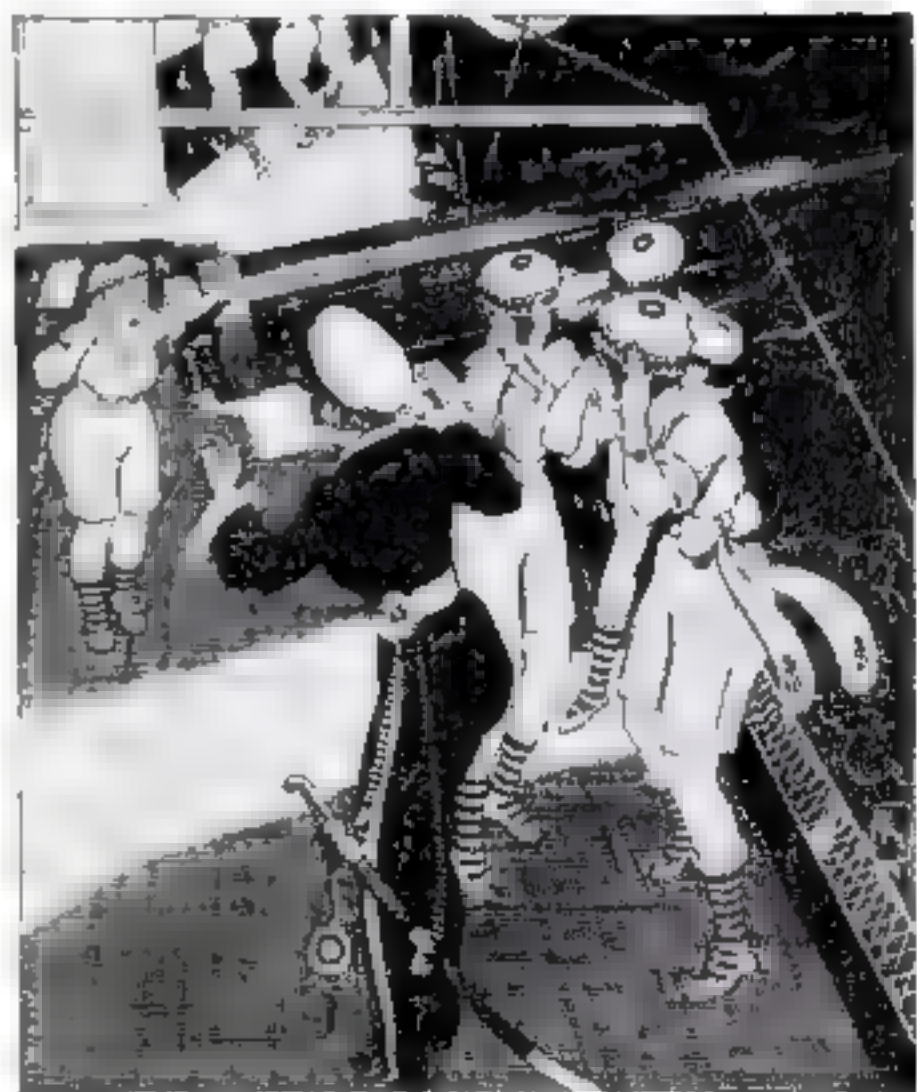
BUSTER BROWN was an obnoxious little wisecrack capable of mischief but he had a heart of gold.

AN ERA ENDS

U.S. scarcely noticed the signs that portended the great changes

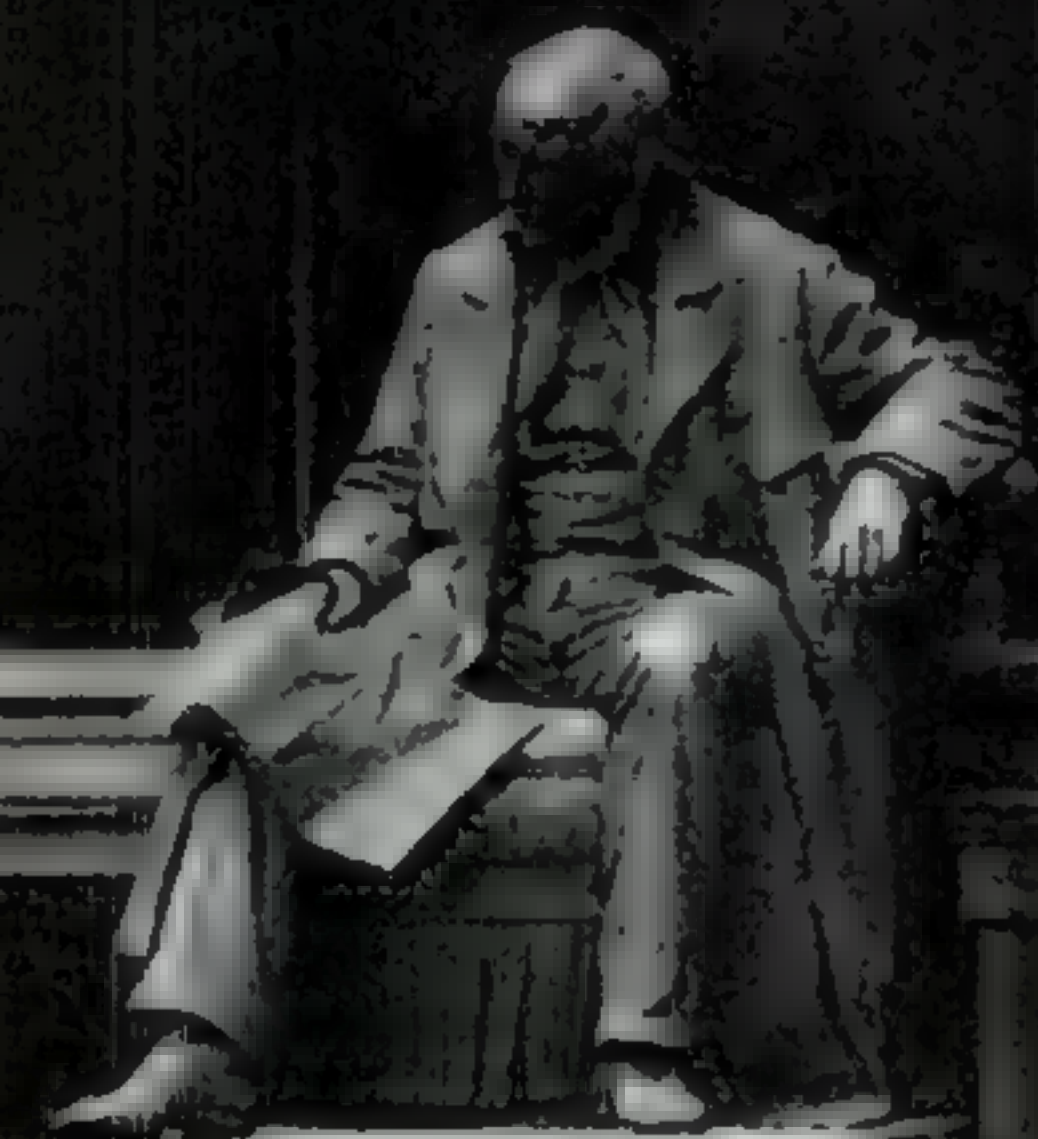
A young man of ambition and endeavor, poring over correspondence-school lessons in a hall bedroom, liked to think of himself as an older Buster Brown. Comic-strip Buster and his dog Tige (who talked) were regular fellows, of business sense and innate virtue. Though the virtue sometimes showed signs of cracking (*upper left*), this age in general showed a respect for the decencies of behavior, especially toward women. It was beginning, however, to view the new woman with alarm. It joked uneasily about her accelerating advance toward economic and political power. Where might she not be (*below*) by 1950?

By 1914 there were already signs (*bottom left*) of the great revolution that was to get most American women away from the wash tub. But Americans had no more inkling of what this would do to their lives than they had, that same year, when news of Sarajevo and the war sped over the transatlantic cable. They turned from newspaper bulletin boards repeating naively, "Well, thank God we're not mixed up in it!"



LADY'S WAR was ruefully depicted in an old *Life* cartoon foretelling state of things to come by 1950.

New York Tribune



**Governors Board of N.Y.
Stock Exchange Announced at
10 A.M. That Exchange Would Be
Closed Until Further Notice.**

**The Hague—Queen Wilhelmina
of Holland Issues Decree
Ordering Mobilization of the
Dutch Army.**

**The German Federal Council
Stops Exports of Food Stuffs
and War Material.**

**London—A Despatch from
Berlin Says That a State of
War Has Been Proclaimed
in Germany.**

TRIBUNE BULLETIN

**The German Foreign Office
Gave Assurances That No
Mobilization Order Would Be
Issued in Germany Today.
Officials Admitted That the
Situation Had Become Rather
Aggravated Since Russia
Declared War.**

NEWS BULLETINS OF JULY 31, 1914 TOLD AMERICANS, ALTHOUGH THEY DIDN'T REALIZE IT, THAT IN FUTURE THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS WOULD BE ADDED TO THEIR OWN

THE AMERICAN TASK

IT IS TO SEE THAT FREE MEN, STRONG IN THEIR FREEDOM, "SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH"

The American years recorded in this issue of LIFE have also been the world's years. And for the world what manner of time has it been?

Not, of course, a memorably good time. A chasm lies between the hearty American image of the period and the image which came naturally to the mind of that naturally sanguine citizen of the world, Winston Churchill, when in a speech in the U.S. last spring he surveyed the recent course and fate of man.

"This terrible 20th Century," he called it, and who could challenge him? Not his own countrymen, all but shorn of the might and the glory that were theirs when the century began. Not his neighbors on the continent of Europe, wasted by two wars and now confronted with the naked threat of Soviet power. Not the millions of Asia, convulsed with the passing of the colonial epoch.

And we, the Americans? We cannot challenge him either. For the truest thing to be said of Winston Churchill's "terrible century" is that it is our century. It belongs, predominantly and uniquely, to the American of 1950.

What will the American do with his century in its second half? There is no knowing. But the measure of what he is called upon to do is clear enough, and stupendous enough!

The mid-century American is called upon, first of all, to resist the Communist threat to his world. Which is to say, to rally his world to battle for the life and freedom of all men. And this is to say, to make his world a place and his century a time of freedom everywhere.

Utopian? Of course, and therefore more likely to be striven for than attained. But Utopian effort is not new to mankind, nor new to America. The U.S. of 1950 is manifestly not Utopia, but what would it be if the Constitution-makers of 1787 had been incapable of Utopian vision?

The world of 1950 would be a prettier place if the trustees of world power in 1900 had possessed some sort of vision, Utopian or otherwise. Even then it was possible for a Los Angeles cartoonist to foresee Uncle Sam embracing half the world. But the centers of effective power were in Europe, and the wielders of power had everything but an understanding of how to use it. In the following decades of decline, collapse and war it was not the power of Europe that failed. It was the spirit and the mind of the European that failed.

Measured by what was lost, the failure was colossal. At the century's beginning Europeans thought they were learning how to function more or less in unison. Even with the rise of Bismarck's Germany they

had managed to localize their wars and to minimize their economic rivalries. Given a sense of purpose that could have come only with vision, the statesmen of Europe might have conceived a continental structure large enough and flexible enough to anticipate the needs of the 20th Century. They might have foreseen and allowed for the aspirations of the colonial world. Unhappily nothing of the sort happened. Where there was no vision, political and military nationalism grew to the point of virulence. Unalloyed economic nationalism brought its own degeneration. European business reverted to old concepts of mercantilism; it sought more and more to

becoming powerful, in brief, by an allegiance to the principles that had brought Europe itself out of the feudal night.

This process of decline and rise, notably accompanied by the fall of one Russia and the emergence of another, was the conditioning fact of the half-century. The process is still going on, rending and reshaping the world which the American of 1950 is called upon to lead and heal.

It is sometimes said that the U.S. in fulfilling its role must "export its environment"—and environment, in the nature of things, is normally thought to be a nonexportable item. But what is the U.S. environment if it is not the result of the free individual exercising inalienable rights in a free economic area that coincides in space with a federal political system? We cannot export the energizing climate of the American scene and the American place; we cannot export our good fortune in having had no feudal past. But the other ingredients of the American environment—the primacy of the individual, the politics of federalism, the economics of liberalism—all these were exported once, from Europe, and they are manifestly exportable again. Probably not in the exact forms that they have taken in the U.S., but certainly in their broad essence.

It would be worse than idle to berate old Europe for its past, and that is not the purpose here. The purpose is to search the recent past for light on the ways in which freedom and power have been lost in this century. Let no American engaged in the search assume that his own land is either immune to error or inherently secure in its prosperity and freedom. On other pages of this issue there is ample evidence of imperfection in the American past and in the American present. In this new year—

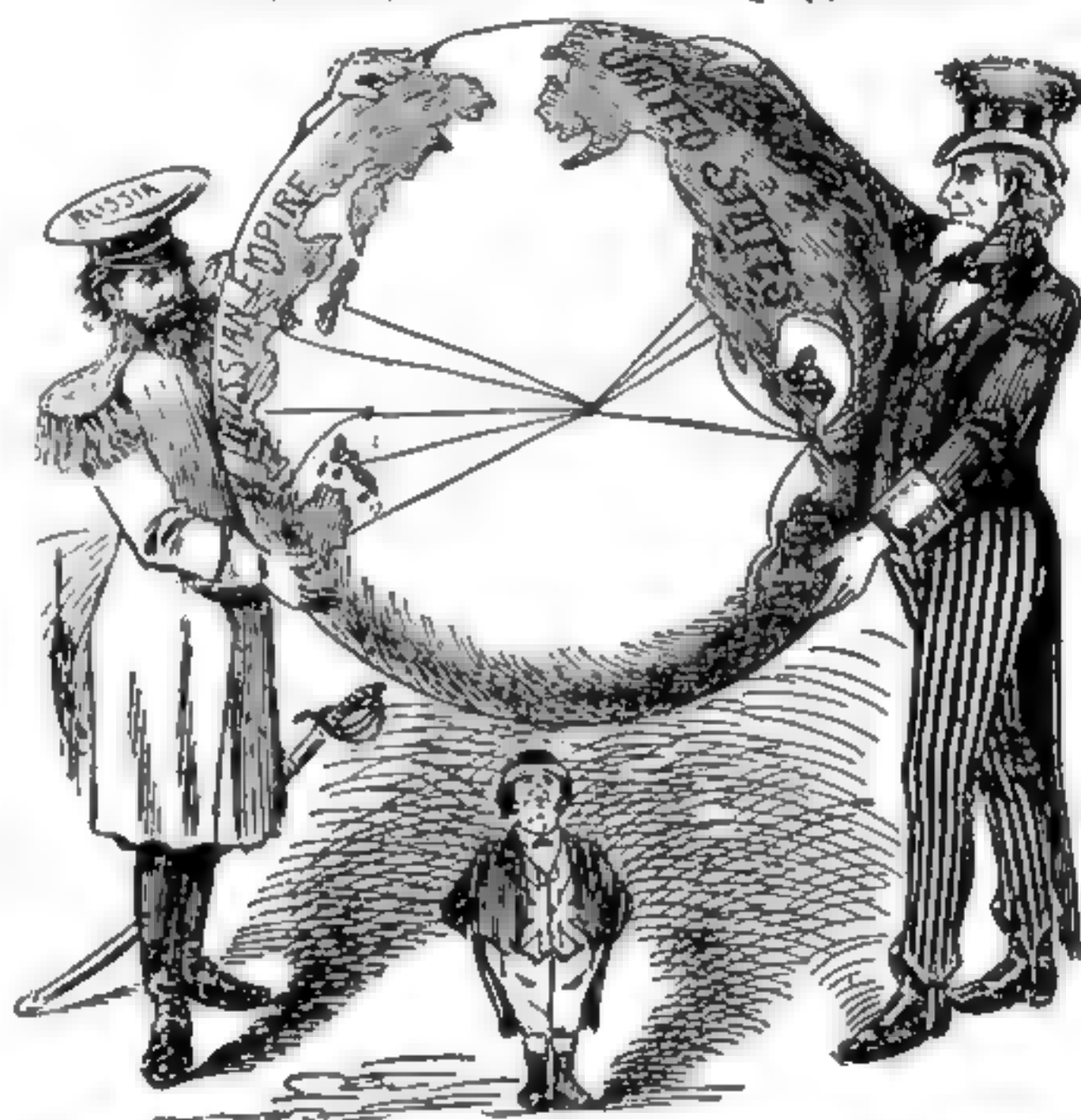
in 1950—Americans could very well adopt or confirm courses which have in them the death of freedom at home and the final erasure of freedom from the world.

The task of preserving and extending freedom is, as we have said, Utopian in scope. Is it therefore beyond the capacity of Americans and the resources, spiritual and material, of the non-American world? Surely not. The greatest American of the 19th Century was Abraham Lincoln, and he was an earthy man of the good Midwestern earth. In his most famous evocation of freedom he did not limit himself to his own country, nor (some might have said) to the demonstrably possible. He said that

Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

There could be no truer statement of the century's challenge to America.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY PROPHECY.



AT CENTURY'S START JOHN BULL SEES U.S. AND RUSSIA EMBRACING EARTH

be protected by the state. Hemmed in by custom and by law, unwilling to reward either its managers or its labor, European industry gradually ceased to compete and expand. The growth of all sorts of restrictionist devices, and the growth of socialism itself, signified a flight from the very ideas of freedom and individual primacy which had been Europe's great gift to the modern world.

Europe was tragically rejecting the legacy of its own 18th Century while America was busily adapting and deepening that legacy. American federalism was the product of the thinking and agitation of men like Madison, Hamilton and Jefferson, all of them steeped in the ideas of John Locke, the British philosopher of freedom, and of the various French thinkers of the 18th Century Enlightenment. As for American principles of economic freedom, they stemmed from French, English and Swiss Calvinist sources. America was

Have you tried this?

OLD-FASHIONED

VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP WITH

Pieces of Beef **ALL THROUGH**



Pieces of lean BEEF . . . nourishing VEGETABLES
. . . mingled in a rich BEEF stock



Beef pieces tender,
Vegetables fine—
A soup to delight
Your folks and mine!

So they like beef at your house! Then by all means let the family try this old-fashioned vegetable-beef soup. To begin with, they'll taste a fine rich beef stock—really substantial. Then, mingled throughout are generous pieces of lean beef. Yes, beef in the broth and beef all through. Finally, a variety of luscious vegetables add

their goodness to this hearty meat-and-vegetable soup.

Serve the family Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup soon. They—and you—will find it extra-satisfying, extra-nourishing and heart-warming . . . truly a square-meal soup. Yes, ma'am, *your* kind of folks will say it's *their* kind of soup, and no mistake!

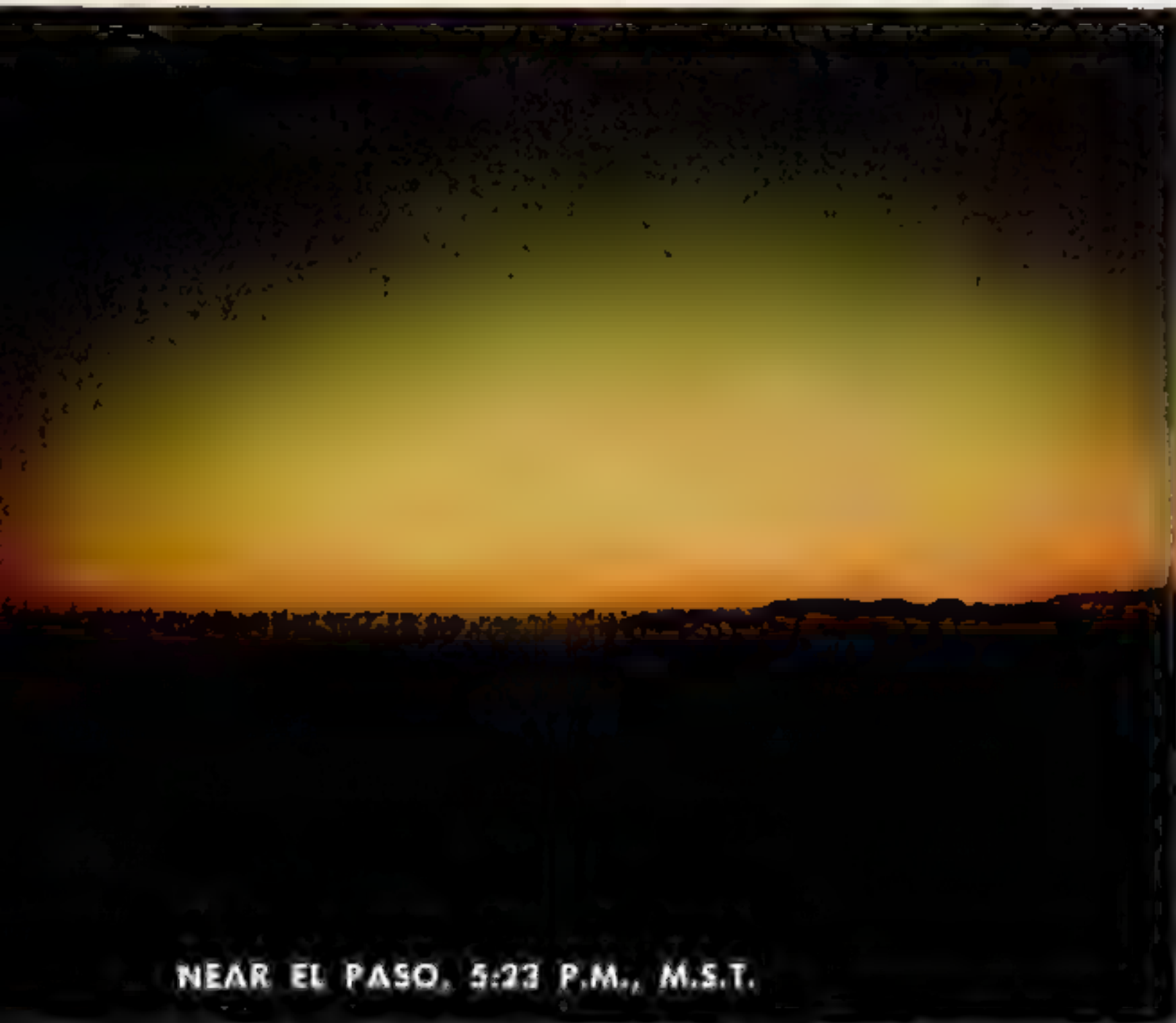
Remember to ask for ... **Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup**



JACKSONVILLE, 3:19 P.M., E.S.T.



DALLAS, 4:55 P.M., C.S.T.



NEAR EL PASO, 5:23 P.M., M.S.T.



OVER SAN DIEGO, 5:52 P.M., P.S.T.

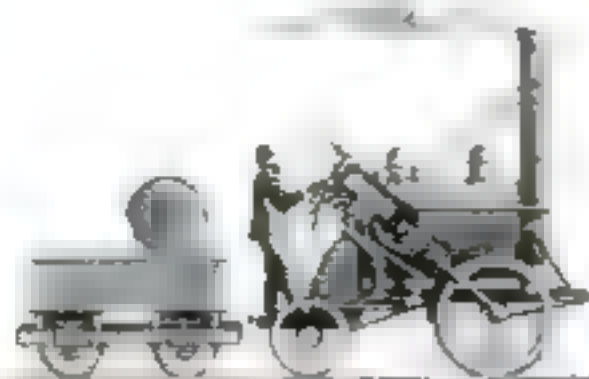
SUNSETS FROM COAST TO COAST, photographed by the same person on the same day at four points across the U.S., symbolize the almost incredible speed at which man is now able to travel. The pictures were taken from a Navy jet-powered Banshee fighter hurtling westward at an air speed of almost 600 mph in a race with the setting sun. At Jacksonville, Fla., the pilot photographed the yellow light of late afternoon. He refueled at Dallas, where his camera recorded orange highlights on the

darkening land. Leaving El Paso after refueling again, he caught the rugged silhouette of the mountains to the west. Eighty-nine minutes later, over San Diego, he photographed the last red glow of the sun as it sank below the Pacific horizon. Despite his plane's great speed, the pilot had not quite kept up with the receding day. Yet it seems certain that within the next few years some newer, faster plane will leave the east coast as the sun is setting and reach the Pacific before the sun has set.



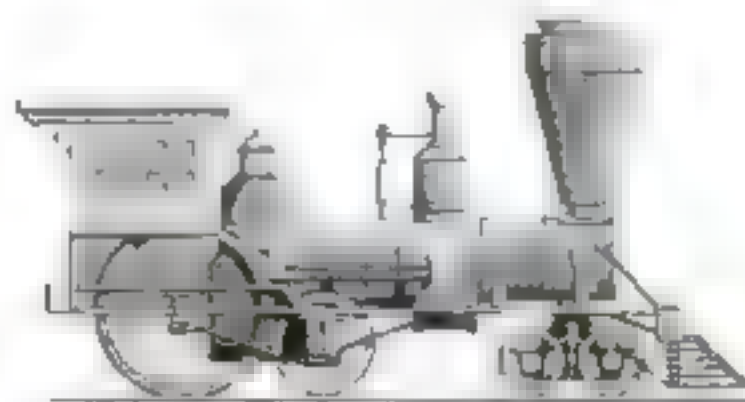
THE "UNRIVALED EXPRESS RIDER" (MASS.)
AVERAGED 19.8 MPH OVER 66-MILE ROUTE

1800



"ROCKET" DID 24 MPH, WON ENGLISH TEST FOR BEST LOCOMOTIVE

1829



VERMONT CENTRAL CLAIMED ITS "GOVERNOR PAINE" RAN A MILE IN 43 SECONDS (83.7 MPH)

1849

ACCELERATION OF SCIENCE

50 years brought more progress than was made in previous 5,000

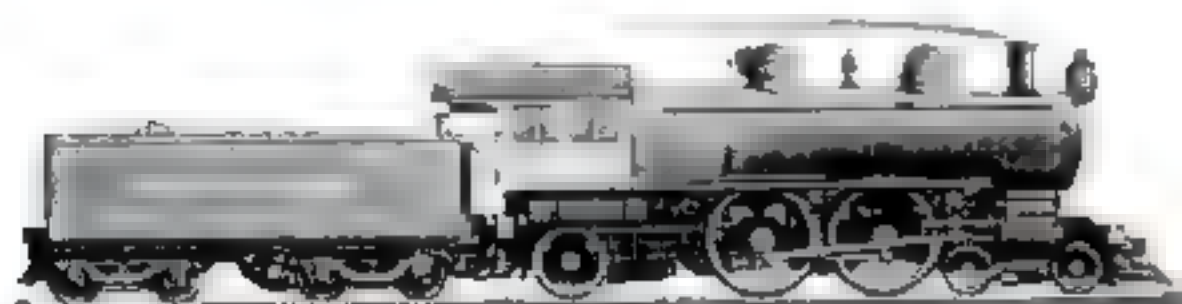
A few weeks ago a young Navy pilot took off in a small, propellerless airplane and chased the setting sun across the U.S. (*opposite page*). Though he fell behind in his race, his flight was a bold trumpeting of the triumphs of science which now has given man the temerity to challenge even the speed of the earth's turning.

The conquest of time and space marked by this flight epitomizes the vast scientific progress which has brought more technical advances in 50 years than man had made in his entire previous history. Until a century ago the graphic curve of speed (*below*) was an almost horizontal line. After 1910 it began its almost vertical rise. Speed of travel, the most dramatic instance of this century's accelerating progress, is a valid example of the speed of development of many other fields. For it is a direct outgrowth of improvements in engineering and design, which occurred only because the sciences upon which they depend have also progressed. The curve of speed reflects the whole pattern of man's precipitous approach to mastery of his environment.

The key to this mastery is power. The energy supplied by the bodies of men and animals, which once sustained great cultures, has become utterly inadequate in the Western world. Even coal, which fueled the industrial revolution, could not have supported the breathtaking acceleration of 20th Century American industry. The new mechanization drew on two additional power sources: petroleum and water. Both had been used before—oil to give light, water to turn wheels. But it was not until new mass-production methods made the internal combustion engine a commonplace that enough petroleum was refined to serve as an industrial fuel. And hydroelectric power did not come into general use until just before the turn of the century, when the first feasible system for distributing it through long lines was put into operation.

The big new sources of energy sired new industry, designed and paced to make full use of it. The steady, unrelenting flow of the assembly line replaced the painstaking production of skilled craftsmen. New machines were built to do the work of many unskilled laborers. New materials, cheap and plentiful, were created to meet the assembly lines' demands.

The accumulation of technical knowledge, doubled and redoubled by the tremendous acceleration in scientific progress since 1900, has brought in the past 10 years a breakdown of barriers that had once seemed to be impassable: planes have been built which fly faster than sound, breaking through the sonic barrier which was thought to set an absolute limit on air speed. Gigantic computing machines have been developed which for the first time free mathematicians from the drudgery of time-consuming calculations. The release of atomic energy, most formidable of physical problems until a few years ago, has at last been exploited to set new records for destruction. The span of human life, determined for hundreds of years by factors that man could not control, has been dramatically extended by the discovery of cures for diseases which could never be cured before. Now, at the century's mid-point, there is little that can be imagined which is too fantastic to become reality before the year 2000.



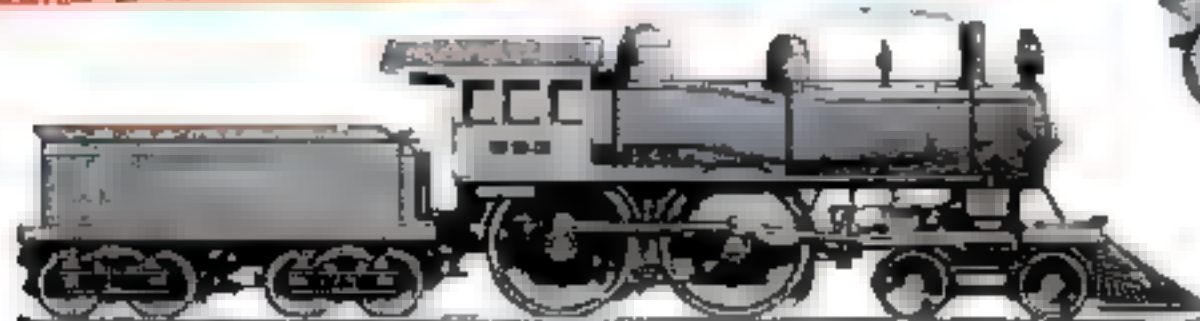
THE PENNSYLVANIA SPECIAL ON A STRAIGHT STRETCH OF TRACK NEAR ADA, OHIO COVERED THREE MILES IN 85 SECONDS (127.1 MPH)

1893

1905

1910

1920



N.Y. CENTRAL'S FAMOUS OLD NO. 999 MADE OVER 112 MPH ON A SYRACUSE-BUFFALO RUN



EDWARD'S SPECIAL BENZ DID 131.7 MPH



SAD-LÉCONTE TRAVELED 188 MPH IN THIS BIPLANE



ITALY'S DAREDEVIL AGELLO FLEW TRIPLANE AT 423.8 MPH

1933

1939



GERMAN ACE WENDEL MADE 469.2 IN MESSERSCHMITT 109

1946



BRITISH RAF METEOR JET PLANE PUSHED THE AIR SPEED RECORD UP TO 616 MPH

1949



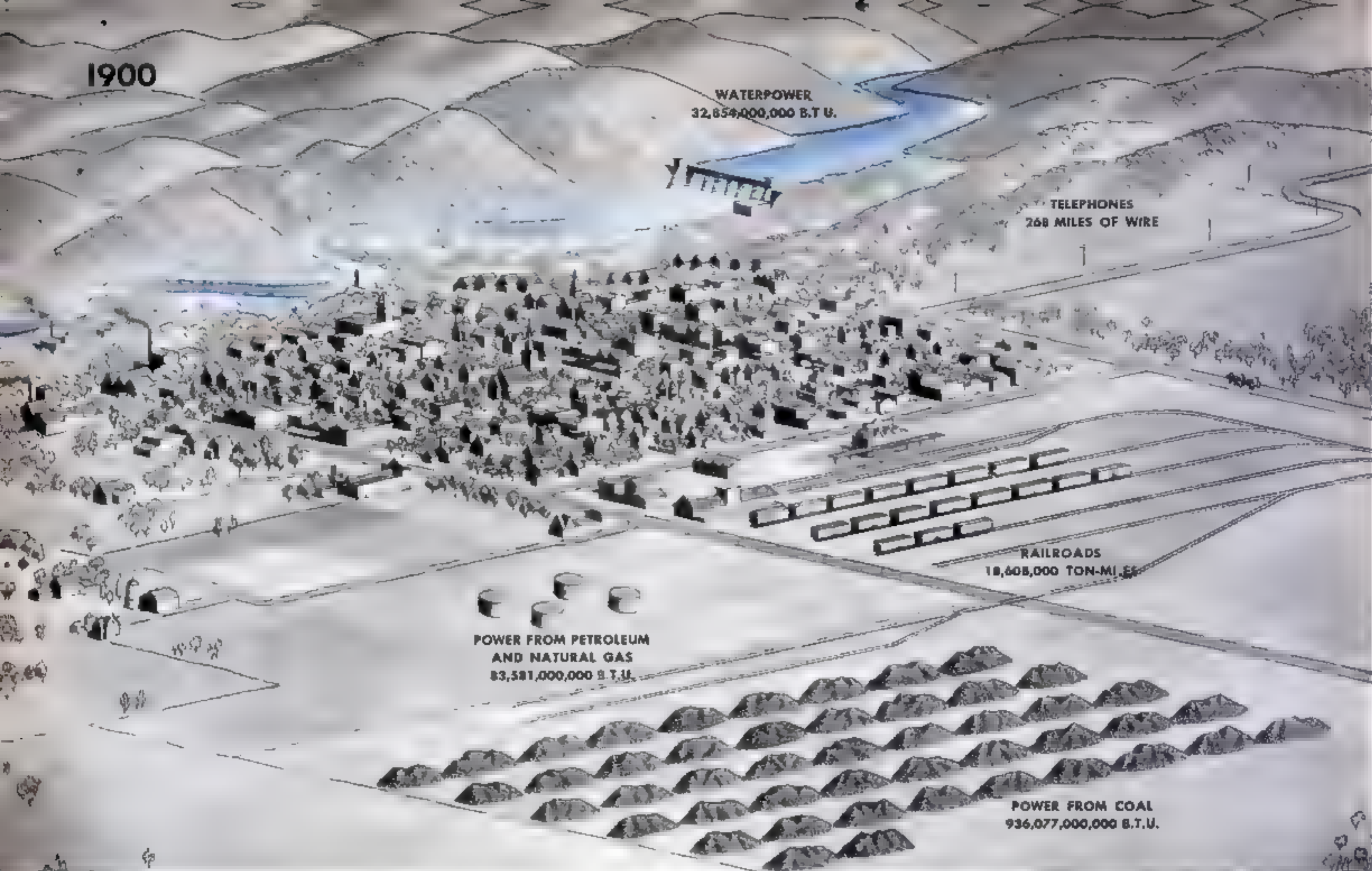
U.S. BELL X-1 HAS EXCEEDED 1,000 MPH FOR SEVERAL MINUTES

CURVE OF SPEED

shows how man has conquered time. Beginning with the horse (*opposite page*), for centuries man's fastest means of locomotion, curve rises slowly through trains and automobiles. With the invention of the airplane it swings into a vertical. Burst of speed in the last four years has carried man through the sonic barrier, and there is now no theoretical limit to his speed below that of light itself.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 31

1900

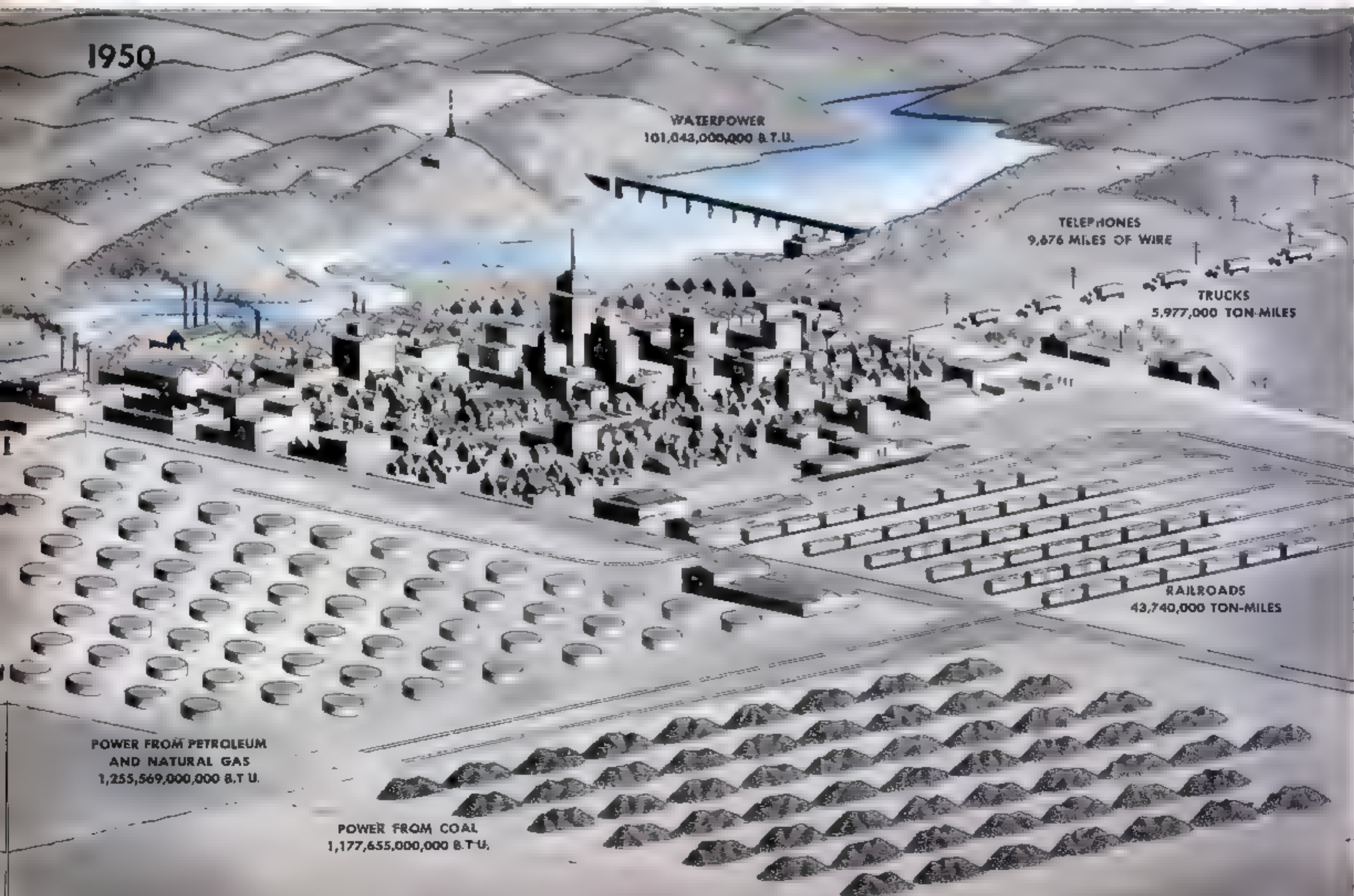


INCREASE OF POWER

between 1900 and today is illustrated above and below in a hypothetical American town of 10,000. Energy from coal, oil and water, chief sources of modern power, is expressed in British Thermal Units (B.T.U.). (One B.T.U. is the energy needed to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit.) The fifteenfold per capita increase of oil consumption is the result of the enormous development of oil-powered industries and gasoline-powered automobiles. Hydroelec-

tric power has increased three times, while coal power, still a major source of energy, has increased by only 20%. With an expanding power supply has come a parallel expansion in transportation and communication. Railroads serving the town carry more than twice their former traffic. Inter-city trucking, which did not exist in 1900, now carries almost an eighth of the town's freight over thousands of miles of well-paved roads. The amount of telephone wire has increased 36 times, the number of telephones 21 times. Radio and television added two entirely new systems of communication.

1950



DESTRUCTIVE POWER

in the 20th Century has kept pace with the sudden increase in the speed of travel. For centuries the only weapons available were clubs, stones, spears, knives and arrows, which could seldom kill more than one person at a time. The curve of destructive power remained almost horizontal. With the first military uses of gunpowder in the 14th Century, the curve began its deadly climb. The advance was gradual because efficient artillery was only slowly developed. But in

the 19th Century highly specialized weapons like shrapnel and armor-piercing shells suddenly raised man's power to destroy. Since 1900 the explosive force of military weapons has increased four million times. The sharp rise in their deadliness has become a tremendous vertical surge with the development of the atomic bomb, which for sheer destructive power is in a class by itself. In the field of weapons, as in the field of speed, even greater advances can be expected. It is theoretically possible to make new types of atomic bombs hundreds of times more powerful than the one dropped on Hiroshima.

1900



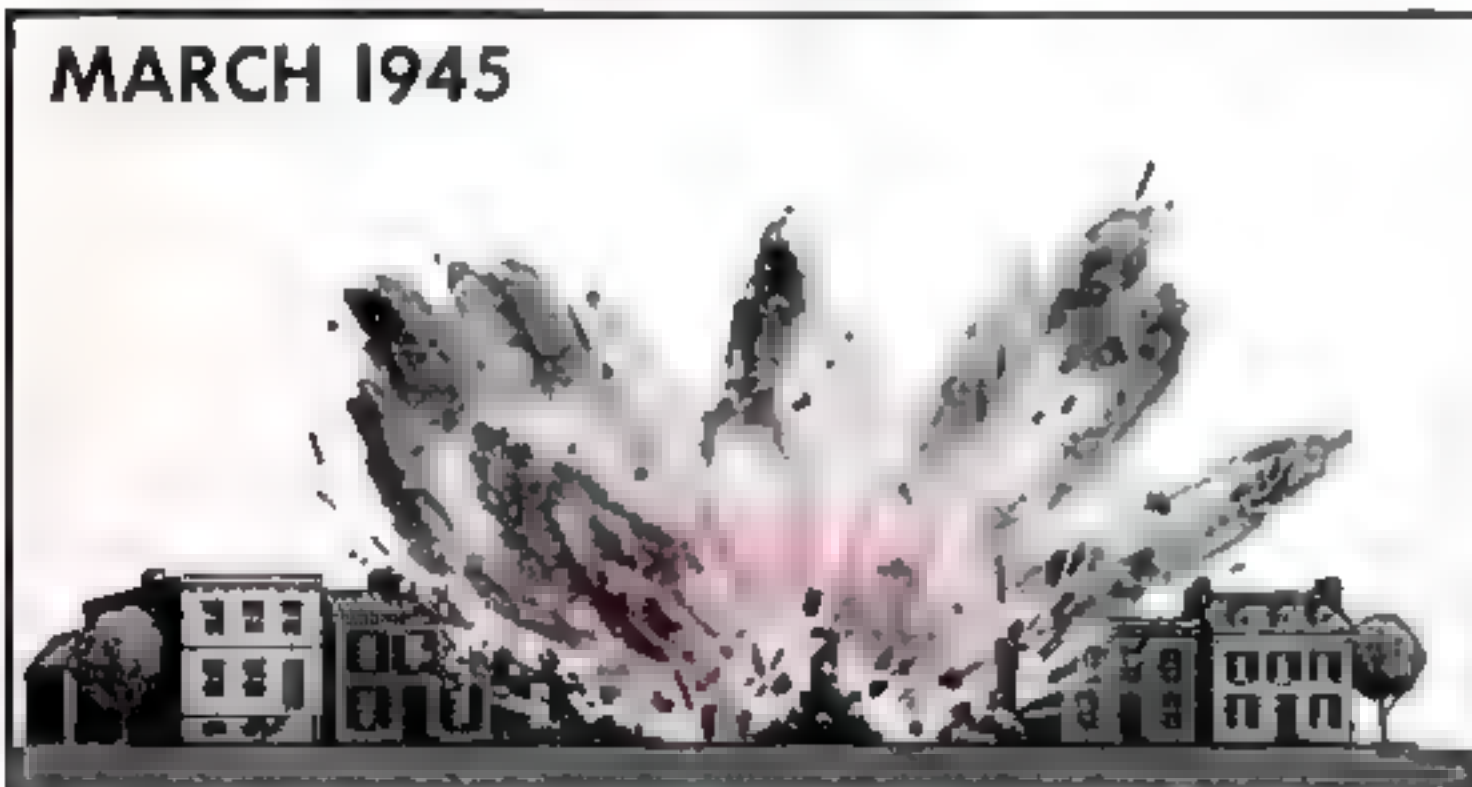
BLACK POWDER SHELL from 14-inch mortar destroyed inside of a frame house but left walls standing.

1918



FRENCH BOMBS used in World War I demolished a whole house and severely damaged nearby buildings.

MARCH 1945



BRITISH BLOCKBUSTER, nicknamed the Grand Slam, smashed most of a city block. Buildings which were not leveled by the blast were riddled by bomb fragments.

AUGUST 1945



U.S. ATOMIC BOMB dropped on Hiroshima completely flattened all but a few reinforced concrete buildings within one mile of the point where the bomb exploded. The

blast inflicted heavy casualties within two miles of the explosion, and the heat flash started fires almost three miles away. The dotted line indicates bomb's shock wave.

SPAN OF LIFE GROWS LONGER

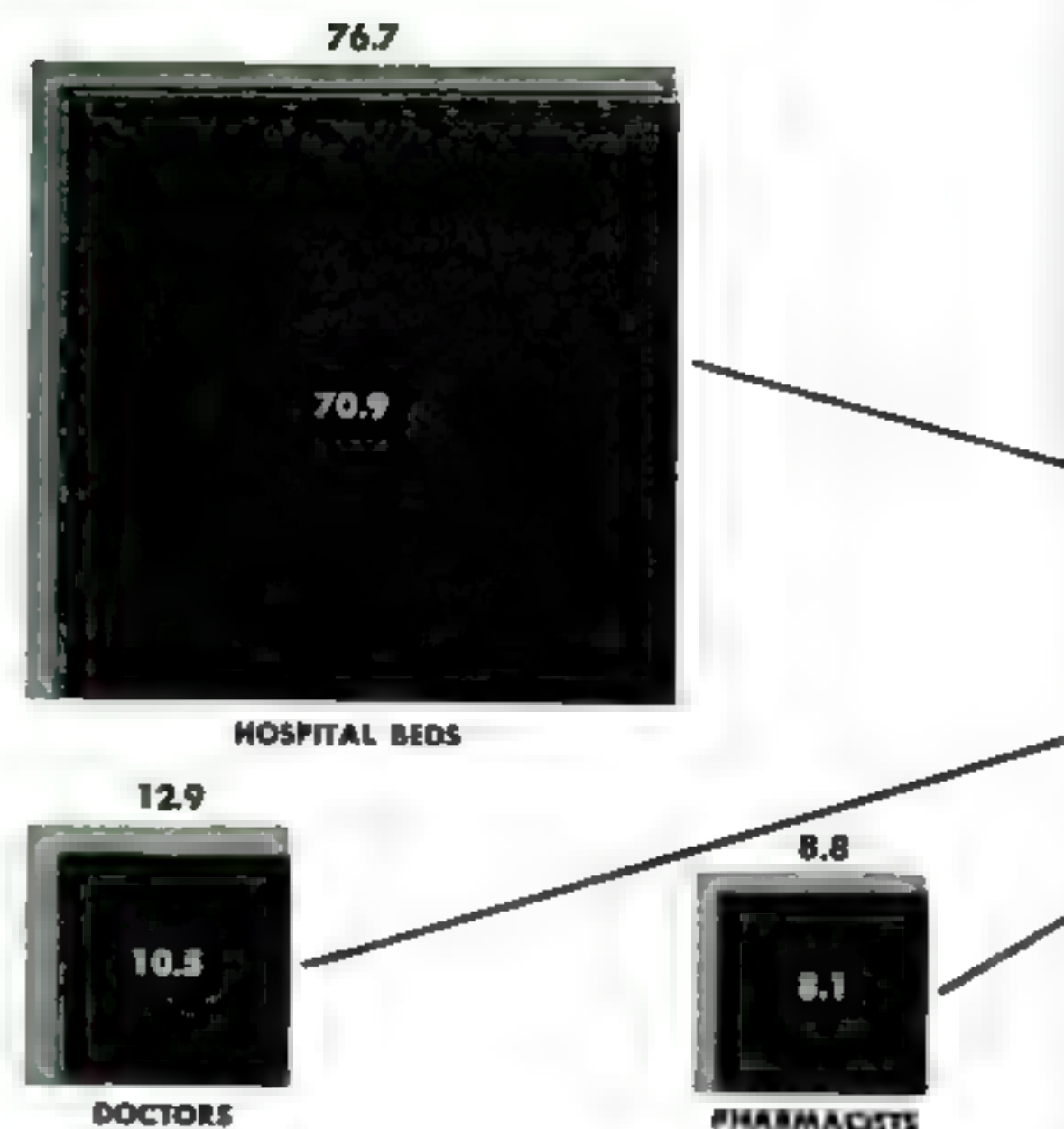
Medicine means doctors and the tools and facilities they have at hand. There were a lot of doctors in 1900, about as many as today on a per capita basis, and they gave their patients the best treatments they knew. But when it came to medication, the family doctors with their calomel and strychnine were not much more effective than the blood-letting leeches of the Middle Ages.

The physician of 1900 knew the importance of antiseptics, but he rarely practiced it. He knew that bacteria were the cause of many diseases, but he had few specific drugs or serums against them. Nearly every drug now in use, from aspirin to aureomycin, has been discovered in the past 50 years. Their dramatic effects on health and life span are charted below. As the antibiotics and sulfa drugs came into being, the most lethal infectious diseases came under control. Pneumonia, influenza and diarrhea, deadly 40 years ago, are no longer very dangerous. Polio and a few other virus-caused dis-

eases have not yet been defeated but undoubtedly will be. The main killers yet to be overcome are not caused by germs: they are cancer and most of the heart diseases.

Medicine has also progressed in other ways. Diagnosis has been made surer by chemical tests and the X-ray. Reliable anesthetics are available. Doctors have learned a good deal about the functions of vitamins, glandular secretions and minerals. And after a period of intense specialization, they have returned to treating the "whole man," recognizing that ills may stem from the mind as well as the microbes.

The chart at right contrasts the medical facilities of Wichita, Kan. in 1900 and 1950. There has been little expansion per capita in most of the major facilities, though new services have been added. But the tools of medicine have improved so much that a country doctor of 1950 is a thousand times more effective than a king's physician in 1900.



1900



THREE OUT OF 10 children born in 1900 were all that could expect to reach the age of 70 (right). In the course of their lifetimes they were most likely to be struck

down by the diseases listed above the tombstones, whose sizes indicate the relative number of deaths caused by these diseases. Sanitation was generally poor, infant

THE FIGHT AGAINST

DIARRHEA

TUBERCULOSIS

DIPHTHERIA

1925



FOUR OUT OF 10 children born in 1925 were expected to reach the age of 70. There was a decided drop in deaths from the infectious diseases as a result of the im-

provements in sanitation and of the use of vaccines and antitoxin serums to prevent the outbreak of disease. Diphtheria and the typhoid fevers had been eliminated as

TUBERCULOSIS

PNEUMONIA AND FLU

DIARRHEA

1950



FIVE OUT OF 10 children born today—and probably even more—will live to be 70. New cures and treatments will be found as these children grow older, so that

as many as seven or eight of 1950's babies may live to be septuagenarians. Heart diseases and cancer are now leading causes of death, and the emphasis of medicine has

TUBERCULOSIS

PNEUMONIA AND FLU

DIABETES

NEPHRITIS

ONE CITY'S MEDICAL FACILITIES

1900

1950



5 PHYSICAL THERAPISTS
5 CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGISTS
7 OSTEOPATHS

RED CROSS WORKERS

7.3

DENTISTS

PUBLIC HEALTH EMPLOYEES

STUDENT AND PRACTICAL NURSES

GRADUATE NURSES

ADDITIONAL MEDICAL SERVICES

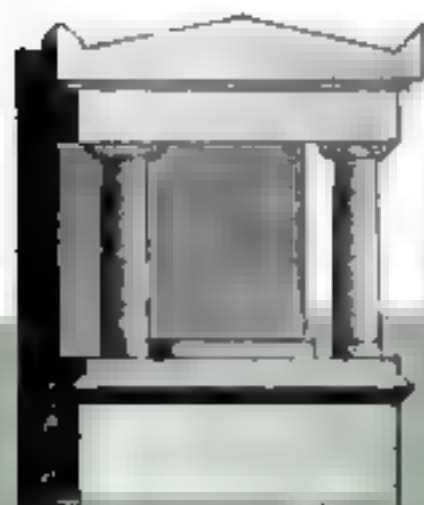
Available in 1900:
Office of the Poor Commissioner
One child-placing agency

Available in 1950:
Wichita Tuberculosis Association
Kansas Division of Vocational Rehabilitation
American Cancer Society
National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis
Medical Service Bureau
Three medical social workers
Sixty-nine care homes
Eighteen medical laboratories
Five child-placing agencies
Two agencies to aid crippled children

← WICHITA'S medical services per 10,000 population for 1900 and 1950 are listed at the left and above. These figures are based on records of the city's public health department.

DEATH AND DISEASE

PNEUMONIA AND FLU



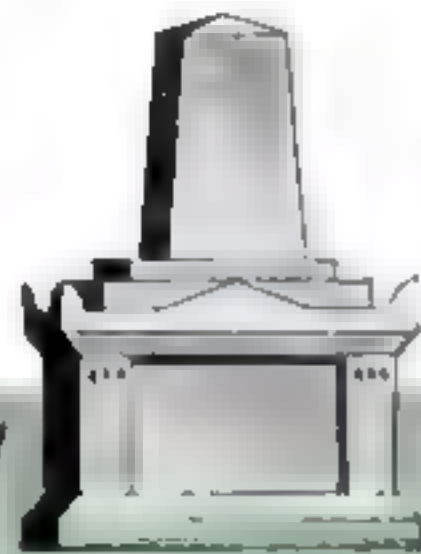
TYPHOID FEVERS



NEPHRITIS



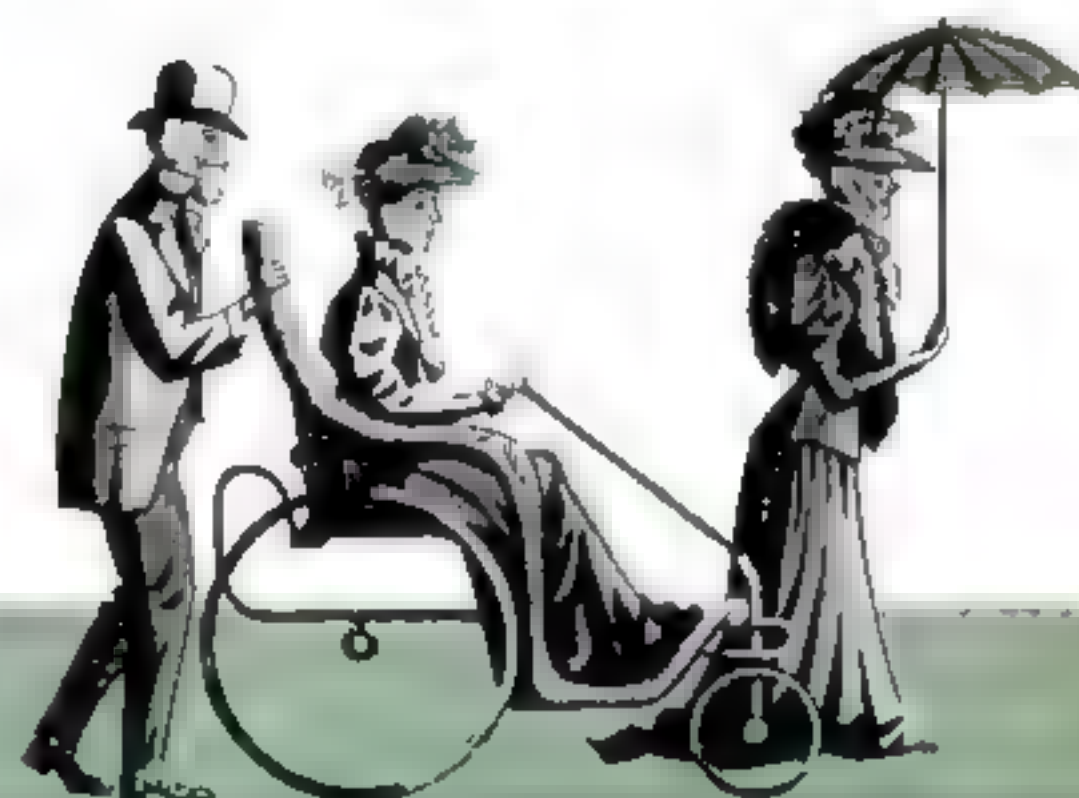
HEART DISEASES



CANCER



STROKE



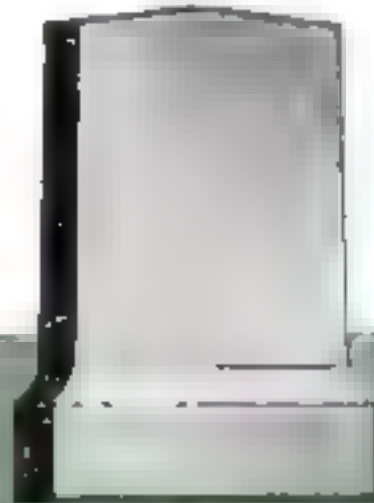
mortality was high, and infectious diseases were the main killers. Reliable methods of diagnosis had not yet been developed. Deaths per 10,000 population were: pneumo-

nia and influenza, 20.2; tuberculosis, 19.4, diarrhea, 14.3; heart diseases, 13.7; stroke, 10.7; nephritis, 8.9; cancer, 6.4; diphtheria, 4.0; typhoid and paratyphoid fevers, 3.1.

NEPHRITIS



HEART DISEASES



STROKE



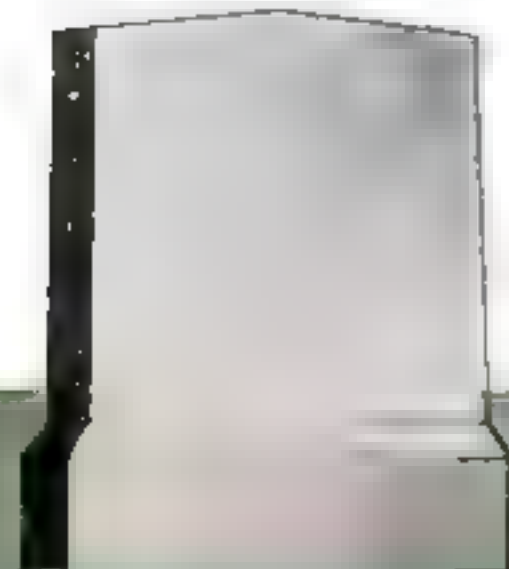
CANCER



major causes of death. But heart diseases were showing a steady increase, partly attributable to an aging population and partly to a speed-up in the tempo of living.

Deaths per 10,000 population were: from heart diseases, 18.5; pneumonia and influenza, 12.2; nephritis, 9.5; cancer, 9.2; stroke, 9.0; tuberculosis, 8.5, and diarrhea, 3.9.

HEART DISEASES



CANCER



STROKE



shifted from infectious diseases to noninfectious and degenerative diseases. More people than ever before are getting the proper medical care as a result of health insur-

ance. Deaths per 10,000 population (in 1947) were: heart diseases, 32.1; cancer, 13.2; stroke, 9.1; nephritis, 5.6; pneumonia and influenza, 4.3; tuberculosis, 3.4; diabetes, 2.6.



AS "THE SHEIK" Valentino brings a proud captive (Agnes Ayres) to heel



AS DANCER he does an informal tango with Alice Terry. He was responsible for a brief, intense revival of this dance.



AS IDOL he lies in state at the Campbell funeral parlor on Broadway, receives homage from unidentified woman.

THE GREAT LOVER

Valentino answered an ancient yearning in women's hearts and became the greatest idol of the movies



AS A BOY IN ITALY

He came upon the screen in Argentine costume, with Gaucho boots and a sash around his waist. He danced the tango; he strode up to women masterfully; he bent them back from the waist like lilies to kiss them, and when he whispered to them it was a breath of pure passion. He was Julio in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* in 1921. But for the next five years it didn't matter what name they gave him: the Sheik, Monsieur Beaucaire, the Son of the Sheik—he was always Rudolph Valentino, the Great Lover, the answer to a hidden dream in American women's hearts. For generations they had been offered reserved, Anglo-Saxon heroes who had to be lured or bullied into expressing their sentiments. This hero was dark, plant, eager, with brooding eyes and sensual mouth, and the women clutched him to their hearts with a collective frenzy that no other actor in history ever aroused. In an industry based on great personalities and an era that was full of them, Valentino was the greatest of all. His face was an electric

charge that transformed neighborhood theaters into temples of love. All his life women threw themselves in his path. When he died, 40,000 of them broke police lines, windows and every rule of propriety to get a moment's glimpse of him, or simply of his casket.

Valentino in real life was an athletic, gregarious immigrant from Italy (real name: Rodolfo Guglielmi) who came to U.S. in 1913, earned a precarious living as dancer, movie extra and movie villain before becoming a star in 1921. He liked a gay time but also had premonitions of dying, and worried enough to get the stomach ulcers that killed him in 1926 when he was 31. He liked to live in pseudo-oriental splendor, and was generally unhappy in his two marriages and many love affairs. The man was soon swallowed up in the legend, and the legend was ruthlessly exploited. Rival "women in black" still turn up to get their pictures taken mourning at his tomb. But the old movies are revived from time to time; and young people get a chance to see the flash of savage charm and beauty that made him seem to a whole generation of women like an incarnation of the Greek god Pan (opposite): symbol of everything wild and wonderful and illicit in nature.



AT BIRTHDAY PARTY for Richard Barthelmess, tenderhearted hero of the silent films, Valentino was one of cinema celebrities gathered in May, 1926 at Constance Talmadge's party at a house in Santa Monica. 1) Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, 2) Mae Murray, 3) Virginia Valli, 4) Ronald Colman, 5) Beanie Love, 6) Jack Pickford, 7) Rudolph Valentino, 8) Pola Negri, 9) Louella Parsons, 10) Lala

Lee, 11) Carmel Myers, 12) Bert Lytell, 13) Claire Windsor, 14) Richard Barthelmess, 15) Constance Talmadge, 16) Beatrice Lillie, 17) Agnes Ayres, 18) Marshall Neilan, 19) Howard Hughes, 20) Antonio Moreno, 21) Prince David Mdivani, 22) Edmund Coughlin, 23) Harry D'Arrast, 24) Natalie Talmadge, 25) Alastair Mackintosh (then Constance Talmadge's husband), 26) Blanche Sweet.



A LADY PHOTOGRAPHER IN SAN FRANCISCO
POSED HIM AS THE GREAT GOD PAN IN 1921



540 North Michigan Ave.,
Chicago 11, Illinois

Dear Reader:

In this special Mid-Century issue, you share with LIFE's Editors some highlights of five momentous decades.

Yet, missing from these pages is one highlight which many Americans will always consider memorable -- the appearance of LIFE's first issue on November 23, 1936.

For on that date in 1936, LIFE gave Americans an unparalleled opportunity

to see life, see the world, eyewitness great events; to see strange things, machines, armies, multitudes; to see man's work, his paintings, towers and discoveries; to see the whole heroic drama of people and living in a single magazine of pictures each week.

Scrapping old formulas and revolutionizing the whole concept of pictorial journalism, LIFE brought its eager readers a new awareness and understanding of the world they lived in. Immediately young LIFE, with its thousands of wonderfully exciting photographs was welcomed into the homes -- and into the lives of American people everywhere.

Today, 685 issues and 130,000 photographs later, LIFE's readers tell us that LIFE still offers them the same surprise and spontaneity that first captured their interest and imagination. But in addition, LIFE's ever-increasing excellence in printing and color reproductions, its greater variety of subjects and more imaginative photographic techniques, give today's LIFE a pictorial excitement that surpasses even the stirring issues of the past.

And so, we invite you to share with these regular subscribers the more than 9,000 photographs that will crowd LIFE's 3,400 picture pages during the stirring Mid-Century year ahead -- and to have LIFE delivered to your home each week at the money-saving subscriber rate offered in the coupon below.

Cordially,

F. P. Pratt

Circulation Director



540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Send me 52 issues of LIFE and
bill me for only \$6.

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EARLY ADVERTISING

A RAMBUNCTIOUS NEW TRADE HAS GROWN UP IN THE 20th CENTURY

Before 1900 advertising was still frequently considered both wasteful and improper. To many sound businessmen it seemed a confession of weakness; to others it smacked of the suspect practices of the less scrupulous patent-medicine manufacturers.

But the 20th Century changed people's minds. With mass production and better printing methods coming along, the value of large-scale advertising as a generator of mass sales began to be appreciated even by the manufacturer to whom a 2-inch, type-crammed ad had been a real plunge. When these manufacturers began displaying their wares pictorially and in ear-

nest it was often through the medium of posters; and through posters like the ones shown here color made its greatest strides in early advertising. Hanging in grocery stores, pharmacies and dry-goods houses, these placards soon acquainted the public with the names of Kodak, Prudential, Coca-Cola and Quaker Oats, and helped nurture a new phenomenon—the advertising agency. Slogans, too, were commercialized. As testimony to their instant success, the legend was circulated around 1900 that little girls prayed every night: "Oh God, please make me 'absolutely pure' like Royal Baking Powder and not just 99 44/100% pure like Ivory Soap."

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SNAG-PROOF

TRADE MARK.



LAMBERTVILLE RUBBER CO.

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED.

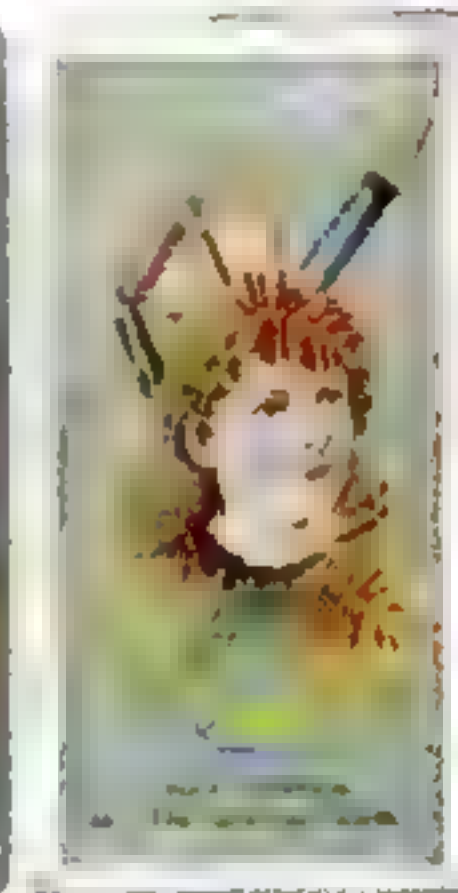
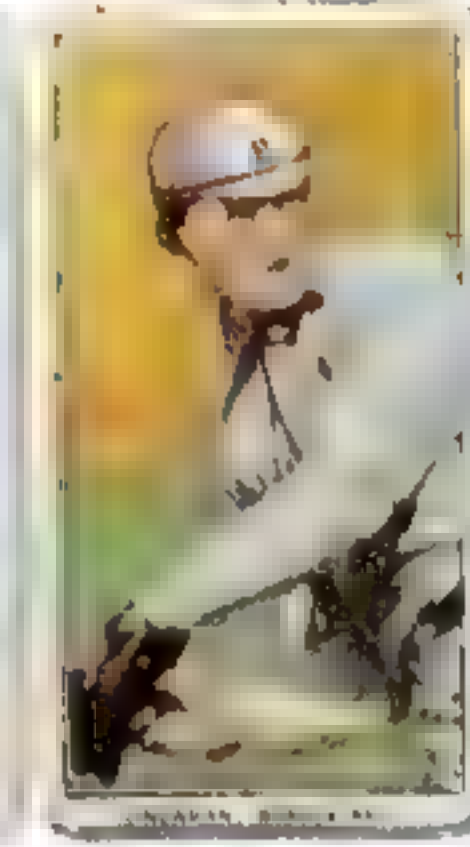
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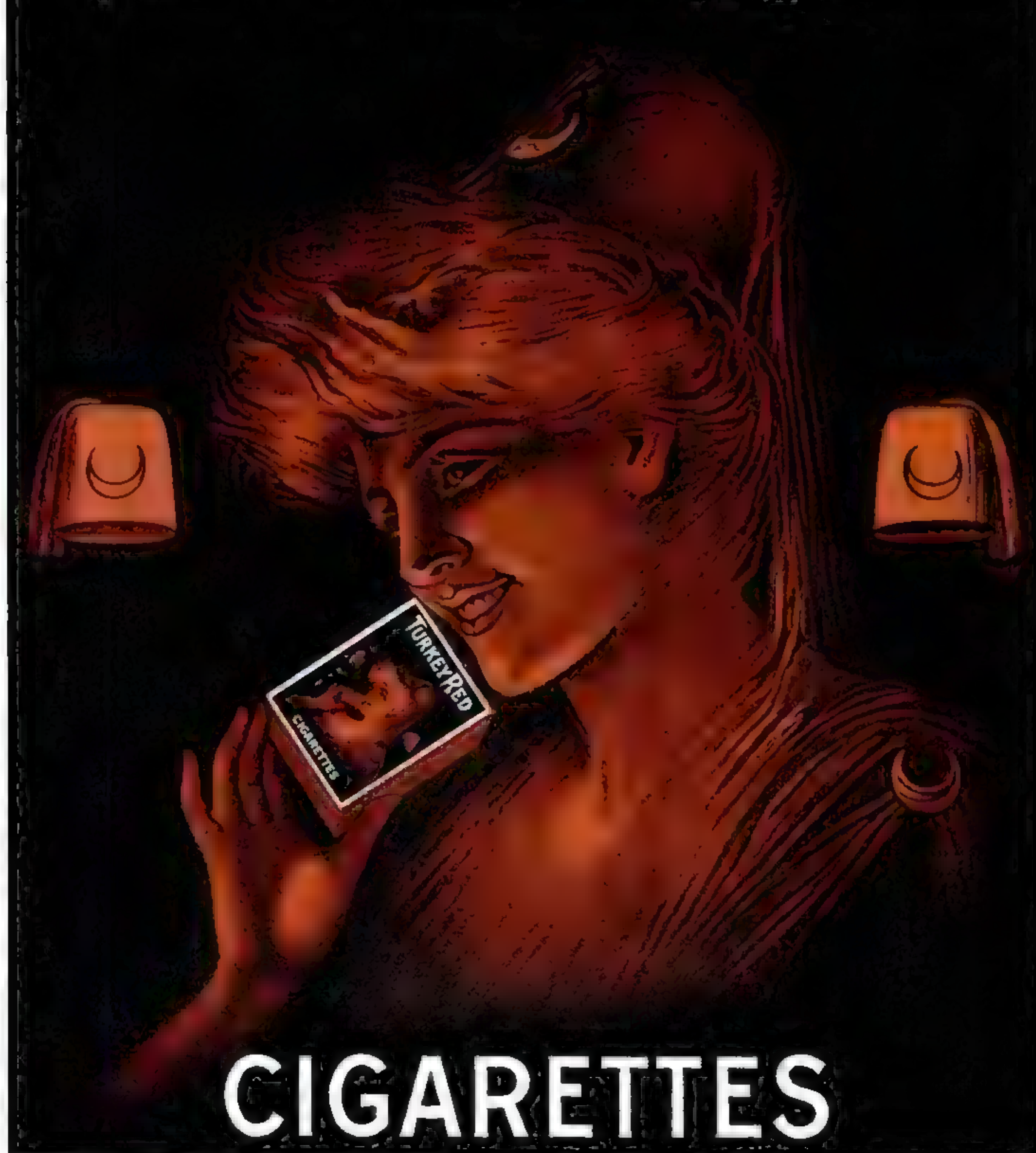
EVERYONE COLLECTED CIGARET PREMIUMS

Giving a hint of their later skill in promotional matters, some cigaret companies in the 1880s began distributing pictures in each package, causing a collector's craze that had swept the country by 1900. By 1915 almost every important person in the U.S. had been pictured on a

cigaret card. Some collections have been huge: a Boston gentleman recently confessed to owning 23,000 cards. Cigaret-makers helped blaze another advertising trail: they were among the first to discover selling value of a device that now seems second nature—a pretty girl (right).



TURKEY RED



CIGARET GIRL was repeated progressively smaller within picture, in a technique still popular today. She had American features but Eurasian dress, saving ad

from prejudice then current against U.S. women's smoking. Not until years later did the cigaret-makers dare take next step—to show a real American girl smoking.



NOTED EXCURSIONISTS pose on mill wheel. Inventor Edison, Naturalist Burroughs, Auto-Maker Ford, Tire-Maker Firestone. Basic mechanical items such as this engrossed them.



CARAVAN includes two supply trucks. Group spent the night at this hotel near Uniontown, Pa., though Edison and Burroughs thought they should stay outdoors.



MILLSTREAM is inspected by Firestone (*left*) and Ford, who was fascinated by the potentialities of waterpower and talked endlessly of its development.



WASHING UP in the morning at a camp table are Burroughs (left), Edison and Firestone near White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

LOGGING ENGINE is operated by Ford and Firestone (in cab) while Edison perches on the front end.



DISCUSSION GROUP includes Firestone's son Harvey Firestone Jr. (third from left), Edward N. Hurley (right).



RIFLE PRACTICE occupies Burroughs early one morning as he waits for other three to get up.

A FAMOUS VACATION

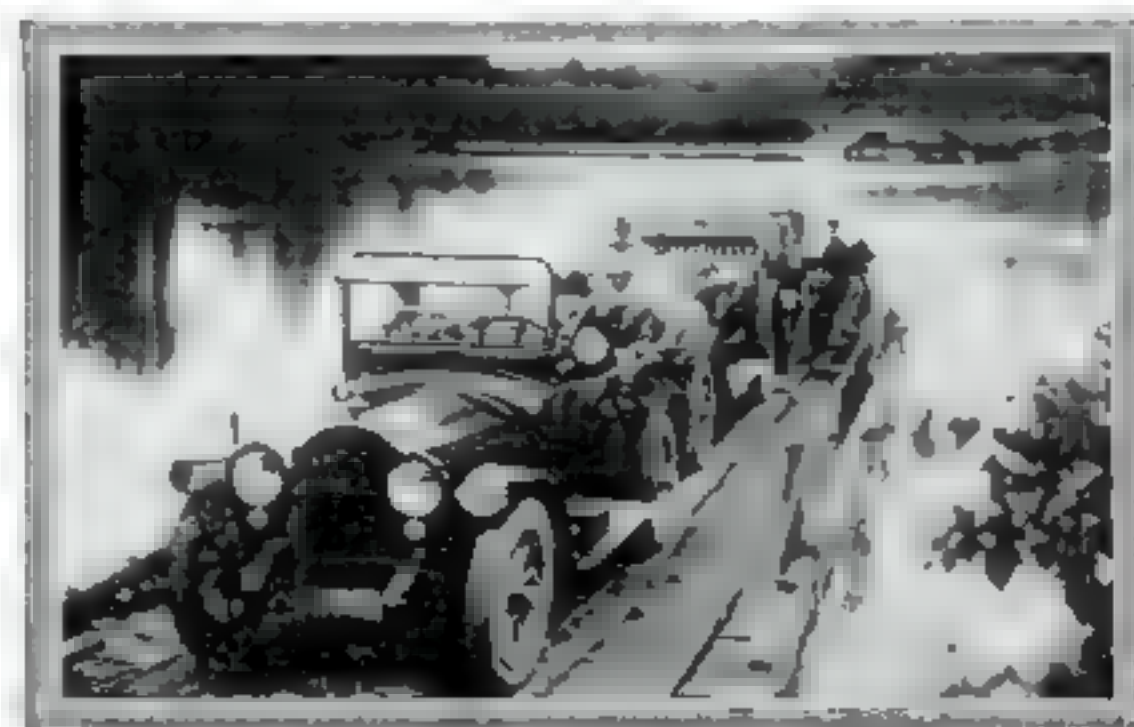
Ford, Edison, Firestone and Burroughs took an excursion to get close to nature and to enjoy each other's company

In the summer of 1918 four eminent American men went on a camping trip together. In a caravan of six automobiles, Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone and John Burroughs drove from Pittsburgh through West Virginia to Tennessee and then swung back through North Carolina, up to Virginia and Maryland. The jaunt had been originally planned as an informal outdoor excursion, but the four men and their companions could not keep from inspecting all manner of mechanical objects like mill wheels (*opposite page*) and logging engines (*above*) and discussing weighty subjects like patent laws and literature over the campfire. There was no fanfare about the trip and, though a photographer was taken along, this rare record of the vacation is almost unknown.

As related by Burroughs, the trip's chronicler, Edison was the "intellectual" among them, although Burroughs disagreed with the inventor when he claimed *Evangeline* and *Les Misérables* were the greatest works of poetry and fiction of his time and again when he proposed that Shakespeare be translated into "plain English." Ford proved a useful handyman, once rescuing the excursion by repairing a badly broken auto fan. Firestone was most levelheaded. Burroughs would often get up very early before anyone else to sit by the campfire and, as he wrote, "indulge in the 'long, long thoughts' which belong to age much more than to youth."



BREAKFAST TENT is sample of modest comforts provided for the foursome despite simple but earnest desire to "rough it."



FERRY CROSSING finds Edison in lead car's front seat, Ford in the rear seat. The caravan included a Packard and two Fords.

HEADLINERS OF THE 1920s

They were the life of a party that really was a party—and here they are after 20 years



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY LIFE
BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN



CHARLES LINDBERGH

At 25 he made his famous flight. When he was 30, his son was kidnaped and murdered. In 1940 he was a rabid isolationist, but during the war, while officially a Ford research engineer, he reportedly shot down some Jap planes in the Pacific. Here, at 47, Lindbergh accepts Wright Brothers Memorial Trophy.

TWO weeks ago in Washington a tall and somewhat sad man named Charles Augustus Lindbergh stood once more, briefly, in the spotlight. He received the Wright Brothers Memorial Trophy for his "enduring contributions to American aviation" 22 years, six months and 26 days after completing his magnificent solo flight across the Atlantic. Lindbergh looked much different than he did in the 1920s (above), and what he said was nothing like his sprightly "Well, we made it" of 1927. He was concerned about the advance of technology at the expense of the human spirit, and soberly remarked, "I sometimes feel that the decline of aviation began with the self-starter and the closed cockpit." But changed or not, Lindbergh at 47 was a thriving figure from another time, and his presence, front and center, recalled other headliners of the 1920s who are still very much alive. Some, like Rudy Vallee, are now doing just what they were doing then. Others, like Moe Smith, have fallen into obscurity. Still others are in the process of change, as Herbert Hoover changed from a rejected man to a respected one. All of them, side by side in a picture gallery, suddenly revive the period with a powerful impact.

It began with Wilson sick in the White House, and the people sick of war, sick of idealism and powerfully inclined to get drunk. Harding was inaugurated and everyone began to play mah-jongg. Then a Frenchman named Coué turned up saying, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better," which so appealed to Americans that millions went to hear him. Then came *It Ain't Gonna Rain No More* and the Charleston. In 1924 crossword puzzles took over, followed in 1925 by the "Monkey Trial" and next year by Peaches and Daddy Browning. Ladies' skirts began to climb, reaching the knee in mid-decade and remaining there until 1929.

Prohibition made it only slightly more difficult to get drunk than it had been, and much more of a challenge. Gang warfare grew—500 shotgun and Tommy-gun murders were committed during the decade in Chicago alone. Everywhere Americans were pathologically concerned with having a good time. It was fashionable to debunk everything. "What most distinguishes the generation," wrote Walter Lippmann in his best-selling *A Preface to Morals*, "is not their rebellion. . . . It is common for young men and women to rebel, but that they should rebel sadly and without faith in their own rebellion . . . that is something of a novelty."

When the 1920s ended in the crash it became fashionable (and merciful) to forget them, and they have been buried beneath recovery, war and a new boom. It is startling to find the old headliners still looking as chipper as they do in these pictures taken in the past few months—startling, and pleasant. They were the life of the party and everyone loves them, even though it was not a party that the nation can afford to throw again.



GROVER WHALEN

When New York City welcomed the heroes of the '20s, the -rocky man with the gladdiest hand this side of Paradise was in his glory. It was Grover Whalen, friend of mayors, who marshaled the fireboats and platoons of cops, arranged the parades of touring cars, produced the 50c cigars. The great host breathed an

atmosphere that might quickly have choked a lesser man—it was 50¢ confetti—but he thrived upon it. After 30 years, 63-year-old Grover Whalen is still on the job, adjusting his Homburg, listening anxiously for the approaching footfalls of the great, waiting for that phone call from the latest boss of City Hall.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

JOHN HELD JR.

He took a look at Flaming Youth and caricatured what he saw—filling the old *Life*, *The New Yorker* and the funny papers with pictures of thin, sophisticated creatures with rolled stockings, shingle belts, flasks and cigarette holders. In its turn, Flaming Youth looked at Held's wonderful pictures and patterned itself after them. So instead of

becoming a great satirist, John Held was known as "The one master of the Flipper." He was a real "flipper" in the sense that his cartoons were "flipped" and took up every bit of New York's "flippers" on a New Jersey farm where he recently took a "flipper" in a "flipper" house to draw the picture. He was a real "flipper."





RED GRANGE

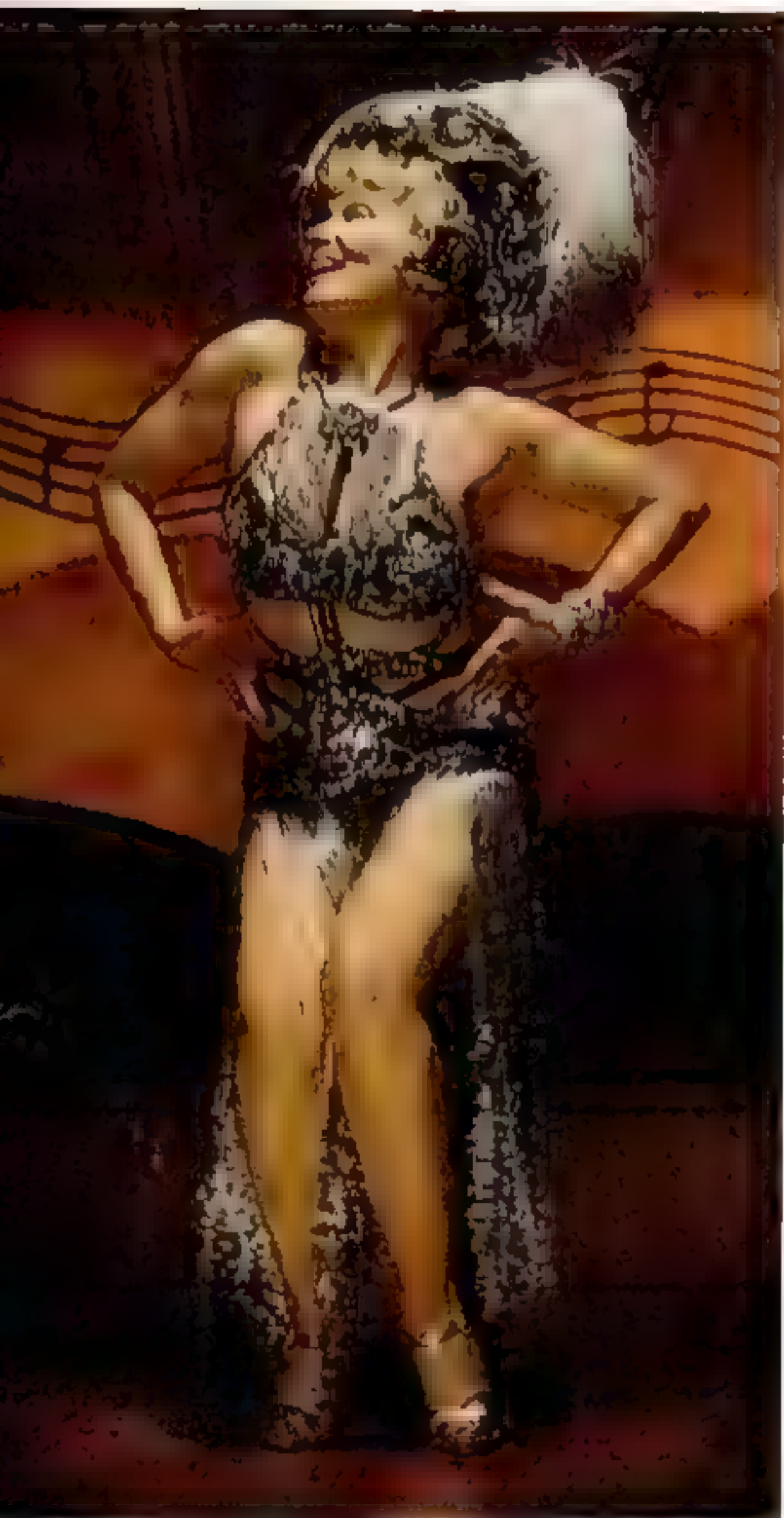
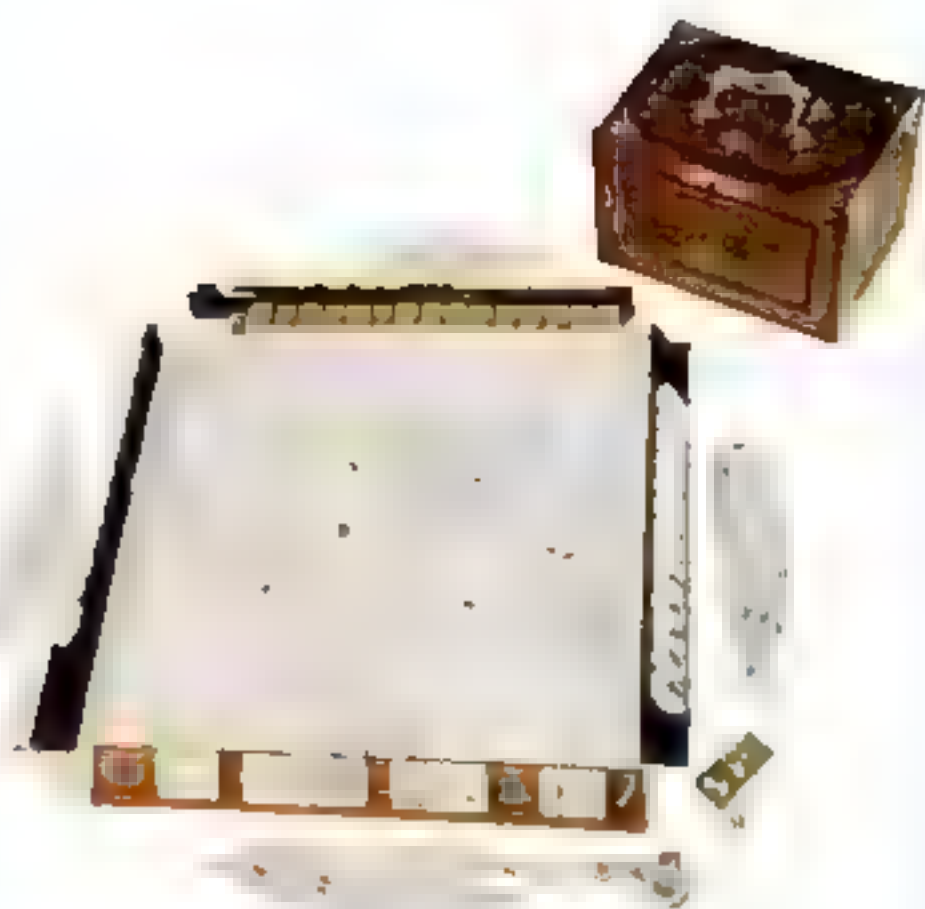
JACK DEMPSEY

BOBBY JONES

These three, here pictured together for the first time, were along with Babe Ruth the titans of "The Golden Age of Sport." Grange, "The Galloping Ghost of Illinois," ran 3,637 yards in three years of college football. In 1924 against Michigan he ran 92, 70, 51 and 43 yards for four touchdowns in the first 12 minutes of play. Dempsey, "The Manassa Mauler," was one of the hardest punchers boxing ever saw. In 1919, he broke Jess Willard's jaw in 13 places. He held the heavy-weight title for seven years, until Gene Tunney beat him in 1926.

Jones and his putter, "Calamity Jane," ruled golf from 1923 to 1930, the year in which he made his "grand slam" U.S. Amateur, U.S. Open, British Amateur, British Open. Today all three men are successful in other fields. Grange, 46, is an insurance man. Dempsey, 51, lives in New York, is a restaurateur and movie producer; Jones, 47, is a lawyer in Atlanta. Standard for football spectators in the Golden Age was the raccoon coat (right) which, like mah-jongg, the ukulele and the crystal set (following pages), has become a symbol of the '20s.

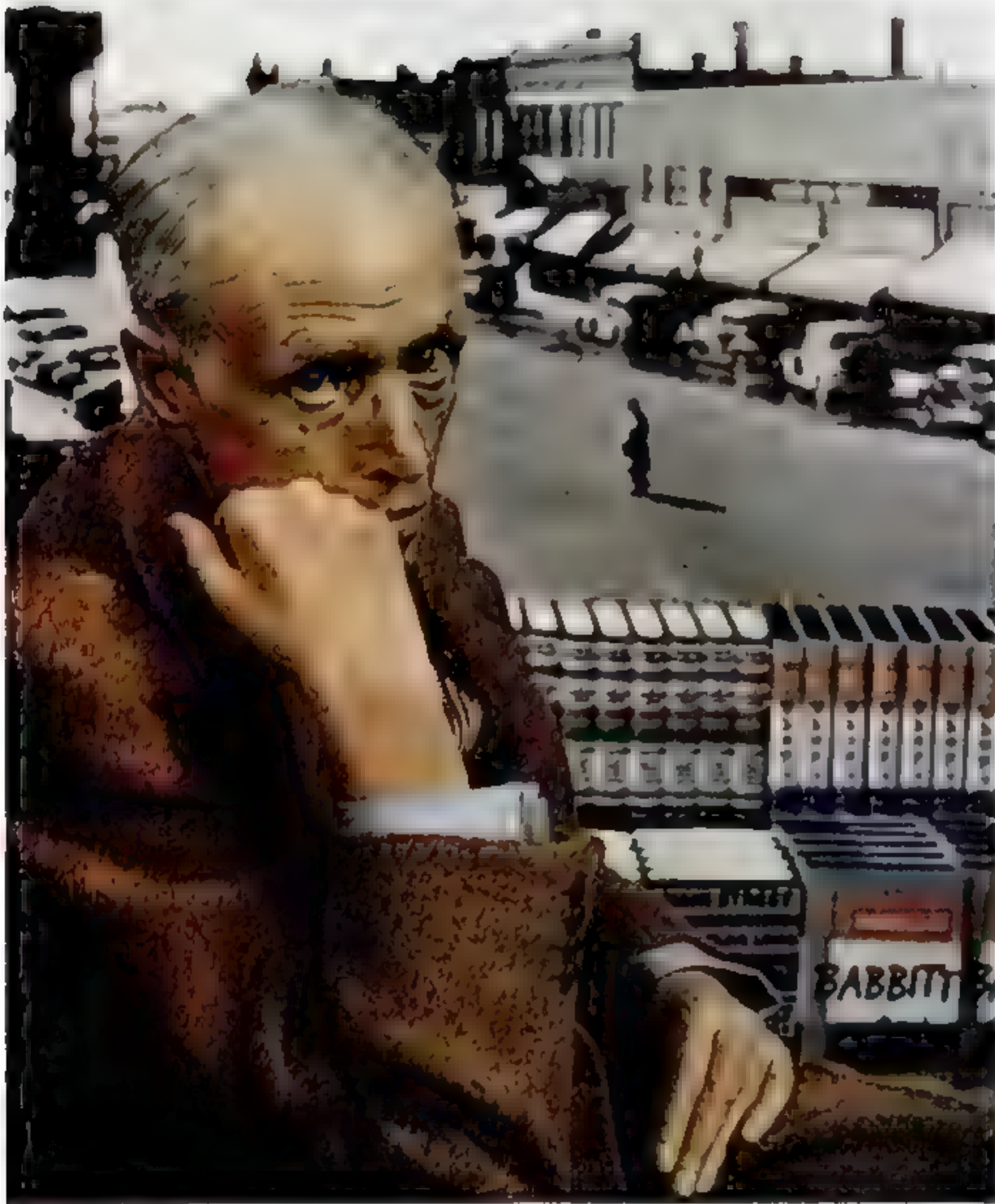




GILDA GRAY

She was a Polish girl who interpreted African dances in the 'S.W.' era and she was long-haired. She was a chemist and thus by her own admission the 'Sherry' was born. Gilda, who now lives on a ranch in Colorado, was also present at everything from the Charleston to the Nigger Club. Perhaps the reason for her exercise she says is the most remarkable preserved when it comes to the world.





SINCLAIR LEWIS

He began the '20s with his relentless *Main Street*, ended the decade by becoming the first American to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. In between, he wrote *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, *Dodsworth* and *Babbitt*, each an attack on the materialism, the boosterism and the aggressive emptiness he saw in Americans. Now, far from his native Sauk Center, Minn (above), which became "Gopher Prairie" in *Main Street*, the 64-year-old Lewis is vacationing in Italy.



HERBERT HOOVER →

It was his fate to be President when all the gaiety of the '20s came to a miserable end in the crash. When he left office in 1932, Herbert Hoover could look back through U.S. history and find few other Presidents who had been so unpopular at the end of their terms. But in the last 18 years the injustice has slowly dissolved. Today at 75 Hoover is increasingly respected, and the phrase "America's only living ex-President" daily contains less of curiosity and more of affection.

JOHN SCOPES

He was an obscure biology teacher in Dayton, Tenn., who was arrested in 1925 for breaking the state law against teaching theory of evolution. His "Monkey Trial" was argued by Clarence Darrow (for evolution) and William Jennings Bryan (against). Scopes was convicted, fined \$100, but the antievolutionists were made to look ridiculous. Now 48, he works for a gas company in Louisiana, no longer gets letters saying, "Do you believe your grandmother was an ape?"





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ON
NEXT PAGE



MOE SMITH

Moe Smith and Izzy Einstein were the most dreaded prohibition agents who ever closed down a speakeasy. What was so horrible about Izzy and Moe, from the speakeasy owners' point of view, was the fact that they were first-class comedians. Both were comically fat, both wore weird disguises (above), both could

worm their way into a bartender's confidence, then make the pinch in one minute flat. In their time they confiscated five million bottles of booze and made 4,392 arrests, almost all with a smile. Izzy has been in his grave since 1938; Moe is as robust as he ever was and at 62 lives in retirement at Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Here's how to get top-notch performance from your Christmas gift shaver

Tests by thousands of men have proved that Lectric Shave—the amazing *before-shave* beard conditioner—gives closer, faster, more comfortable shaves with every type of electric shaver.

Try it yourself with the shaver you received for Christmas. Just apply cool, refreshing Lectric Shave to your face—then plug in your razor and shave. Note how Lectric Shave improves your razor's performance—speeds up shaving, cuts down drag and discomfort.

You get top-notch razor performance because Lectric Shave prepares your face for shaving with a remarkable 3-way "setting up" action:

1. It evaporates sticky, razor-clogging perspiration.
2. It lubricates the skin for faster, more comfortable shaving.
3. It tautens your skin—"brings out" your beard for closer, better-looking shaves.

And Lectric Shave is good for your *shaver*, too! It lubricates the shaver's cutting head for faster, easier action—longer shaver life.

Try Lectric Shave tomorrow. It's available at your nearest drugstore or toilet-goods counter—and it costs less than a penny a shave! Only 49 cents, plus tax, for the 3-oz. bottle—enough for 80 shaves.

Read what these men have to say about this amazing preparation!



"I recommend it to anyone who uses an electric shaver," writes H. Lindquist, Kirksville, Mo. "I have used several kinds of shaving aids, and Lectric Shave is by far the best."



"Gave me wonderful results," says L. W. Meyers, Philadelphia, Pa. "With the first application of Lectric Shave, I got a cleaner, faster, smoother shave and my face felt refreshed."



"It fills a long-felt need," says W. H. Varley, Newton Centre, Mass. "Lectric Shave makes it possible to get fast, close shaves. There's no irritation, either—even in hot weather."



"Showed me how really convenient electric shaving can be," reports C. Little, New Orleans, La. "Lectric Shave lets me shave in less time, get a closer shave in the bargain."



Happy Shaving! Thousands of Lectric Shave users are already getting closer, faster, more comfortable shaves than they ever thought possible. That's why sales of this remarkable lotion have continued to climb year after year. Try Lectric Shave yourself the next time you shave. Just spread it on—rub it in—and get set for a *new high* in shaver performance!



Free!

**Try Lectric Shave at
our expense**

Use Lectric Shave with any make of shaver. It's available at all drugstores and toilet-goods counters. Or, if you prefer, we'll send you a generous sample bottle—enough for a full month of shaving—absolutely free. Send your name and address to: The J. B. Williams Company, Department LN-1, Glastonbury, Connecticut. Don't delay—send name and address today!

9 out of 10 men who try Lectric Shave continue to use it!



*I got rhythm. . . . I got my man—
Who could ask for anything more?*

© NEW WORLD MUSIC CORP., 1930*

ETHEL MERMAN has been a Broadway musical-comedy queen ever since she made her debut (above) as a trumpet-lunged honky-tonk girl singing *I Got Rhythm* in George Gershwin's musical *Girl Crazy*.



*Time on my hands, You in my arms,
Nothing but love in view.*

© 1930, VINCENT YOUMANS INC. AND MILLER MUSIC CORP. ADAMSON AND BORDON WORDS*

MARILYN MILLER, famed singing and dancing star, sang Vincent Youmans' love song, *Time on my Hands*, in the Ziegfeld musical, *Smiles*. The show had a short run, but the song became a popular classic.



THESE FINE FEATHERED FRIENDS, WHO ADORNED ZIEGFELD'S "FOLLIES," WERE VESTIGES OF BROADWAY

THE MELODY LINGERS ON

1931 was Broadway's jackpot year
for great musical-comedy songs

Nothing quite as slick, funny, melodious and often beautiful as the song-and-dance show in the U.S. has ever enlivened the field of popular entertainment. Its exuberance, a natural outpouring of an exuberant half century, has made it a uniquely American contribution to the world of the stage.

In the year 1931 all the things that comprise the American musical comedy seemed to converge on Broadway. The last of Ziegfeld's *Follies*, apotheosis of girly extravaganzas, was put on with its proudly plumed beauties stalking around the stage looking decorative but dumb. Revivals of Victor Herbert, Rudolph Friml and Sigmund Romberg recalled the glories of the operetta. The musical comedies represented



*I love Louisa, Louisa loves me—
When we rode on the merry-go-round*

© HARMIS INC., 1931*

"**THE BAND WAGON**" introduced a new style of Broadway revue in which tasteful elegance supplanted the old-style gaudiness. Its high point was this merry-go-round scene with Fred Astaire and his

sister Adele riding on a turtle, Helen Broderick on a llama, the late Frank Morgan standing in front of it and Tilly Losch riding a giraffe (left). They all joined in Arthur Schwartz's rousing ditty, *I Love Louisa*.



GAUDINESS THAT WAS GOING OUT OF STYLE

on these pages brought the unforgotten tunes (printed under the pictures) of Gershwin, Berlin, Youmans and Schwartz. There were also shows by Cole Porter and Jerome Kern and two by Richard Rodgers. One of the biggest hits, *Of Thee I Sing*, was the first musical comedy ever to win a Pulitzer Prize. The mounting level of public taste encouraged composers and writers to venture into new fields and produce the long line of superior musical plays stretching from *Porgy and Bess* to *South Pacific*.

Nineteen thirty one, which was the most unforgettable year for musicals Broadway ever had, topped a golden age of popular music in America. Some of the composers and some of the singers are gone but their melodies linger on.



*Love is sweeping the country,
Waves are hugging the shore.*

© NEW WORLD MUSIC CORP., 1931*

"OF THEE I SING," a Pulitzer prizewinning spoof on politics, had this scene of a presidential candidate campaigning with his ladylove. One of its songs by George Gershwin was *Love Is Sweeping the Country*.



*Just around the corner, there's a rainbow in the sky,
So let's have another cup o' coffee*

© IRVING BERLIN, 1932*

"FACE THE MUSIC," with songs by Irving Berlin, was put into production at the end of 1931 and opened early in 1932. It made fun of a producer trying to raise money to put on a show during the depres-

sion. In its funniest scene impoverished New York socialites, gathered for dinner at an Automat (above), cheerfully accepted their fate by singing, *Let's have another cup o' coffee, let's have another piece o' pie*.

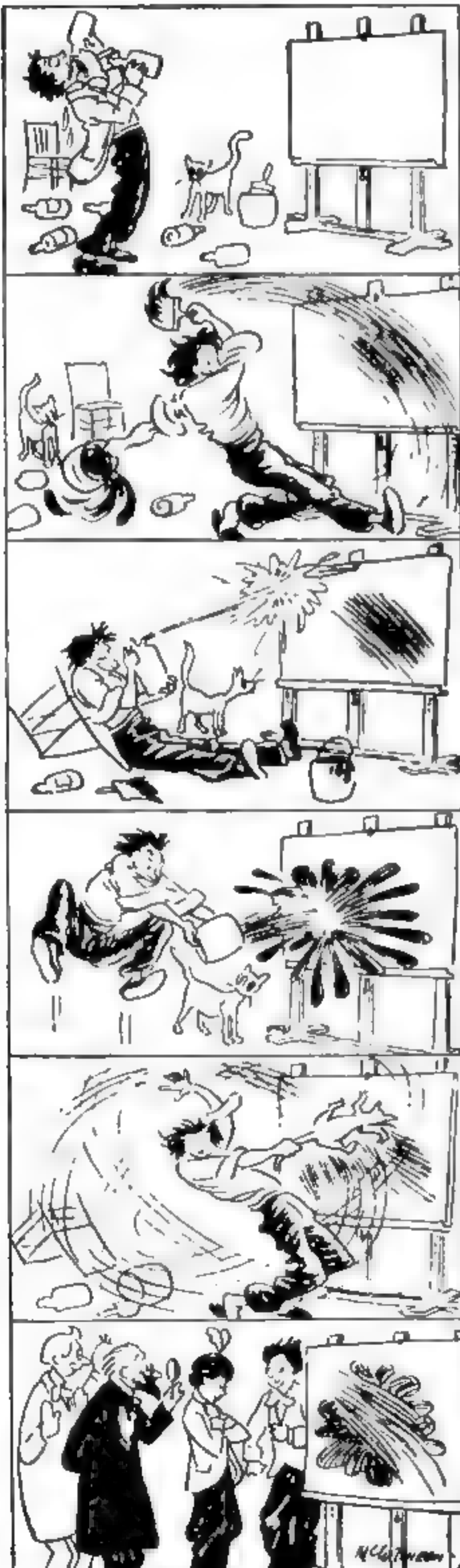
*REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNER



NEW YORK "WORLD" PORTRAYED CRITIC COLLAPSING ON SEEING ARMORY ART

THE GREAT ARMORY SHOW OF 1913

THE MOST IMPORTANT ART EVENT OF THE CENTURY THREW THE PEOPLE OF THE U.S. INTO AN UPROAR



CARTOON OF DAY SHOWS MODERNIST AT WORK

In the early 1900s the U.S. art world lay in a smug and stifling calm. The lush salons of New York carried on a safe and fashionable trade in the sleek styles practiced prosperously by artists like William Merritt Chase and Albert Bierstadt. Even honestly realistic painting was unacceptable and when in 1908 a group of eight artists, including John Sloan and Robert Henri, exhibited their frank portrayals of American life, they were denounced as vulgar ash-can painters. In fact most Americans were so remote from art affairs that they had not even heard of the wild experiments of the European moderns which had already erupted abroad. But in 1911 a small band of artists in New York decided to set up their own exhibit hall and to expose the unsuspecting public not only to the works of advance guard Americans but also to the modern art of Europe. Guided by a wealthy painter named Arthur B. Davies, who raised the money for the enterprise, they assembled 1,600 paintings and statues. Then, on Feb. 17, 1913 at the armory of the 69th Regiment, they opened the International Exhibition of Modern Art. Filled with baffling shockers from Europe, the Armory Show uncorked the loudest, bitterest and most hilarious uproar ever produced anywhere by an art exhibition.

At first the show drew only a few visitors. But when word of the modern art had circulated, the storm broke in the newspaper headlines (*following pages*). In four weeks 100,000 visitors poured into the armory, arriving in such packs that during the mornings the admission fee had

to be raised from 25¢ to a dollar to relieve the congestion. Notables came to revel in the excitement. Enrico Caruso sat on a stool and made caricatures of the cubist works which he flung to laughing crowds. Even a blind man came to feel an abstract statue with his fingers. Nearby, something called the "Academy of Misapplied Art" put on a mock Armory Show. Then on closing night a fife and drum corps paraded through the armory, led by a huge drum major in a bear-skin cap and followed by lines of wildly cheering Armory enthusiasts sporting flashy pine-tree badges, symbolic of the American Revolution.

But the show was not over. It had created such a commotion that it was invited to Chicago and Boston. In Chicago 400,000 swarmed to see it—45,000 in one weekend. Art teachers took their students through it to show them how not to paint. School authorities denounced it as lewd, a proclamation which attracted, perhaps for the first time in the history of art exhibits, a stream of furtive underworld characters looking for smutty pictures to use in their business. By the time the show reached Boston, it had such a scandalous reputation that New Englanders frigidly shunned it and it fell flat.

Few critics failed to blast the modern pictures and statues as degenerate. Nevertheless 300 works were sold. More important, the succeeding generations of American artists were profoundly affected by the new styles from Europe. The Armory Show, which irrevocably altered the course of American art, turned out to be the most influential exhibit ever held in the U.S.



ON MARCH 30, 1913, THE NEW YORK "TIMES" GOT IN ITS DIG AT THE SHOW

CUBIST ART BAFFLES CROWD

Diagram No Aid to Seeing 'Nude'
Descend Staircase.



DUCHAMP IN 1912

NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE

The American public rose to a peak of hilarity and outrage over Marcel Duchamp's baffling nude lady at right. Ten thousand angry critics, according to one newspaper, wrote 10,000 interpretations of the picture without finding either the nude or the stairs. Crowds at the show stood in long lines waiting for a glimpse of the maddening puzzle. Another paper printed diagrams to help solve it; cartoonists published their interpretations (*below*), and a magazine even offered a prize for an explanation. The winning solution, a jingle which concluded that the so-called nude was not a woman, but a man. Snorted one reporter, "Explosion in a shingle factory." Duchamp himself was dazed by the explosion he had set off. He continued painting until the 1920s, when he suddenly quit (to be a professional chess player) because he had lost the ability to shock. "Unless a picture shocks," Duchamp maintains, "it is nothing."

SEEING NEW YORK WITH A CUBIST



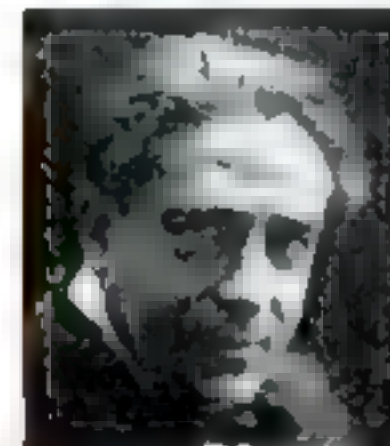
The Nude Descending a Staircase
(With How at the Subway)





CUBIST ART IS HERE AS CLEAR AS MUD

If You Don't Know What It
Is Just Read This and
Never Worry Again.



PICABIA IN 1914

DANCES AT THE SPRING

A close rival in shock effect to Duchamp's nude (opposite page) was this painting of dancers (left). Alone, it was considered offensive enough. But when its painter, Francis Picabia, came to the U.S. to explain it, the public was aroused still more because his explanation was as incomprehensible as his picture. Said he, "This new expression in painting is the 'objectivity of a subjectivity.' . . . Art deals with deep, brooding, fundamental soul states." A rich, 35-year-old Spaniard, Picabia made a hit in an *anti-garde* Paris. After the Armory Show he experimented with other forms of modernism but later discarded them for naturalistic scenes which shocked the moderns.

SUNDAY CROWDS SEE CUBIST ART

Record Throngs at Institute
Gape at Post Impression-



KANDINSKY in 1912

PAINTING NUMBER ONE

The only painting in the show by the Russian, Wasily Kandinsky, was the abstraction at right which caused relatively mild comments at first. But indignation swelled when the newspapers reported that the picture, "a smear of many colors," had been sold—to an anonymous Chicagoan—for \$8,000. Actually it was bought by the celebrated New York photographer, Alfred Stieglitz, for \$3,000. Last year Mrs. Stieglitz (the modernist, Georgia O'Keeffe) soberly presented it to New York's staid Metropolitan Museum, which is having difficulty finding a place for it.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



OLD WOMAN WITH ROSARY



CEZANNE IN 1904

One bright spot in the show for most visitors was the portrait above by Paul Cézanne (left), the father of modern art. It drew instant praise because everyone could tell precisely what it was. In their surprise and relief many critics were delighted with it: Henry C. Frick, the tycoon collector, considered buying it; and Theodore Roosevelt, who had denounced all moderns as lunatics, admitted Cézanne was a master. Even so, some diehards described Cézanne as a crude and fumbling artist, "absolutely without talent."



BRANCUSI c. 1912

THE KISS→

The statue at right by the famous Romanian modern, Constantin Brancusi, inspired the following anonymous lines:

He clasped her slender cubi-form
In his rectangular embrace.
He gazed on her rhomboidal charm
With passionate prismatic face. . . .

Whereas other abstractions in the Armory Show outraged visitors, Brancusi's, described by one reporter as the most "lasting osculation on record," caused a constant titter.





CYCLES OF FEMININE CIVILIZATION

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF FEMININE CIVILIZATIONS, ACCORDING TO THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, STARTS WITH THE GIBSON GIRL ERA, REACHES ANOTHER

FIFTY YEARS OF

A PREJUDICED SURVEY OF THEIR ROLE IN FIRST HALF OF OUR CENTURY SHOWS

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

For a survey of American women in the first half of the century, LIFE turned to its most philosophic and prejudiced writer, author of "In Defense of the High-brow" (April 11 issue). LIFE's editors are usually too wide-eyed about women to see flaws in them and too chivalrous to mention those they do notice. But they realize that women are a controversial subject and herewith present a controversial study of them.

THE two main current theories about the women of today may be roughly outlined as follows: Theory No. 1 is that women are getting more and more freedom and hence are getting better and better; Theory No. 2 is that women are getting more and more freedom and hence are becoming a group of hopeless neurotics. To these I should like to add a third theory, based on an objective and comprehensive study of woman's physical appearance. This dispassionate, scientific study would indicate that women are getting neither better nor worse, but that they go through cycles of civilization and decline very much like the cycles of history described by Arnold Toynbee and Oswald Spengler. My theory has an advantage in that it can be readily checked by anybody with a comfortable chair and a pile of old magazines.

According to this theory, the rise of feminine civilizations seems to occur in response to a challenge, as with Toynbee's civilizations. Unfortunately the challenge that produces feminine civilization seems, in every case, to be war or war psychology. I deplore this, but the true scientific spirit must always recognize facts, however unpleasant. The fact in this case seems to be that only in wartime do the sexes today achieve a normal relationship to each other. The male assumes his dominant heroic role and the female, playing up to the big strong male, assumes her proper and normal function of being feminine, glamorous and inspiring. With the arrival of peace a decline sets in. The male becomes primarily a meal ticket, and the female becomes a sexless frump, transferring her interest from the male to various unproductive intellectual pursuits or to neurotic preoccupations such as bridge or politics. Feminine civilization thus goes to pot until a new challenge in the form of wartime psychology restores the balance. I must confess that there is a minor flaw in this theory: the birth rate seems to contradict it, in that the periods of high feminine civilization often coincide with pe-

riods when the birth rate is unaccountably low. On mature consideration, however, I have decided to dismiss this seeming flaw on the ground that the birth rate is merely a matter of statistics—and, as everybody knows, you can prove anything by statistics.

On the basis of my theory we can discern, over the past 50 years, three distinct feminine civilizations, the first two of which were followed by dark ages. The first civilization, a product of the Spanish-American War, was that of the Gibson girl. It was still at its peak in 1900. Its inspiration was, as might be expected, heroic. The ideal male of the period was dominating, masculine and impressive, a man of muscle and courage, represented by such figures as Theodore Roosevelt and Richard Harding Davis. The Gibson girl herself was the ideal reflection of this type. She had dignity, a quality woman always has dur-

THE END OF THE GIBSON GIRL ERA



ANNA HELD, a Paris-born beauty, epitomized the great era of the Gibson girl. She was famous for her small waist, was eventually wed to Florenz Ziegfeld.



MAUDE ADAMS, one of the greatest women of the Gibson girl era, was born in Salt Lake City, played the title role in James M. Barrie's drama *Peter Pan*.



DARK AGE II

1930



GLAMOUR GIRL

1940



DARK AGE III

1950

PEAK AROUND 1916, ACHIEVES A CLIMAX DURING THE ERA OF THE GLAMOUR GIRL AND ENDS WITH SYMPTOMS OF DECLINE. (DRAWINGS ARE FROM "VOGUE")

AMERICAN WOMEN

THAT, LIKE CYCLES OF HISTORY, THEY RISE AND FALL—AND ARE FALLING NOW

ing periods of civilization and that she rapidly loses in periods of decline. She read dignified historical novels like *To Have and to Hold* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. She was an aristocrat and a stickler for gallant behavior. Her appearance was proud and haughty, suggesting that she was a prize worth making some effort to win. Her clothing covered her elegantly from neck to heels but without any suggestion of puritanism. On the contrary it exaggerated her distinctively feminine attributes, notably her bust and hips, and made even so slight a gesture as the unveiling of an ankle an exciting adventure fraught with no end of disquieting possibilities. Her most typical embodiments were perhaps Anna Held, Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore. When Anna Edson Taylor went over Niagara Falls in a barrel and Carry Nation sold miniature hatchets in the Senate gallery, the Gibson girl saw

these revolutionary gestures as what they were—symptoms of neurosis and impending decline.

That decline had already begun at the turn of the century and, by 1910, was engulfed by its dark age. The well-fed and unheroic figure of William H. Taft occupied the White House—a symbol of complacency and a testimony to the ascendancy of groceries over virility as a national ideal. Ragtime became the rage, and such dances as the turkey trot and the bunny hug swept away all remaining vestiges of the dignity of the Gibson girl. Suffragettes and female reformers stalked the streets like the predatory wolves of medieval Europe. Irene Castle popularized bobbed hair, perhaps the outstanding contemporary symbol of the mistaken idea that women should cease to be women. The "debutante slouch," a queer and vulgarly arrogant carriage of the female body in which the stomach (again a symbol of food) was thrust forward while the hands were held on the hips, became a fashionable appurtenance of female locomotion (it will be remembered that the Gibson girl had no stomach at all). Mary Pickford, with her diminutive body and pre-pubic curls, introduced a note of infantilism into sex. This state of murk and confusion produced two appropriate works of the fashion designer's art—the hobble skirt and the sheath gown—which gave the feminine figure the barrel-shaped aspect that had its masculine counterpart in the paunch of President Taft. It was doubtless this garment that later gave rise to H. L. Mencken's penetrating observation that, compared to the female figure, "the average milk jug or even cuspidor is a thing of intelligent and gratifying design . . ."

But a new civilization was to rise amid the rubble of the old. This second great civilization was that of the "vamp." As might be expected, it was touched off by a war, in this case World War I. Again the vital male, represented most strikingly perhaps by Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, and later Rudolph Valentino, assumed his normal dominating role, and again woman rose to the occasion by reasserting her distinctly feminine powers. She rediscovered her dignity. For the benefit of those who have forgotten, it might be noted that the word vamp derived from vampire and, applied to a woman, indicated elements of passion and danger. Here we have a cultural motif that differs radically from the one that lay behind the civilization of the Gibson girl. Where the Gibson girl had been an aristocrat and, in physical type, distinctly Anglo-Saxon, the vamp introduced a note of Mediterranean languor. This was undoubtedly attributable, in part, to the



ETHEL BARRYMORE, a great actress as well as a beauty, first starred in 1901 in Charles Frohman's production of *Captain Jack of the Horse Marines*.



CARRY NATION, a symptom of the decline that set in early in the century, was rabidly against liquor, tobacco, corsets, Masonry, wrecked many saloons.

THE FIRST DARK AGE



MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN, better known as "Daisy," was a lively leader of the suffragettes, whose preoccupation with politics intensified the first dark age.



MARGARET SANGER, a birth control advocate, represented the spirit of reform. She spent 30 days in the workhouse for her views, was married twice.



MARY PICKFORD, born in Toronto, started movie career in 1909, rose to great fame as saccharine star of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and *Pollyanna*.



IRENE CASTLE cut her hair in 1914, which deepened gloom of first dark age. She danced with husband Vernon, popularized the Castle Walk and one-step.

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN WOMEN CONTINUED

invasion of Italian immigrants who had brought fresh influences to what had theretofore been a dominantly Anglo-Saxon culture. It was no accident that Rudolph Valentino was an Italian. It was also no accident that one of the greatest vamps of the period, Geraldine Farrar, spent a good deal of her time singing Italian opera. The great archetype of this civilization was, of course, Theda Bara, a woman whose physical luxuriance was practically junglelike and whose memorable movie, *A Fool There Was*, provided an almost frighteningly impressive demonstration of female dignity and power. Led by such arresting examples, the vamp in the street took on the character of a dangerous and sultry woman of the world. She had regained her waist and even, for a time, wore bell-shaped skirts. She took life—and love—very seriously. Her manner was demure and smoldering. She had beautiful, searching eyes. She danced to the comparatively decorous strains of the *Missouri Waltz* and *Whispering*.

Then, on the heels of the 18th and 19th Amendments to the Constitution, came chaos. The second great dark age of the 20th Century American woman was to reach a depth of psychological and physical degradation seldom matched in human history. It stretched roughly from 1923 to 1930, and even the most cursory examination of magazine advertising reveals it in all its horror. Women not only lost their waists; they sat on them. They not only lost their hair; they twirled what was left of it into spit curls and imbedded their scalps in a helmetlike contraption known as the cloche hat. Everything female about

them, including bust and hips, was either concealed or flattened out of all recognition. The only exception to this concealment was their legs, which poked obscenely from beneath their knee-length skirts, touching off a general effect of boyish sexlessness with a supreme note of vulgarity. The prevailing garment was a tubular frock that fell to the knees with the elegance of a flour sack. The prevailing feminine ideal was a type that suggested criminality—a not unnatural reflection of the speakeasy life introduced by prohibition. It was a criminal and violent era—the era of the Boston police strike, the Wall Street bombing, numerous race riots, the Teapot Dome scandal, rum-running, bathtub gin and the dreary and prurient social ceremonies that were then referred to as "making whoopee." Its most typical female figures ranged from Anita Loos to Peggy Hopkins Joyce. The musical rage for a time was a song called *Yes, We Have No Bananas*. Styles in dancing evolved from the shimmy to the black bottom. I have no intention of giving a long catalog here of the other social phenomena associated with the ugly and uncivilized era which was known as that of the "lost generation." It will suffice for our present purposes to point out that, where women were concerned, it was a lost generation indeed. It is true that the American birth rate continued to climb, but by what means remains a mystery.

About 1930 the signs of a new civilization were beginning to be evident. The first sign was the sudden appearance of the Empress Eugenie hat which broke through the prevailing gloom with the heartening cheer of a sunrise. It was shortly followed by the page-boy and later the glamour bob. The woman of the '20s, who resembled nothing so

THE AGE OF THE VAMP



GERALDINE FARRAR brought sex and spirit into the field of grand opera, was not only a famous singer but also a movie actress and a celebrated beauty.



THEDA BARA—real name: Theodosia Goodman—was champion of all the vamps, who were the special glory of the century's second feminine civilization.

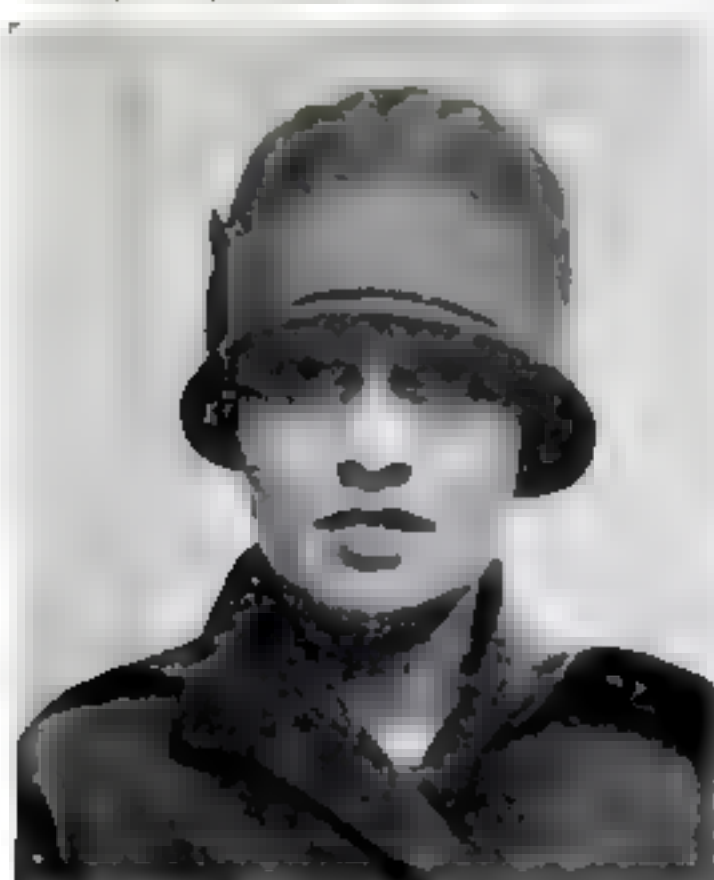


POLA NEGRI, who came to U.S. from Poland, was noted for sultriness. She and Swanson (right) bravely carried the vamp tradition into the darkening '20s.



GLORIA SWANSON, famous for her woman-of-the-world roles, started out in Keystone comedies, achieved great stature later in pictures like *Male and Female*.

THE SECOND DARK AGE



ANITA LOOS in appearance and in her book, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, symbolized the second dark age. Her cloche and her short hair were a bad influence.



TEXAS GUINAN, a onetime chorus girl from Waco, Texas, ran New York speakeasies in the 1920s, coined phrase "Hello, sucker," insulted her patrons.



AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON, a spectacular woman evangelist and reformer, attacked night life but once disappeared for 10 days with a gentleman.



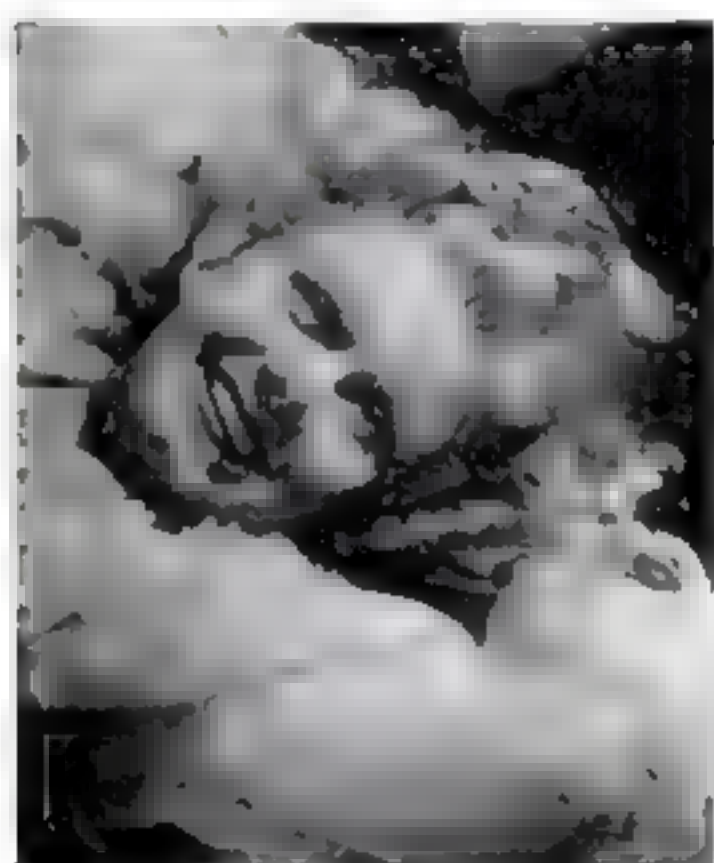
PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE was an ostentatious Ziegfeld Girl who became famous mainly for marrying millionaires. She made first of her five marriages at 15.

much as an unabashed slut, discovered her dignity again and the third great civilization—that of the glamour girl—was on its way. It is true that no war heralded this renaissance. But a war psychology was in the making. Japan had invaded Manchuria in 1931; Adolf Hitler came to power in 1933. The seeds of World War II were being planted, and the outcome was inevitable. Woman again accepted the challenge and prepared to assume her inspirational function. The civilization of the glamour girl differed from its predecessors in several respects. The male, for one thing, failed to assume the expected heroic stature and compromised instead on a shy, mumbling but masculine type best exemplified by Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart and Van Johnson. I attribute this apparent contradiction of my theory to technological factors which were gradually converting the warrior type from a man of simple brawn to a man of technical know-how—and, hence, I dismiss it as irrelevant. For another thing, the progress of the art of glamour photography was tending to produce a purely visual ideal of feminine attractiveness. The glamour girl was primarily something to look at. Whether she had an aristocratic spirit like the Gibson girl or a smoldering soul like the vamp didn't matter a bit. The main thing was that she should resemble as closely as possible the archetypal model represented by the leading movie actresses and the girls who posed for fashion ads. Fortunately this model was very beautiful. She lacked the Gibson girl's sophistication but made up for it in blooming health and often a touching air of virginal innocence which was somehow never compromised by her good-natured friendliness toward the male. Among the countless women who embodied her most perfectly Brenda Frazier, Rita

Hayworth and Jean Harlow were outstanding examples. There was no doubt about her complete femininity, and any doubt about her brains was completely beside the point in view of her overwhelming visual allure. The latter was regarded so seriously that it became the basis of a tremendous development in the fashion and cosmetic industries. A great part of the resources of the industrial era was devoted to making her as lovely as possible. Her carefully waved hair swept to her shoulders; her evening gowns, based on simple classic models, swept to the floor. Her demeanor was natural, friendly and, on the whole, placid. Technological advance and the ubiquity of the movies and picture magazines spread her influences through every level of U.S. society to the point where glamour girls could be found on any street corner or behind any department-store counter. Never before had so many women been so beautiful. The period from 1935 to 1948 thus encompassed what was perhaps the greatest of all feminine civilizations.

But today feminine civilization, like Western civilization in Mr. Toynbee's theory, is facing a crisis. Already ugly symptoms of decline are setting in. The flat-heeled ballet slipper, the tentlike skirt of the New Look, the emaciated scarecrow of the fashion magazine ads, the chopped-off effect which might most charitably be described as the Ana Pauker haircut, are all heralds of catastrophe, pointing toward a new dark age in which women may again cease to be women. There should be some way short of war to avert this gloomy prospect. At any rate we are now in possession of the facts. With our present knowledge of the historical causes underlying the rise and fall of feminine civilizations, we can now attack the problem at its roots. Knowledge is power.

THE AGE OF THE GLAMOUR GIRL



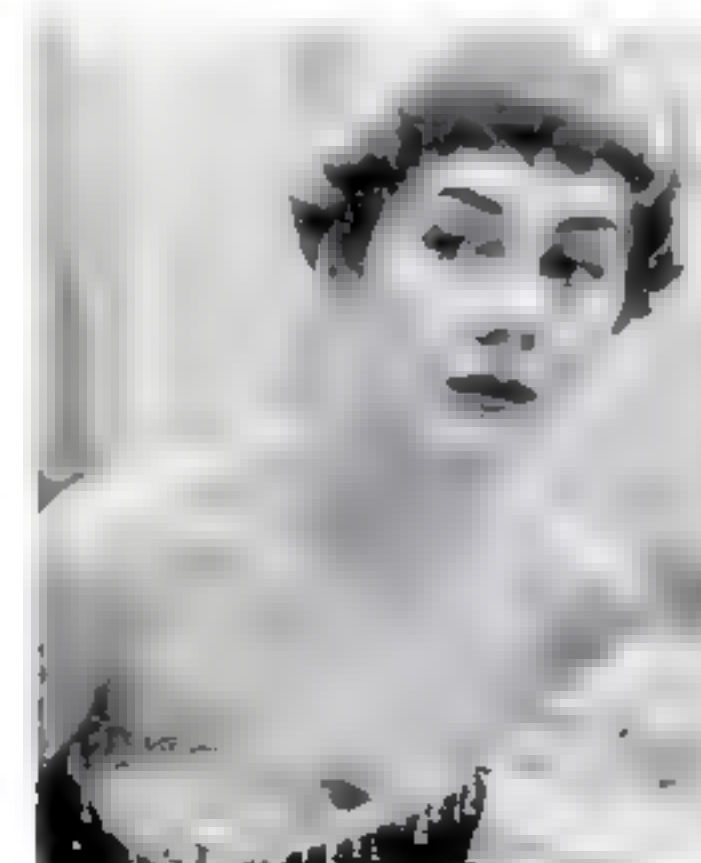
JEAN HARLOW, a beautiful herald of the glamour girl era, made her first sensation as a platinum blond star in the Hollywood picture *Hell's Angels* in 1930.



BRENDA FRAZIER, famous debutante, made her debut in 1938 at 17, had blue-black hair and \$4 million. She eventually retired into matrimony in 1941.



RITA HAYWORTH, movie star, was the archetype of the glamour girl during the highest point of the era in the early 1940s. She later married Aly Khan.



SHARI HERBERT, one of New York's present top-notch models, shows somewhat bony facial structure and the short haircut that may portend catastrophe.



THE REV. EDWARD HALL'S FLOCK dressed themselves gaily for a pageant and posed for this picture shortly before the double murder. Hall and Mrs. Mills stand not far from each other; the murdered

woman's daughter is at lower left. Ralph Gorsline, a vestryman, was one of those parked in De Russey's Lane on Sept. 11 and subsequently admitted hearing the shots and fleeing, as he was there with a member

of the choir who was not his wife. Gorsline was also in the choir; a favorite vehicle for his rich baritone was *If You Love Me, Keep My Commandments*. Louise Geist was a maid in the Hall household at the time;



AT MURDER SCENE a young businessman turned some quick dollars by exhibiting paper cutouts in place where the bodies lay. Branches of "crab apple" tree are at left. At rear stands a cedar which was also hacked up by souvenir hunters.



DE RUSSEY'S LANE, a month after the murders, was still thronged by the curious, some of whom drove hundreds of miles to gape at it. From it a path led off right to the little glade where the

bodies were found. In 1927 residents of the area succeeded in having the name of the thoroughfare changed to Franklin Boulevard because of the objectionable notoriety lane had received.



her estranged husband's claim that she had accepted bribes for her silence led to reopening of the case in 1926. Sunday-school Teacher Minna Clark reportedly spun on the good looking pastor's philandering.



CODISCOVERER of the bodies two days after the murder was 15-year-old Pearl Bahmer, who had gone to De Russey's Lane with a friend, Raymond Schneider, who said they were picking mushrooms.



MURDERED WIFE in case was Eleanor Mills, 34, brown-haired, whose notes called Hall "Babykins."



ACCUSED WIFE was Frances Stevens Hall, who was at least seven years older than pastor-husband.

HALL-MILLS MURDER CASE

Double killing of a pastor and his choir singer was a high point in an era that liked its homicides socially prominent and sexy

In the warm September darkness in De Russey's Lane near New Brunswick, N.J. there was a shot, then the screams of a terrified woman, then three shots. It was about 10:30 p.m. on Sept. 14, 1922. Owners of the cars in the lovers' lane blinked on their lights and drove away fast since many were with ladies to whom they were not married. Under the branches lay the cooling bodies of the Rev. Edward Hall, 41, pastor of an Episcopal church, and Eleanor Mills, 34, choir singer and wife of the church sexton.

Thirty-six hours later the bodies were found and the Hall-Mills case broke. It stands alone among the horrific homicides of the '20s, even though these included the strange death of Bridge Expert Joseph Bowne Elwell, the tawdry Snyder-Gray killing and the enigmatic murder of Nightclub Hostess Dot King. For more than any other, Hall-Mills offered what the age demanded in its murders: a sensational crime involving highly placed principals, unprintable scandal and dark mystery still unsolved. It even offered a Pig Woman.

The affair of the pastor with the wife of his sexton had been an open, well-gossiped town secret for a year. When their bodies were found, her head lay cushioned on his arm. He had been shot once through the head and she three times. In addition her throat was maniacally slashed to the spinal column. Around them her ardent love letters were scattered like confetti.

The investigation which then followed was bizarrely mishandled. Reporters and the curious promptly trampled the scene and whatever

clues it may have held. Local police got into an argument about jurisdiction (the corpses lay near a county line). No proper examination of lane, bodies or witnesses was made at the time. The dead were buried without an autopsy and the medical examiner in his report did not bother to mention the throat-slashing at all, possibly out of respect for Mrs. Hall's locally influential family. The police produced frequent promises of "an arrest soon" and little else. Some of the period's more enterprising reporters took things into their own hands, manufactured theories, planted "evidence" or seized and grilled suspects for hours in an effort to force a confession. Inflamed by the headlines,

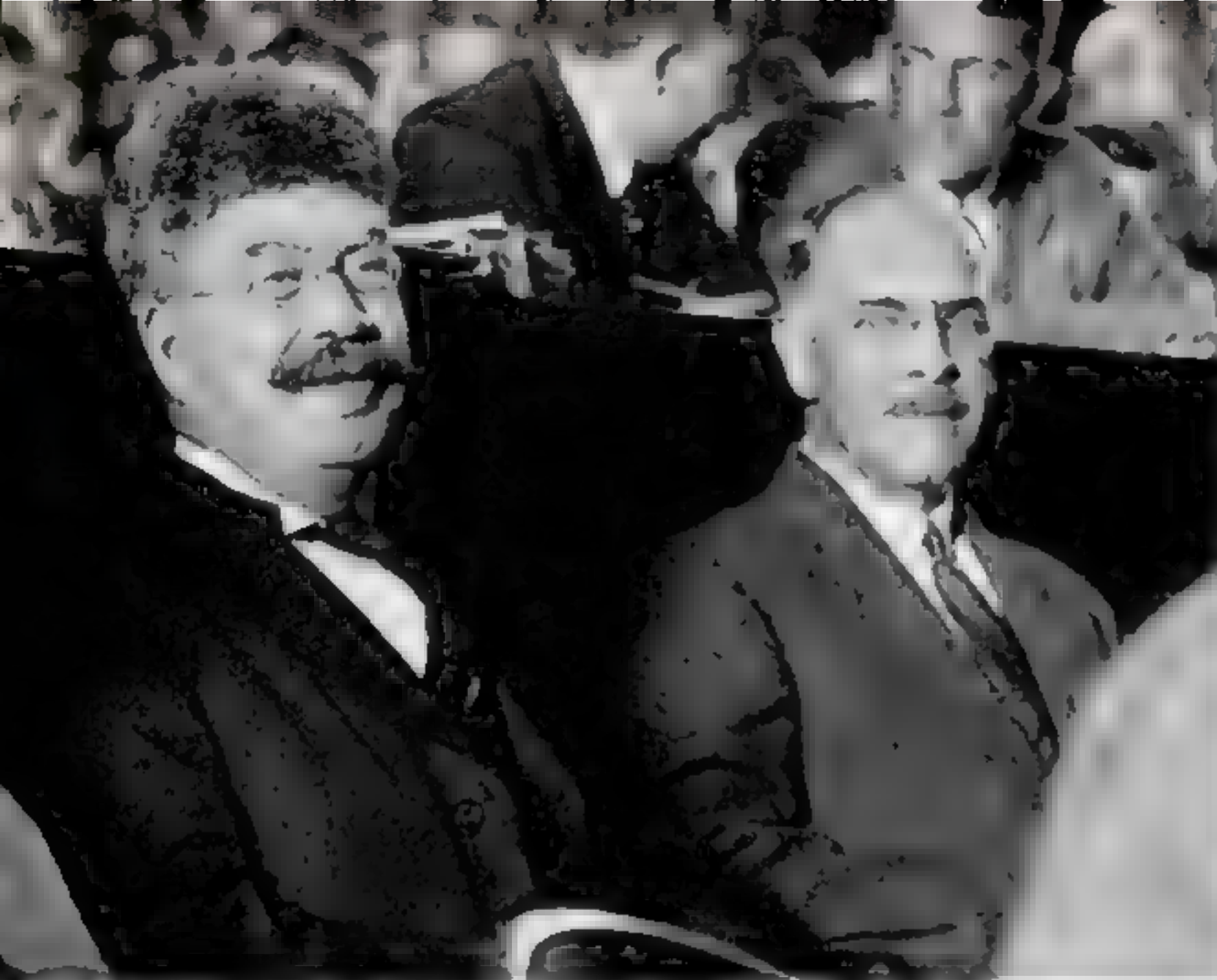
the public smirkingly descended on De Russey's Lane in such droves that a traffic cop had to be stationed there and hawkers did a lively business in balloons and popcorn. The apple tree, widely described as a crab apple (it was a winesap), was hacked to bits by souvenir hunters.

Suspicion attached briefly to Mrs. Mills's mouse-like husband, then to Mrs. Hall and her well-to-do brothers, especially when a slattern pig raiser named Jane Gibson, thereafter identified as the Pig Woman, came forward. Mrs. Gibson said that while she was mule-riding in the lane that night she heard the shots and saw Mrs. Hall and her brothers by oddly convenient headlights.

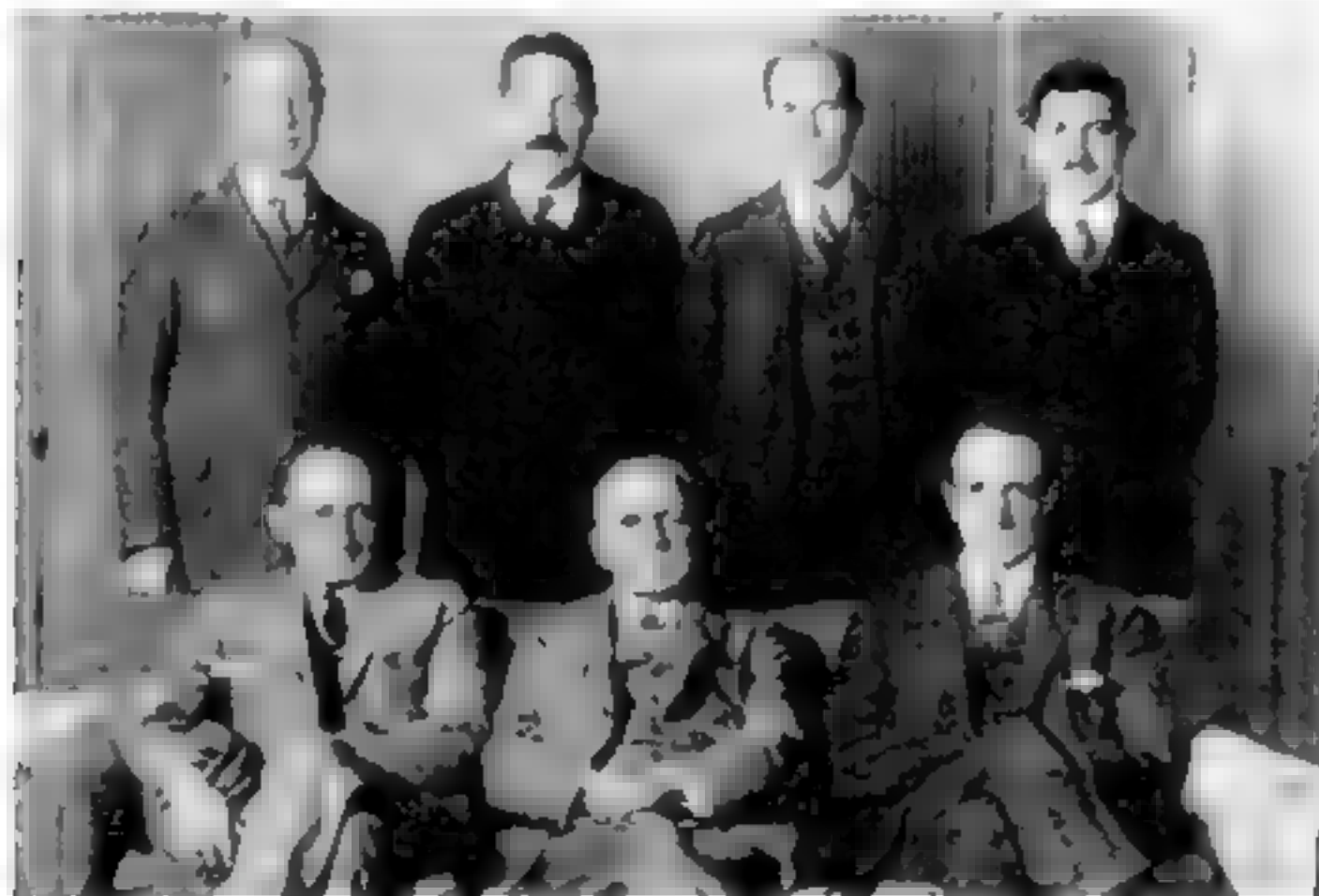
The usual number of cranks accused others or "confessed." A grand jury was finally impaneled two months after the crime, indicted no one and was discharged. The furor slowly died. Then New York's tabloid *Daily Mirror* got a new managing editor (next page).



SLAIN WOMAN'S HUSBAND



WILLIE STEVENS (left), Mrs. Hall's brother, shown here with codefendant brother Henry, baffled the prosecution by his childlike innocence. He was shut in his room on the murder night, he testified, because of objections to the smell of his pipe. "Who objected?" demanded the prosecutor. "Everybody," said Willie.



"MILLION-DOLLAR DEFENSE," seven high-priced attorneys assembled by the Stevens family to defend its members, was led by State Senator Clarence E. Case (seated, left), now a justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court, and Robert H. McCarter (seated, center). Defending the case cost the family some \$100,000.

Hall-Mills Murder CONTINUED

Mrs. Hall Arrested at Home On Double Murder Charge

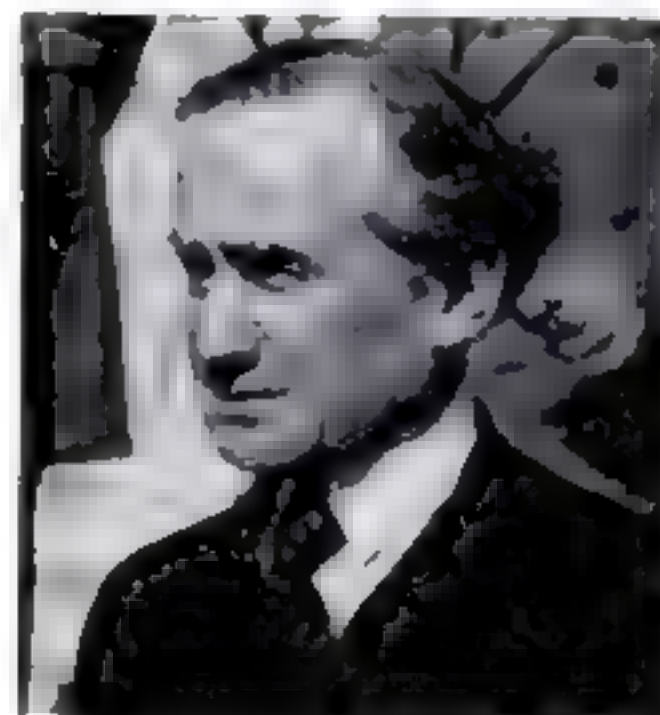
By PHILIP A. PAYNE,
(Managing Editor, the N. Y. DAILY MIRROR)
(Copyright, 1926, by the DAILY MIRROR.)

Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall was arrested at 11:15

"MIRROR" STORY CLEANLY SCOOPED THE OTHER NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS

TABLOID EDITOR EXHUMED CASE

In 1925, while Edward Hall and Eleanor Mills moldered in their graves, Managing Editor Philip Payne left the New York *Daily News* for the *Mirror*. Determined to boost *Mirror* circulation ahead of the *News*, Payne presently seized upon an accusation, never proved, that Louise Geist (preceding page) had been bribed to suppress what she knew about the Hall-Mills murder. Payne persuaded New Jersey officials to reopen the case secretly and to arrest Mrs. Hall, her two brothers and a cousin. This gave the *Mirror* a sensational scoop (above) and exploded in 1926 in a trial as sensational as the crime itself. Top reporters like Damon Runyon and Irvin S. Cobb covered it in record numbers and filed 11 million words during its 24 days. At one tense moment a courtroom chair collapsed under Cobb's bulk. The Pig Woman, carried in on a stretcher since she was dying of cancer, retold her story of seeing a "big, white-haired woman" (Mrs. Hall was short and gray) at the scene. But the turning point came when Defendant Willie Stevens, known locally as "Crazy Willie" and regarded as something less than bright, took the stand and bemused the waspish prosecutor with his bland, unconsciously humorous replies to charged questions. After deliberating for five hours, the jury exonerated everyone. The Stevens family sued the *Mirror*, whose circulation never got past the *News's*, and received a \$50,000 libel settlement. Payne was killed in an attempted trans-Atlantic hop in 1927. Today, Mrs. Mills's husband is still alive but the other principals are dead and the glade where the pastor and choir singer died is a neat suburban lawn.



PROSECUTOR Simpson, a snappy dresser, was snappish with witnesses.

"PIG WOMAN" GIBSON PROVIDED U. S. LEGAL HISTORY WITH ONE OF ITS MOST SENSATIONAL SCENES WHEN SHE TOLD HER STORY FROM A HOSPITAL BED



"SMOKE MY CIGARETTE -
MILDER CHESTERFIELD"

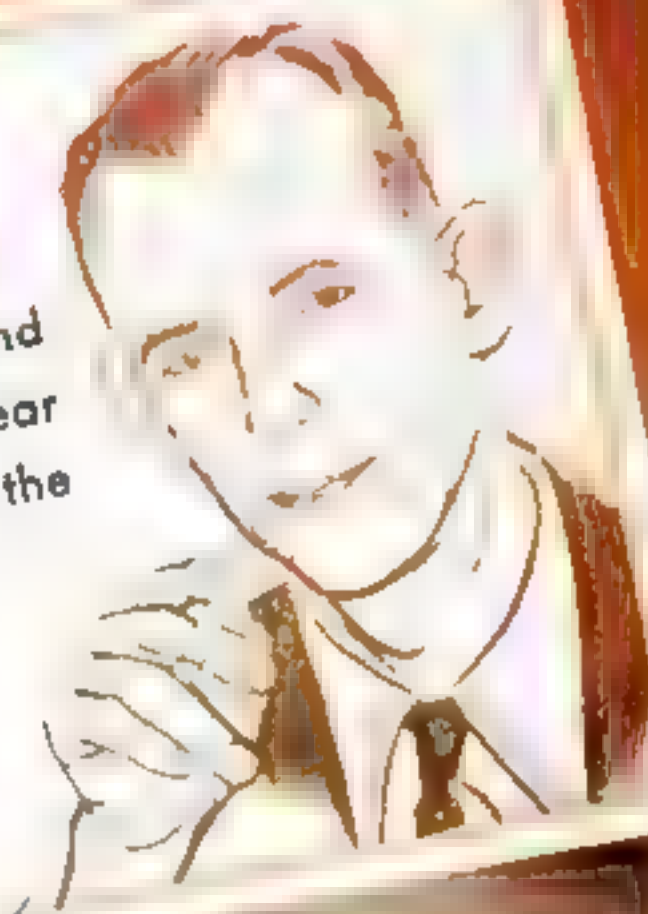
Bing Crosby

His Song of the Year "Swing
"RIDING HIGH"

Paramount Pictures

...and Don Watson
Prominent Tobacco Farmer
says - "Chesterfield is my brand
because I know what goes into them. Year
after year they pay top prices to get the
best mild, ripe tobaccos."

Don Watson
GREEN SEA, S. C.



A B C CHESTERFIELD

The Best Cigarette for You to Smoke



His Tender Skin Needs your
Gentlest Care

"THERE IS ALWAYS ONE LEADER BY WHICH OTHERS ARE JUDGED"

* ScottTissue™ "Soft as old linen," Item L & Pat. Dd



NEWLYWEDS in a new and rugged land, Nels and Lottie Vinette Elufson, 23 and 21, stand in a grassless yard in sagebrush-surrounded Silver City, N. Mex.,

June 22, 1909, where they have just been married. A carriage waits to jounce the well-dressed pioneers and their trunks to a train for first home at Deming, N. Mex.



PARENTS pose with Nels, at 18, just before he left Denmark, 1904.

Nels Elufson's Saga

AN IMMIGRANT MAKES THE MOST OF A HALF CENTURY

Nels Peter Elufson, born near Aalborg in northern Denmark, July 27, 1885, son of a tile contractor, came to Chicago in 1904 to visit relatives. The tide of steerage immigrants, bearing workers for the mines and steel mills, was at flood; but by Nels Elufson's time there was a scattering of white-collar immigrants too. The white-collar saga of Nels in America, like that of hosts of others who made a successful life in a new land, is not wildly adventurous but interesting and rewarding. It is told in the family album now kept in the Elufsons' living room.

Nels had come mostly to look around America but somehow it never let him go. He worked in an uncle's dry-goods store in Racine, Wis., for Marshall Field & Co. in Chicago and in 1908 headed west to New Mexico. There he married a Texas girl of English-French descent, went into the dry-goods business for himself, started a family and moved west again, winding up in San Francisco. Everywhere he went his 5x7 Century camera, and later a 4x5 Kodak, went with him to record milestones in the lives of three generations of Elufsons.



THE EARLY YEARS in America were a time for Nels to wander about a bit. Vacationing with relatives in Burchard, Minn., Nels (left), still sporting his Danish-grown mustache, touches bottles with his cousin Anton at a beer fest, while cousin Lawrance and a friend touch glasses. Nels clerked that year in the Nelson



Mehder Dry Goods Co. store in Racine, Wis., where he photographed its grand opening (center). After his wedding (top), proud papa Elufson, in striped silk shirt, holds his first-born, Nels Jr., at his rented house in Deming, where he was then a partner in a dry-goods business. Mustaches had gone out of style, his with them.





SUNDAY DRIVER Elufson takes his first three children, Nels, 7; Percy, 6, and Sara Marie, 15 months, out for a spin, pausing while mother snaps the picture. Camp Cody, on the outskirts of Deming, became the dry-goods business at last, Decker & Elufson to the point where they had to buy a Ford roadster for

deliveries. When Elufson borrowed it, sign and all, for his Sunday drives, he liked to roam around the countryside outside Deming, a cattle-shipping center of 3,000 people. The Elufsons found it a more homey place to do business and bring up a family than the rough mining town of Silver City where they had first met



FAMILY'S FIRST CAR of its own was this 1918 Ford. Just after they bought it the Elufsons moved from Deming to Mesa, Ariz. Father and son Nels took three days to drive the 250-odd miles of dirt road in the Ford, while Percy (left), Sara Marie and baby Alvis came on by train with their mother. In third grade at Mesa



school "Perper" Elufson, so nicknamed because he could not say Percy, was a bit of a problem to teachers. He had an uncanny memory that impressed them and a mischievous streak that bothered them. Here he sits with fellow hands (second row) beside the first of many girls (first row) on whom he was destined to have crushes.



IN SAN FRANCISCO, where Elufson moved in 1928 because the Arizona climate did not agree with him, Nels, now 21, helps his father in his "art needlework" office and salesroom which dealt in linens and cottons stamped for embroidery. Four years later Nels, then in a maintenance job, poses outside the



Danish Lutheran Church in San Francisco with his pretty bride of English descent, the former Nellie McHand, daughter of a Merced County state senator. In 1937 they presented Elufson with his first grandchild, named Nels Andrew, but called Drew to avoid confusion. Grandfather now refers to himself as "N.P."



ON FOURTH OF JULY the Elufson family proudly gathers by a lilac bush outside the first home of their very own in Deming, bought after several years as renters. It was a modest, 5-room frame house. For the occasion 8-year-old Nels holds a flag, toddling Sara Marie, almost 2, is balanced by her daddy, and mother's

arm is around Percy, 6½. The fourth child, Alvis, was born next year. Like many foreign-born Americans, Nels Elufson made more of national holidays than some native sons do. One year he decorated a float that won first prize in the July 4th parade. And he thought holidays were a fitting occasion for his picture-taking.



THE CHILDREN GROW UP and at 14 young Nels (*third from right*) lines up at left guard for scrimmage (with a basketball instead of a football) on the playground outside Franklin Grammar School in Mesa. Nels played a good game that season but got himself a broken nose. At right are Percy, 19, and his first sweet-



heart, Dolly Sonderup, on a miniature golf links on California's Russian River during a vacation with her family. The Sonderups lived across the street from the Elufsons, and Dolly and Percy went together for five years before breaking up. At one point N.P. felt sure that they would marry, but nothing ever came of it.



YOUNGER GENERATION HAD MATURED by the time N.P. displayed this steelhead caught by Alvis, 19, near Eureka, Calif. Fishing left Mrs. Elufson cold, but N.P. and Al liked to take annual trips. N.P. still treasured the ties that bound him to his native land, and when Crown Prince Frederik and Princess In-



grid of Denmark visited San Francisco, N.P. took their picture (*center*). Later he sent them a print and got a letter which he values more than the family does. At right grandparents revisit Silver City, where their own romance began, to see Sara Marie, married to Painting Contractor Ken Greuter, and grandson Peter.

Elufson Saga CONTINUED



IN LIVING ROOM of the Elufson's comfortable 9-room home on Mangels Ave., San Francisco, Lot-tye Elufson was a bit lonely with her son Alvis (port-rait at left) in a camp in Texas and Percy (port-rait

at right) serving in Alaska. Nels, who lives in Fair Play, Calif. and drives a lumber lift truck, was de-ferred. Painting over the Elufson fireplace and carv-ings on the mantel were done by amateur artist N.P.



PERCY IN ITALY is grimy but happy-looking, like the comrades who flank him, on the day of the spring breakthrough into the Po Valley. A first lieutenant in Company 1, 86th Regiment, 10th Moun-

tain Infantry Division, Percy was the only officer in his company to go through the whole campaign from Naples to Belluno, won the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star. Earlier he served two years in Alaska.



LAST TO MARRY was son Percy, 35. Here his dad happily welcomes the former Josie Beaudin of San Francisco into the family as Percy's bride. They met at Lachman Bros. furniture store where Percy sells



floor covering for \$8,500 a year. The next year, on a visit to Fair Play, N.P. photographed Nels; Nellie; Drew, 11; Claire, 9, and their dog Fritz, "the world's best deer hunter," in front of their 1931 Studebaker.



ALVIS MARRIES Penny Rajscok in Danbury, Conn., her home town. They met while he was a ser-geant and she an Army nurse. His parents had met her but were unable to go east to attend wedding.



ONE SUNDAY before dinner N.P. got these four to dress up for their last snapshot in uniform. From left they are Sgt. Alvis, 1st Lieut. Penny, Sgt. Helen Nielsen and 1st Lieut. Percy, then going with Helen.

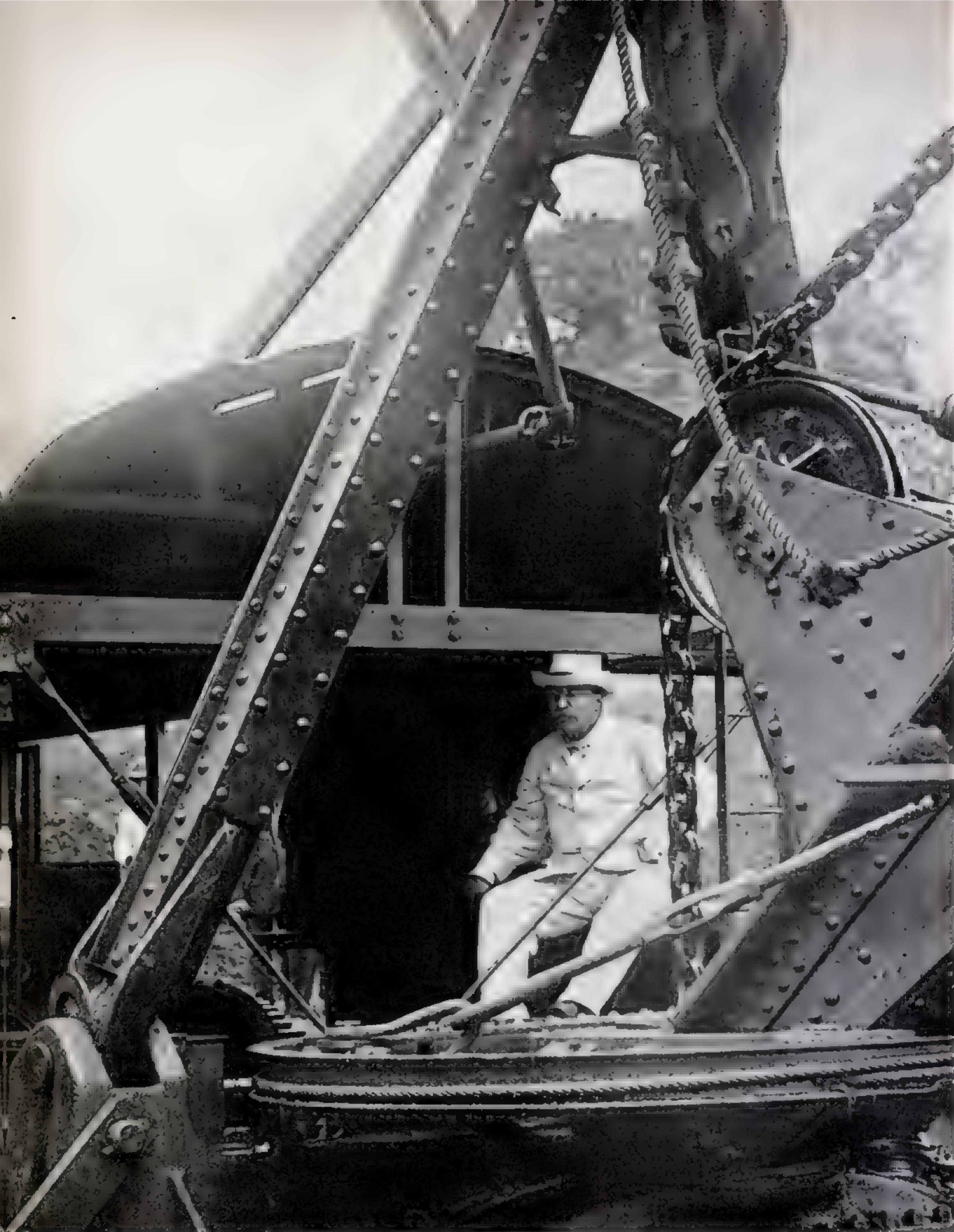


N.P. AT 63 takes self-portrait in a mirror with the Kodak, which has replaced his Century. N.P. makes \$6,000 a year, could retire but won't. He is loved in a good-humored way, rather than revered, by family.



THE WHOLE ELUFSON FAMILY sits for a front-porch portrait by LIFE at a Thanksgiving reunion. Standing at the top are Nels, now 64, and Lottie, 61. The four children and their families line up in rows down the steps. In the row at left is Nels' family: Nels, 39; Nellie, 35; Drew, 12; Claire, 10. Next right are Percy,

38; Josie, 24; Percilla (named after her father), 2 months. Next right are Sara Marie, 32; Ken, 46; Peter, 10; Joe, 5. And farthest right are Alvis (now a lighting engineer), 30; Penny, 30; Sammy, 1. As soon as this picture was taken, Drew and Claire ran off to get out of their good clothes and back into their old blue jeans.



SPIRIT OF THE HALF CENTURY was ebulliently expressed in Theodore Roosevelt's zeal to get things done. Americans dug a canal across Isthmus of Panama because T.R. seized chance offered by a revolution in Colombia to get canal

rights; because American engineers and doctors brought high skills in machinery, organization and sanitation to the job; and because T.R. personalized the venture, visiting the site and inspecting an elaborate digger (*above*) at Culebra Cut.

THE AUDACIOUS AMERICANS

Bold experimentalism gave us five decades of dazzling achievement. That was our adolescence; now we have come to responsible maturity

by ALLAN NEVINS

READING his newspapers on Monday morning, New Year's Day, the American of 1900 found little to scratch the slick surface of his extravagant optimism and self-satisfaction. Big headlines about the Philippines, Guam and Cuba stirred some pride over the speed with which the trophies had been won from Spain, much pleasure at the prospect for expanding overseas business, and only a little fretting over the international problems dimly perceived as following America's surge into the world arena. The Philippines could be dismissed with a sneer and a shrug as "simply another Indian problem multiplied by 30." The gravest concern would be saved for the shocking cost of \$190 million for the military during the fiscal year ending in June 1900.

The new century was greeted by Americans with incorrigible self-assurance. The young senator from Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge, exulted in his maiden speech: "God . . . has marked the American people as His chosen Nation to finally lead in the regeneration of the world." From the nation's pulpits came grandly contented sermons, like those of the Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis: "Laws are becoming more just, rulers humane; music is becoming sweeter and books wiser. . . . Art, industry, invention, literature, learning and government—all these are captives marching in Christ's triumphant procession up the hill of fame." From Politician Mark Hanna came an earthier greeting to the first summer of the new century: "Furnaces are glowing, spindles are singing their song. Happiness comes to us all with prosperity."

This faith in automatic progress, if bold and boundless, was not without reason. The year 1900 found the U.S. at a high point in its great *laissez-faire* experiment which, in the 35 years since Appomattox, had carried the Industrial Revolution to triumph in a land huge in area, rich in natural wealth and growing vast in population. Business, big and unfettered, was in its hour of glory. The trust movement, a jungle plant of exuberant vigor, was putting forth ever gaudier blossoms. J. P. Morgan was striding fast toward



Allan Nevins, a distinguished liberal historian, has twice won the Pulitzer Prize—for his biographies of Grover Cleveland and Hamilton Fish — as well as Scribner and Columbia Bancroft awards for the first two volumes of his study of the Civil War era. On Columbia's faculty since 1928, he has also served as Harmsworth Professor of American History at Oxford.

the formation of the world's largest corporation, United States Steel; Rockefeller had just handed over management of Standard Oil to the aggressive John D. Archbold; the railroad empires of Harriman, Hill and Gould had been expanding relentlessly. "It is a paradox," a shrewd English visitor, James Bryce, observed, "that the most individualistic of peoples are now the people among whom the art of combination has reached its maximum."

There was a more serious paradox in this America of 1900. Not only did its unbounded optimism fail to envision the electric washing machine, penicillin and the 40-hour week, but more important, that same optimism often seemed to blind America to the deep and deadly division in its own society.

It was not, in fact, a just or good society, and there were statistics and men to prove it was not. Booker T. Washington had just brought out *The Future of the American Negro*, reporting that in the Gulf States not more than one Negro in 20 owned the land he cultivated. Jacob Riis investigated living conditions in lower New York City and mordantly announced, "The slum is the measure of civilization." Sociologist Robert Hunter finished studies in 1904 that reported 10 of the nation's 83 million people living in poverty. The 1900 census had revealed an army of 1,732,000 youngsters under 16 at work in gainful occupations. Industrial accidents were killing 20,000 workers every year. In 1906 Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*—the greatest novel in the muckraking vein—related that the meat packers not only sweated their labor and robbed the pub-

lic but also were not above grinding up dead rats into their sausages.

Across the chasm dividing society, the fabulously rich, many thought, were conspiring to do more than riot in Newport mansions, steam yachts and princely art collections. "Amalgamated wealth," as Theodore Roosevelt called it, seemed bent on making government itself its captive. It had notable success in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, California and Montana. Its spirit was acid-

ly satirized by a dissenting member of the plutocracy: "It matters not one iota what political party is in power . . . we are the rich; we own America; we got it, God knows how, but we intend to keep it if we can by throwing all the tremendous weight of our . . . purchased Senators, our hungry Congressmen and our public-speaking demagogues into the scale against any legislation . . . that threatens the integrity of our estate." "Gas" Adicks, who made a fortune in illuminating gas, put it this way in claiming the Delaware senatorship: "I've bought it. I paid for it. I'm going to have it."

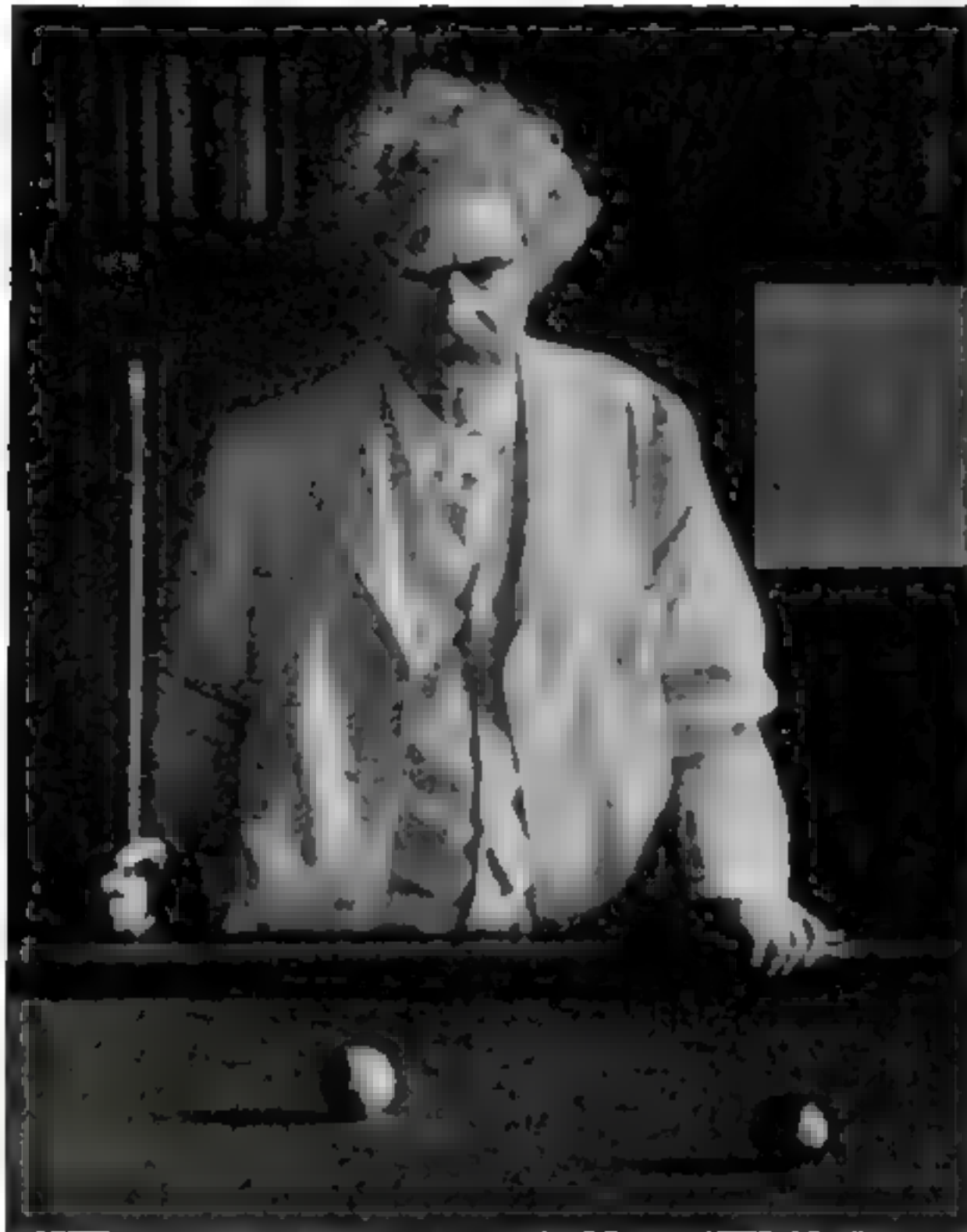
For a society so divided, a kind of double standard of social morality had been invented and applied. For capital to combine was sane business practice; for labor to combine was to challenge the tradition of individual initiative. Business in politics promised respectability; labor in politics could only mean subversive forces at work. For this society of the double standard the two steelworkers of Carl Sandburg spoke plainly:

One of them said: "I like my job, the company is good to me, America is a wonderful country."

One: "Jesus, my bones ache; the company is a liar; this is a free country, like hell."

The spirit of Mark Twain

IN what spirit, in these 50 years, did America dedicate itself to work for a better, a more just society? A not too arbitrary oversimplification might be: we've done things pretty much in the spirit of Mark Twain.



INCORRIGIBLE EXPERIMENTER, with get-rich-quick schemes, Mark Twain displayed in high degree America's spirit of trial and error.



GREAT COMMONER William Jennings Bryan was a crusader all his life—for woman suffrage, income tax, silver standard, fundamentalism.

AUDACIOUS AMERICANS CONT.

Twain certainly embodied most of the country's curious contradictions. He had its energy (writing 100,000 words of fiction in six weeks)—and its indolent side (loving to laze in the sun). He was a democrat who strove mightily to become a plutocrat. But above all else he had our pragmatic experimentalism. This pilot, printer, newspaperman, lecturer and author was ready to invest in everything from publishing and a typesetting scheme to an Austrian carpet-design machine and a British milk compound.

This—the trial-and-error way—has been the American way. This is the ever-present common denominator to Teddy Roosevelt's New Nationalism, Wilson's New Freedom, F.D.R.'s New Deal. This is the unbreakable thread that binds crop control and birth control, underproduction and overproduction, disarmament and rearmament, isolation and intervention, union busting and union coddling, the high tariffs and the low tariffs, the TVA and the WPA. In 1907 William James, our chief exponent of the pragmatic philosophy, looked around him in New York and wrote ecstatically of "the heaven-scaling audacity of it all." That phrase aptly summarizes a half century lived largely in his spirit of bold, restless, inquisitive experimentalism—the good old formula coined by Steel Manufacturer John Fritz for making a new engine: "Let's start her up and see why she don't go."

The American society of 1900 might not have gone very far had the millions in need found no other leaders than "Sockless Jerry" Simpson, the Populist congressman from Kansas and Mary E. Lease, who won fame by exhorting the Midwestern farmers to "raise less corn and more hell." Other leaders did come—men like Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, La Follette and Wilson. They

were not merely prophets of discontent, but tough-minded experimentalists ready to try new measures to unite America in a decent life.

When Roosevelt on a September day in 1901 was summoned from Mount Tahawus in the Adirondacks by word of McKinley's approaching death, he knew the greatness of his opportunity. He knew that the Republican party of Lincoln and Seward, founded as a radical progressive movement, had been transformed by big business into a tightly conservative party. But he also knew its virtues. It had the prestige of a long list of patriotic achievements and a treasury of unused ability. Despite big business's dominant role, other great groups—Midwestern farmers, eastern intellectuals, intelligent labor leaders—counted in shaping its character. What it needed was a leader who could animate it with a new spirit.

American Dream or nightmare?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT did just that. The new social outlook that he brought had many sources: the radicalism of the West, the polemics of writers like Hamlin Garland and Lincoln Steffens, the social Christianity of Congregationalist Minister Washington Gladden and Catholic Archbishop John Ireland. T.R.'s strenuous personality brought all these to life. He had an instinct for the aspirations which, through the whole half century, have produced so many slogans of the same essential meaning: "Social Justice," "Let the People Rule," "The Good Life," "The Conquest of Poverty," "The Four Freedoms." He compelled people to think of a host of long ignored subjects: conservation, child welfare, industrial justice. True, his trust-busting did not stop the march toward still greater aggregations of wealth, but the almost magic vitality of his

spirit awakened millions who had been slumbering, their head pillowed on an American Dream perilously close to becoming a nightmare for many.

After T.R., the Rough Rider, came Wilson the schoolmaster. Less robust but more reflective, less spectacular but more stubbornly attached to first principles, Wilson proceeded to remake the Democracy as Roosevelt had the Republican party. Long the party of the dispossessed, the Democrats enlisted the South, the less prosperous farmers of the West, the poorly organized elements in labor, the great cities' immigrant masses. To this party—which from 1913 on was to control the government for all but a dozen years—Wilson gave verve and vision.

"Even a reformer need not be a fool," Wilson snapped. For all his idealism, he too was a practicing experimentalist. He had said in New Jersey that constitutions could become too tight for modern life: "If you button them over the belly, they split up the back." He was one of the few presidents who had a coherent plan of action—for lowering the tariff, strengthening the national banking system, curbing the trusts, protecting labor and giving the farmers cheap credit.

Wilson, the ex-professor, personified in a way something still more profound in American life: a vast widening of intellectual horizons. Social investigations were being pushed earnestly on all fronts, piling up a vast library of objective data on everything from immigration and the Negro problem to the slums and child welfare. Slowly our literature began to reflect a more mature, social-minded nation: romanticism was pushed into the background by tougher-minded books like Frank Norris' *The Octopus* and Willa Cather's *O Pioneers!* By 1920 educated Americans were ready for the biting work of Edgar Lee Masters and Sherwood



DEMOCRATIC SCHOOLMASTER Woodrow Wilson taught political science, tried out his theories as New Jersey governor and president.



RADICAL REPUBLICAN "Old Bob" La Follette reformed Wisconsin government, was G.O.P. senator, supported Wilson's New Freedom.

Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*. Meanwhile more and more intellectual leadership came from a new source—the universities. Nothing in this whole half century stands out more strikingly than the expansion of higher education. From the West came the Wisconsin Idea of a corps of university experts working hand in hand with government. The South saw Chapel Hill seriously attacking the worst Southern problems. And president after president called on the universities to staff his bureaus and commissions.

The audacity of the idealism unleashed by T.R. and Wilson came to be world spanning. The Great War was fought with gusto, 364,800 casualties and a national altruism of rare purity. On the morning of Nov. 11, 1918 the professor in the White House penciled his message to the American people: "It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober, friendly counsel and by material aid in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world."

Enter normalcy

ON the chill morning of March 4, 1921 an embittered, half-paralyzed Wilson limped from the White House and headed for the seclusion of his private house on S Street. Into the White House strode the sturdy figure of Warren Gamaliel Harding, "a flower of the period before safety razors." In a spasm of alliteration the new chief executive had already written his political prescription: "not nostrums but normalcy; not revolution but restoration; not surgery but serenity. . . ." He was soon overwhelmed by the mushrooming complexities of the president's responsibilities: after one especially trying day he came to one of his secretaries and cried, "John, I can't make a damn thing out of this tax problem. I listen to one side

and they seem right, and then—God!—I talk to the other side and they seem just as right. . . . God! What a job!"

From the vantage point of mid-century, the '20s of Harding and Coolidge loom as the decade in which the U.S. may take least pride. They began with the "big Red scare" which, in the light of later history, seems like a cheap melodrama. Its mood was that of the Indiana jury which took two minutes to acquit a man for murdering an alien who had shouted, "To hell with the United States." Charges of "subversive" were at various times leveled against the Federal Council of Churches, the Foreign Policy Association, Social Worker Jane Addams, Zionist Rabbi Stephen Wise and, of course, Socialist Norman Thomas. With comic glubness people parroted the dictum of Writer Guy Empey that the Reds could be disposed of by implements to be "found in any hardware store."

The American press during this period as a whole reflected the temper of a people whose moral energies were, for the moment, spent, and who wanted nothing but to relax. The tabloids boomed: the New York *Daily News*, founded in June 1919, had a circulation of a quarter of a million in one year, 1.3 million within a decade. They presented life to the American people, as Frederick Lewis Allen wrote, "not as a political and economic struggle, but as a three-ring circus of sport, crime and sex." *True Story*, also launched the year after the war ended, by 1926 had won almost 2 million readers in a publishing success as much without precedent as without principle.

In many respects the era of Coolidge prosperity in the middle '20s represented the last gaudy pageant to be staged by the old forces of 19th Century individualism. Its spirit seemed to catch the echoes of the very first of the century—in crudest form it sim-

ply repeated Marie Dressler's memorable New Year's Day resolution of 1901: "My new leaf? Well, it's going to be a leaf of gold and inscribed on the top, VIVA LA DOUGH." It was the glittering day of the salesman and the adman, booming retail trade and spreading the gospel of instalment buying. It was the era when business itself came closest to proclaiming itself the new American religion. Adman Bruce Barton could have written *The Man Nobody Knows* in no other era: Jesus emerged as the super-executive who "picked up twelve men from the bottom ranks of business and forged them into an organization that conquered the world." Christ's parables were "the most powerful advertisements of all time . . . He would be a national advertiser today."

City vs. country

BUT behind this strange facade of fabulous folly and awesome abundance, the new revolutionary forces in America stayed stubbornly at work. Most of them now revolved around the historic struggle between city and country to become the arbiter of American life. In a dramatic way the battle was waged at the Dayton Trial. This was no mere personal courtroom encounter between an aging Bryan and the great criminal lawyer Clarence Darrow. It was a resounding contest between a provincial, simple-minded America and a new America of expert knowledge and reasoned ideas. And though John T. Scopes was found guilty of the offense of teaching evolution in Tennessee schools, it was more symbolic that poor Bryan, exhausted from his frenetic defense of fundamentalism, died within a week.

Equally symbolic was the rise and fall of the Ku Klux Klan, whose Kleagles and Goblins were the supreme expression of the bigotry and ignorance that flourished in the



HUMANITY WAS EXPLOITED as American industry grew to giant's size. This powerful picture of a forlorn child worker in a cotton mill was made in 1908 by Lewis Hine, a pioneer in documentary photography. Pictures like this did much to get child labor outlawed.

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AUDACIOUS AMERICANS CONT.

"Red scare." The Klan (uniting "white male, native-born gentile citizens") epitomized the revolt of the white, Protestant, like-minded village against the city of polyglot population and varying faiths. Multitudes of plain people in rural America had shuddered at the rise of urban centers marked, as they thought, by alien allegiances and dubious social and moral standards: New York seemed the poisonous flower of a foreign and wicked civilization. A base prejudice against Jews, Catholics and Negroes entered the Klan; and so did greed and brutality. At its still vicious best, the Klan was a pathetically naive reaffirmation of loyalty to a past that was, irrevocably and happily, gone.

It was prohibition that most strikingly pitted country against city, old habits and tempers against the new. It too, most dramatically of all the phenomena of the decade, revealed America's ever restless, tireless experimentalism, its inexhaustible will to try something new in the hope of something better. No society in the world's history (except tiny modern Finland) had ever dared enter on so pretentious an experiment.

The saloon was mainly an urban institution and prohibition laws largely rural. As long as prohibition lasted, the village population could feel it was holding a dominant place in national life. But the virtuous intentions that sufficed to pass enforcement acts were not enough to implement them—nor were the less than 3,000 federal agents supposed to guard 22,000 miles of seacoast against smugglers as well as police the land. The bootleggers, speakeasies, beer flats and

roadhouses multiplied across the nation; the Al Capone mob grossed something like \$100 million in the one year of 1927; Chicago counted more than 500 dead in gangland wars over splitting the spoils, while "protection" rackets cost Chicago citizenry some \$136 million yearly. In 14 years federal officers arrested more than three quarters of a million people, convicted more than half a million and still confronted a situation in which prohibition not only seemed unenforceable but also looked less than virtuous. Important urban leaders played key roles in the final defeat of prohibition. When the

Anti-Saloon League went down, a chapter in the history of national morals was dramatically closed. The city, already dominant economically, now could virtually dictate the social and ethical standards of America.

Of all the brash experiments that the people of Mark Twain tried in the '20s, none was quite so startling as the conversion of the Stock Exchange into a gambling casino, in the apparent belief that the promised land of plenty was to be had if one just held on to one's shares of A.T. & T. long enough. In the 19 months in 1928-29 when American Can galloped from 77 to 181 7/8, Westinghouse from 91 5/8 to 289 7/8 and U.S. Steel from 138 1/8 to 261 3/4—in these months this final prostitution of the idea of automatic progress was perhaps comprehensible if not pardonable. From the vantage point of 1950 it is easy to smirk at Herbert Hoover's prophecy, one of the famous utterances of the '20s: "We shall soon with the help of God be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation."

But the sarcasm of hindsight is as unelegant as it is unjust. It is true that a few years after Hoover's declaration, 14 million were unemployed, the farmers were verging on revolt, the banking system was collapsing and the nation's industries at a standstill. It is also true that even in the grandly prosperous year of 1929 more than two million were without work. But the whole truth is that there was a rational enough foundation for Mr. Hoover's sanguine assertion.

By the end of the '20s the U.S. had done something more meaningful than all the Rooseveltian and Wilsonian reforms, more revolutionary than the invention of gun-



UNEMPLOYED during 1930s pathetically sold apples in the capital of the world's richest country.



THE LAND WAS EXPLOITED in Midwest in the lust for quick profits. The result was the catastrophic dust storms which provided

unforgettable subjects for the sensitive cameramen of the Farm Security Administration. This picture was taken by Arthur Rothstein.

powder, electricity or the steam engine. It had mastered the techniques of mass production. When Mr. Hoover spoke, 120,500,000 Americans were enjoying the highest average living standard ever known anywhere. They were producing more than half the world's iron and steel, nearly half the coal, two thirds of the petroleum. They were manufacturing four fifths of the motor vehicles, twice the number manufactured at the start of the decade. There was almost one car for every family in the land. Radio had distributed 15 million sets in eight years, increasing sales 1,400% over 1922 to reach, by 1929, a total of \$842,548,000. In the same period nine million more homes had been equipped with electricity. The movie theater had become a part of the life of almost every community in the land. The power industry (though so soon and so rightly to be attacked) was generating six times as many kilowatts in 1929 as in 1912. As with Ford's Model-T (down from \$825 in 1908 to \$260 in 1924, when the 10 millionth car came from his factory), standardization meant quantity and cheapness undreamed of in the giddiest optimism of 1900. Nearly everything was being standardized—clothing, drugs, furniture and newspapers, farm machinery and office equipment. With the five-and-ten, the A & P and Sears, Roebuck, F. W. Woolworth, George and John Hartford, Julius Rosenwald and their kind were bringing to the middle classes an abundance of goods that, in itself, was a historic revolution.

Unhappily these colossal achievements were burdened with problems as well as promise, and even as they enriched life in one way, they threatened to impoverish it

in another. Wealth and power had grown more and more concentrated; gigantic corporations, with their own kind of heaven-scaling audacity, exploited their grip on raw materials (as did Alcoa), or their ownership of pooled patents (as did RCA), or their large-scale operating economies (as did the A & P). The specter of technological unemployment became yearly more real. People read about humming rayon factories and steel strip mills with hardly a man on the floor. In the years 1919-28, while factory output per manhour increased nearly 50%, the number of factory hands fell slightly

over 5%. The railroads, in the same period, learned how to haul more freight with a quarter million fewer workers. Here lay the serious causes and dangers behind the frequently zany business ventures that stud-ded the era—the Tom Thumb golf courses, the real-estate ballyhoo in Florida and California, the wild mushrooming of gas stations and diners, the nation's invasion by an army of bond salesmen. These were the slightly funny, immensely ominous marks of a precarious economy.

On Oct. 29, 1929 the boom exploded, with 16,410,030 shares of stock being traded on the Exchange and 50 leading stocks tumbling some 40 points. Seven months later, on May 8, 1930, the governor of the Federal Reserve announced to the nation that it was suffering from "what appears to be a business depression."

A tart challenge

IN the ensuing decade of trial and trouble, grimly bracketed in history by the world's greatest depression and its greatest war, the American people, true to the Twain tradition, tried something—many things—new. They turned their backs on the Mellons and the Morgans, called for the Corcorans and Cohens, Hendersons and Hopkins'. New York City forced out of the mayoralty charming playboy Jimmy Walker, later took in crusader Fiorello LaGuardia. A labor union (the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union) went into sensationally successful show business (*Pins and Needles*) to spit from the stage its tart challenge to the plutocracy:



STRIKERS rioted during union drives. Above: a trucker falls a policeman in Minneapolis in 1934.



DEDICATION of Tennessee Valley Authority facilities brought President Franklin Roosevelt to Chickamauga Dam in 1936. F.D.R.

said vast public-power system, opposed by power companies, was "one of the great social and economic achievements of our time."

AUDACIOUS AMERICANS cont.

When progressive-minded senators decide
to tax the riches
That you lifted from the pockets of the
public's tattered britches,
Never stoop to contradict the socialistic
sons-of-bitches. . . .
Call them Un-American.

The people, in short, exchanged their faith in Business (capital B) for a fervent new faith in Government (capital G).

"I believe with Abraham Lincoln," President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared, "that 'the legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done but cannot do at all or cannot do so well for themselves in their separate and individual capacity.'" In a nation in which tens of millions felt helpless in the grip of economic distress, that principle meant staking a big claim. Beside T.R.'s New Nationalism or Wilson's New Freedom, with their cautious and fragmentary reforms, the New Deal looked like a sweeping plan to remake American society. If the old deck of cards was still used (for Roosevelt made no effort to substitute a gaudy socialist pack), they were dealt with racing vigor and wild deuces.

Frankly, vehemently pragmatic, the government now became more daringly adventurous in peace than ever it had in war. Planning in every direction, it enlisted ambitious young businessmen, writers, economists, labor organizers, called on universities as no previous regime ever had. Much of the planning was shoddy and sometimes silly, but it was a measure of the very vitality of the experiment that it could survive so colossal a failure as General Hugh S. Johnson's NRA. The mere fact of planning in the interest of sweated labor, jobless youths, share-

croppers and neglected children caught the national imagination—while the Tennessee Valley plan fired the imagination of the world. There were many who scoffed at the "boondoggling," many more who worried that the pioneer spirit of individual initiative was being softened into flabbiness. But the great majority of Americans felt about as E. B. White wrote at the start of the New Deal's second year, "Though the philosophy of recovery is still mysterious, we endorse and enjoy the excitement of it. A planned society does a great deal for one's spirit, even when one suspects that maybe he is going down for the third time in a sea of blueprints. . . . This is a new day and a busy one. . . . Things may not be any better than they were a year ago, but so help us they're different."

The squire's bizarre alliance

SO the Hudson Valley squire came to preside over a bizarre alliance of Southern Democrats, college professors, stray Communists, big-city political bosses, labor unions and social welfarers. The WPA, employing eight million and spending \$10 billion, tackled everything from wholesale building of privies to staging *The Swing Mikado*. Under the ex-Republican, pre-pink Henry Wallace, the AAA and successive farm legislation managed to push farm income by 1939 up to \$8.7 billion—almost double that of 1932. The single year 1935 saw the passage of more social legislation than any other year in the nation's history: the National Labor Relations Act, Social Security, the Utility Holding Company Act, the "Soak-the-Rich" Act. American labor, never so favored before, surged into its greatest organizing spurt in the nation's history. In 1931 there were barely 3.5 million union members. By the end of the decade the A.F. of L. claimed 4,300,000 and the C.I.O.,

only formed in 1935, almost as many again.

While planners planned and labor organized and government improvised, the people kept up their fabulous productivity. In 1937 there were three million more cars on the road than in 1929; by 1940 radio sets were in 28 million homes (compared to nine million in 1929); the giant motion-picture industry by the end of the decade was taking in nearly \$600 million in the nation's box office; the aviation industry sold \$544 million worth of planes. And, as if the vast nation itself could not absorb all the achievements of its own inventiveness and industry, American products deluged the world. American automobiles whizzed over Germany's sleek autobahns, nosed their way through the rickshas on Shanghai's cluttered streets. American films dominated the screens of every movie house in London or Rome. The nightclubs of Paris, majestic playground of the Old World, echoed with the latest American jazz. A world which frequently sneered at America's "materialism" could not get enough of all, good and bad, that America could export.

But the most sensational fact of the whole decade was that the audacious Americans were learning a new type of pioneering—social pioneering. In scholarly investigation the frontiers of knowledge were being advanced by studies like Abraham Epstein's *Insecurity*, Lewis Mumford's *The Culture of Cities*, the Lynds's *Middletown*. In literature the same spirit animated John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road*, the poetry of Carl Sandburg and Archibald MacLeish, the plays of Maxwell Anderson and Clifford Odets. In hard practice the pioneering was no less bold for being social. It was the pioneering of the CCC boys and the WPA instead of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson. It was the heroic stand of the fair-employment

program against racial injustice instead of John Brown at Harpers Ferry. Instead of George Rogers Clark in the Northwest Territory it was a legion of hardy explorers in the uncharted regions of social experiment: M. L. Wilson and fellow designers of the AAA, Robert Moses and his associates in city planning, Senator George Norris and David Lilienthal in public power. If the early pioneers were heroically bold in their battle to assure man's mastery over nature, the social pioneers needed almost heaven-scaling courage in their struggle to give men mastery over their own society.

The last best hope

WORLD WAR II was, in some ways, our finest hour. More unmistakably than ever, it left America the last best hope of democratic mankind. Never had the bold, pragmatic experimentalism of the nation been more dramatically decisive than in this tremendous conflict. It was triumphantly evident in the army of 14 million men and women fighting on a dozen fronts: the matchless mechanized thrusts of Eisenhower and Bradley and Patton in Europe; the relentless advance across the Pacific in a combined sea, land and air operation without precedent in history. It was equally evident in a prodigy of production at home that eclipsed our wildest dreams. The government itself became owner of great emergency shipyards, facilities for manufacturing 800,000 tons of synthetic rubber yearly, a fantastically expanded magnesium industry. Almost the whole automotive industry pivoted in a miraculous conversion to the manufacture of tanks, airplanes, armored cars. Henry Kaiser and others revolutionized shipbuilding. And the \$2 billion program that brought the atomic bomb heralded a new and desperately challenging epoch in both war and peace.

Entering this epoch at mid-century, does the American of 1950 have greater title to optimism than his complacent ancestor of 1900?

Looking backward over the last 50 years, the most conservative observer could answer: if pride in past achievement be the just measure of optimism, the answer is a resounding "Yes." For these have indeed been decades of dazzling achievement. The pioneering spirit of social adventure has in fact won successive and solid triumphs over the

divisions and injustices that plagued the society of 1900. It has done this in no neat, formal campaign, directed by a totalitarian general staff, but by that kind of unending and unbeatable guerrilla warfare against injustice which is the only battle order of a living democracy. The result has been the widest, the most decent and just distribution of the greatest production of goods in the world's history.

The mere magnificent fact of this production has been the special mark of the whole age. Without this the reforming zeal of an army of Teddy Roosevelts could have counted for little. No legislative fiat could have brought the changes, the freedom and the promise of more freedom which it brought. Suffrage for women did vastly less to "liberate" them than the labor-saving devices that filled America's homes in this half century. All the farm legislation of the New Deal did little for rural America compared with the revolution brought by electricity, radio, tractors, the village movie, the telephone, the truck and automobile, the township high school. Even as the city triumphed in its historic conflict with the village, it gave to rural America the means to change its own way of life. In the deepest sense production, in this half century, was the bone and sinew of democracy itself. Back in 1906 Woodrow Wilson had mourned, "Nothing has spread socialistic feeling in this country more than the use of the automobile . . . a picture of arrogance of wealth." Not the statute book, but the long assembly line converted the automobile into the common possession of the common man.

Facing the present, the American of 1950 is disposed to apply some new thinking based on this experience. Above all he is sophisticated enough not to expect worldly redemption by appeal to the single authority of Big Business or Big Government. Profiting from the experimenting of both the '20s and the '30s, he is more and more aware that the traditional antithesis of the two is false. World War II dramatically demonstrated what the two, in alliance, could achieve. As the half century ends, the man of business realizes that he must display a sense of responsibility about political affairs, even in remote areas of the earth. The man of government realizes his own need for the talents and practical experience of the businessman. Only in such understanding can the

reformer and the producer hope to achieve the good society.

As he turns to the future, the American of 1950 finds it difficult, if not impossible, to enjoy the luxury of any mood or emotion as simple as "optimism" or "pessimism." He knows only the chilling, neutral, almost emotionless sense of awful responsibility and its ruthless compulsion. He cannot be "afraid" of an economic depression: he simply knows, with a numbing certainty, that *he must not have one*. How could he—when he is financing, feeding, arming the democratic world? Never before in history has so much of the world depended so utterly upon a single nation.

This knowledge, harsh as it may be, has done much to speed the maturity and to strengthen the poise of this American of 1950. He is, to take a simple example, a long way mentally from the American of 1900, who wanted to brush off the Philippines as a nuisance like the Indian problem. He is equally far from the American of 1920 who believed that the weapons to beat Communism could be bought in the village hardware store. He is a very long way indeed from the preacher who believed that humane rulers, wise books, just laws and sweet music were bound in holy conspiracy to assure Christ's triumph on earth.

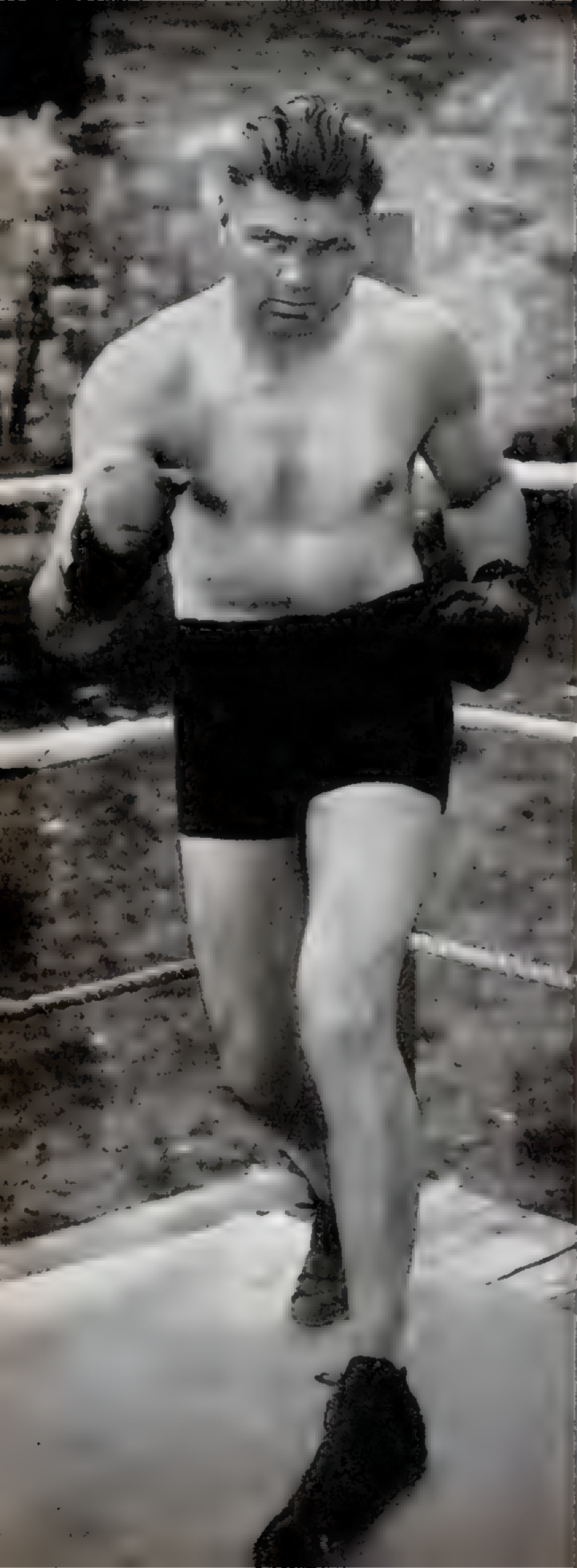
This American is also, perhaps, outgrowing even the philosophy that carried him through these last 50 years. His philosopher, William James, had defined the perfect pragmatist, "He turns away . . . from fixed principles, closed systems, and pretended absolutes and origins. He turns towards concreteness and adequacy, towards facts, towards action and towards power."

Of action and power the American of 1950 has had abundant experience. But in the age of the atom, in the fresh memory of the Second World War, in the harrowing menace of a third, these seem not quite so sufficient rules of life as they once did. "Concreteness" and "adequacy" are not exactly compelling and satisfying ideals. To bury his dead with pride and dignity, to arm the living with hope as well as a gun, to comfort his brain as well as his belly, this American is inclined to seek out fixed principles. He is doggedly determined to probe for those absolutes—real, not pretended—by which he may be judged and which distinguish his cause from "the nation that is not holy."



PRODUCTION record was set during World War II by shipyard built on Terminal Island at Los Angeles. By working 24-hour sched-

ules and using lights that illuminated it at night like a happy entertainment park, yard launched and delivered 15 ships in single month.



WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP, DEMPSEY BOBS AND WEAVES BEFORE HUGE

THE KILLER WITH

Jack Dempsey's merciless hands brought him riches

In the 1920s, when Americans worked hard, drove their cars hard, drank hard and played hard, they liked to go out to sporting events and cheer the man who hit hard, whether he was hitting a baseball, a tennis ball or another human being. No one hit a baseball as hard as Babe Ruth, a tennis ball as hard as "Big Bill" Tilden or other people as hard as William Harrison Dempsey, whom millions called "Jack." In 1919 only 19,000 persons were present to see Dempsey win the world heavyweight championship (*above*); in 1926, when he lost it, 120,000 were on hand.

Dempsey had three things that millions of Americans found irresistible:



DEMPSEY'S CAREER, well on its way in 1917, was blighted during the First World War when he was called a draft-dodger for taking a shipyard job (*above, left*). Under the astute management of Jack Kearns, shown with him in second



JESS WILLARD, WHOM HE SLUGGED INTO SUBMISSION IN THREE ROUNDS

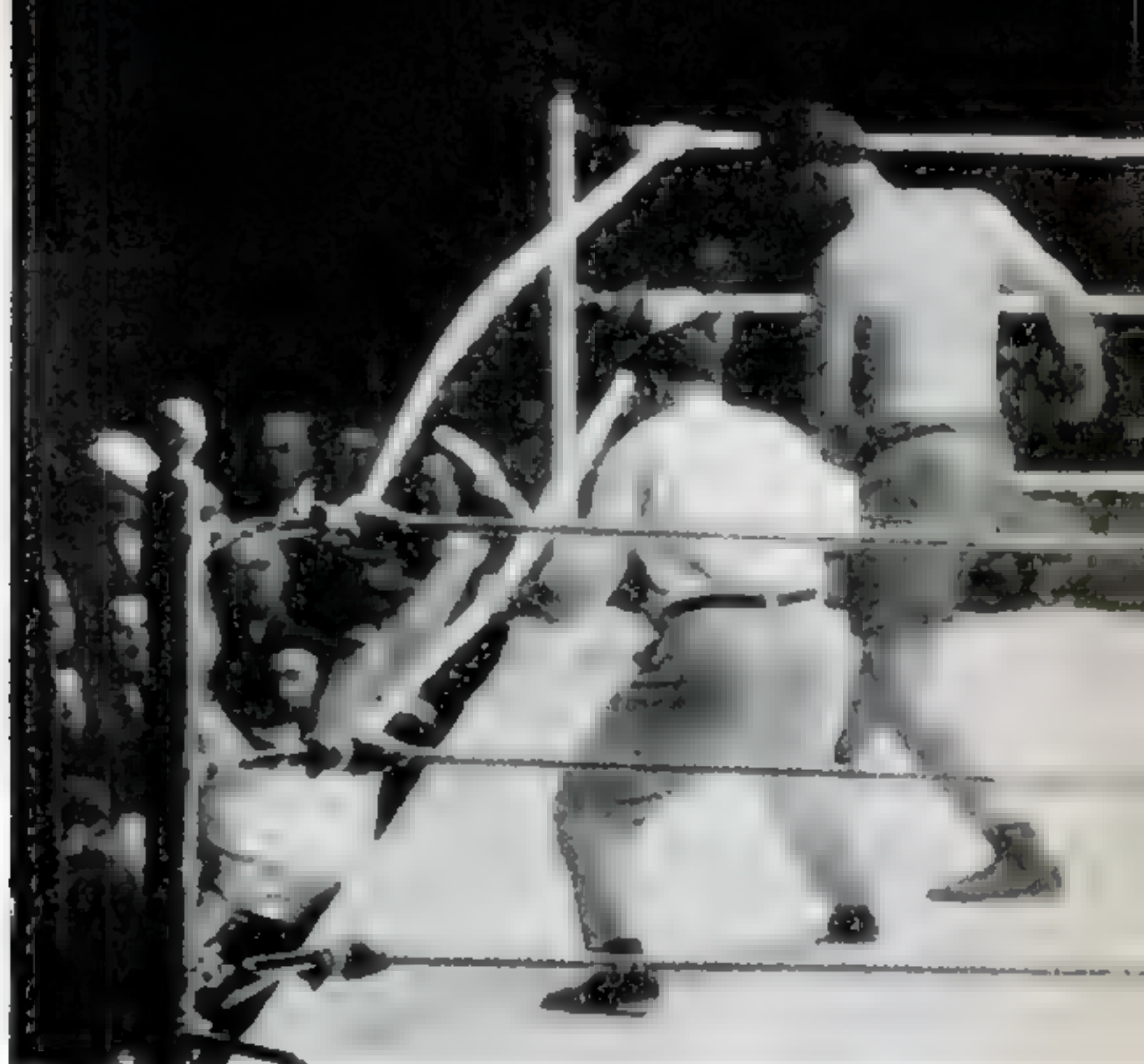
THE GOLDEN FISTS

and turned boxing into a million-dollar industry

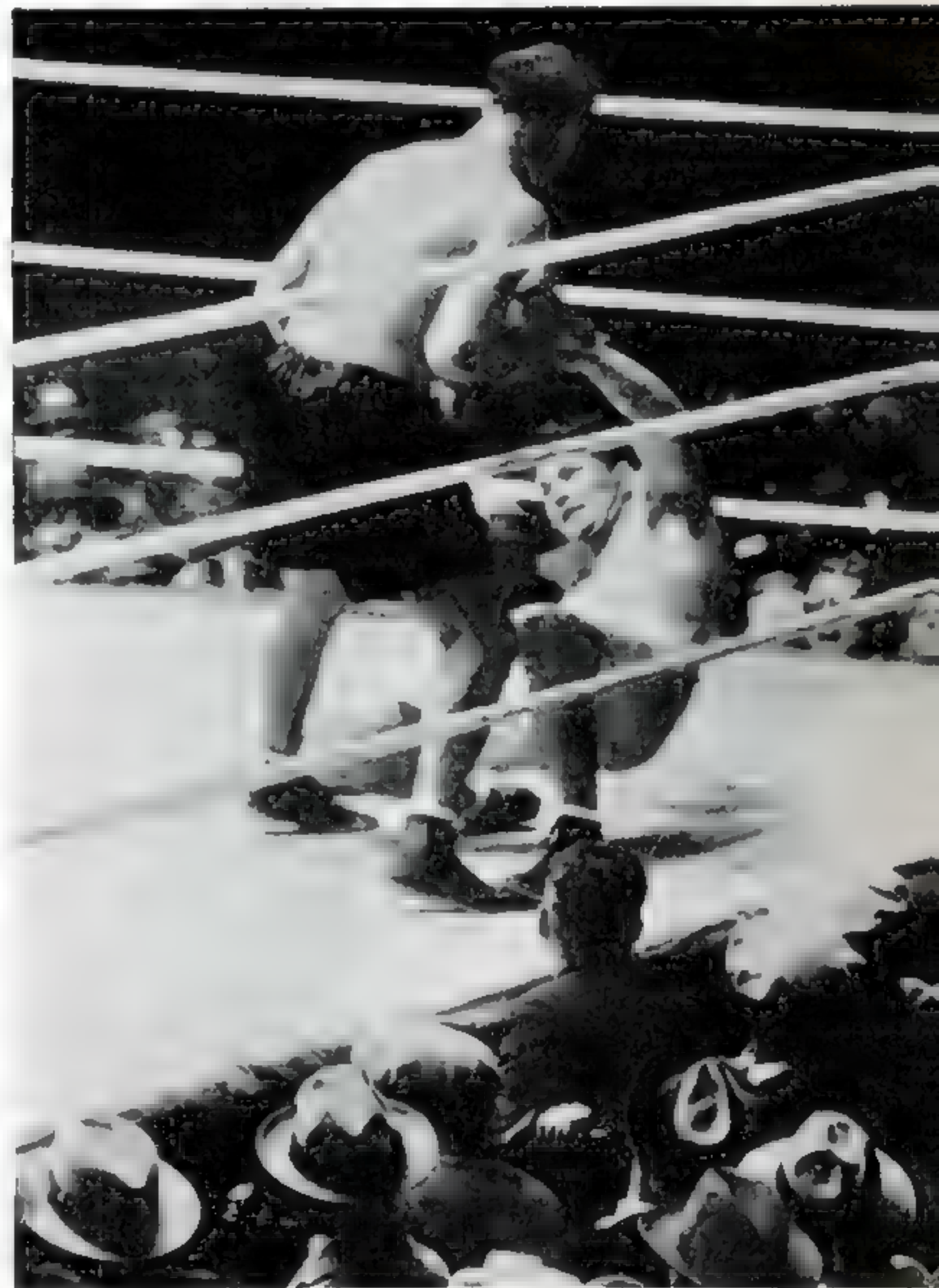
ble: he could hit, he never quit and he was a poor boy making good. As the stone-broke, hobo son of a poor Western family, he fought for years for coffee, beans—and sheer survival. As champion (left), he remained a scowling, unshaven, lean and hungry killer. Before the Willard fight, boxing was a frequently shady enterprise conducted along Skid Row. Dempsey's fierce fists, brilliantly exploited by Promoter Tex Rickard, made it a romantic, million-dollar business. The night Dempsey lost his title to Gene Tunney in 10 rounds at Philadelphia, he collected \$711,868 as his share of the gate. Ten years before he had fought 10 rounds for \$16 in New York.



picture, he won title in 1919 at age of 24 and regained some of his popularity. Six years later he married Actress Estelle Taylor (third picture). At right he is with Tex Rickard, the great promoter who sponsored all five of his million-dollar fights.



A GREAT VICTORY was won by Dempsey over Luis Angel Firpo in 1923. Firpo knocked Dempsey out of the ring in first round (above), but the champion came back to win by a knockout in second round. The fight drew a gate of \$1,188,603.



A TRAGIC DEFEAT was suffered by Dempsey in 1927 when he knocked Gene Tunney down (above) but failed to go to a neutral corner right away. Tunney got the famous 14-second "long count," won by decision, kept the heavyweight title.

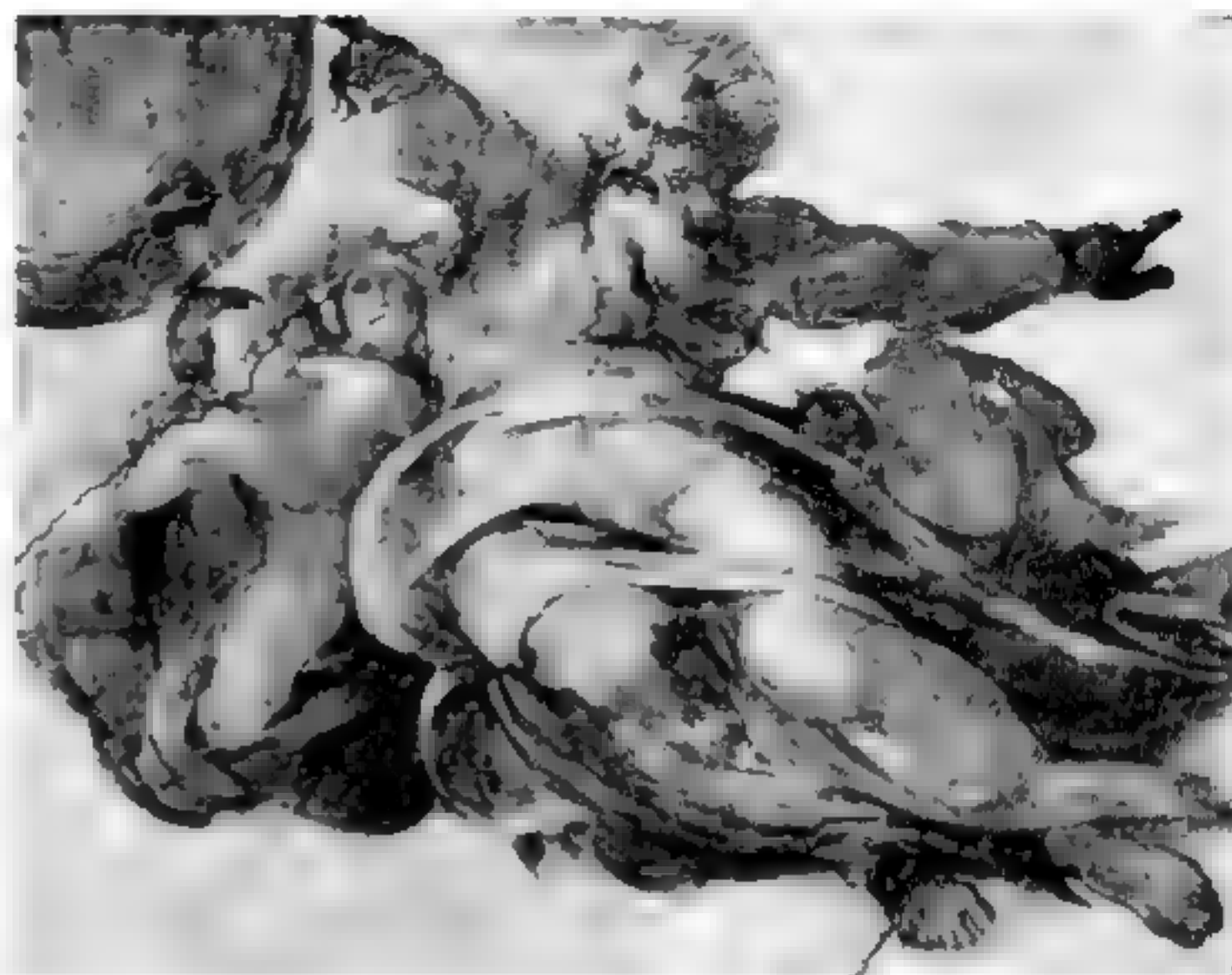
"THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ART STORY LIFE EVER PRINTED"

NOW OFFERED BY ART MUSEUMS

THE reproduction of Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel frescoes in LIFE (Dec. 26 issue) has been hailed by connoisseurs and critics as a major milestone in art publishing. For more than four centuries this master painter's powerful Biblical interpretations have remained high above the eyes of men on the Sistine Chapel ceiling in Rome. Visitors went to the chapel to gaze upward with wonder, and left to spread throughout the world the fame of the artist "who saw and expressed the meaning of it all." But not until LIFE photographed the entire work in color and presented it in enlarged and faithful reproduction were millions of people everywhere able to see and enjoy and thrill to Michelangelo's inspired portrayal of mortal man in relation to his God.

While LIFE's engravers were painstakingly preparing this unique art feature, the directors of art museums throughout the U.S. and Canada were told of LIFE's plans to publish Michelangelo's masterpiece for the first time in color and asked if they wanted reprints to offer their own gallery-goers. Without having seen a single picture in LIFE's collection, art museum heads sent in enthusiastic endorsements of the project and asked for reprints to sell to their public.

This week, in the art museums and allied associations listed below, bound copies of the Michelangelo Sistine Chapel frescoes which appeared in the Dec. 26 issue of LIFE will be available at 25¢ per 24-page booklet.



ALABAMA: University of Alabama, Dept. of Art, University

ARKANSAS: Hendrix College Art Gallery, Conway

CALIFORNIA: Pomona College Art Gallery, Claremont; Art Center in La Jolla; Los Angeles County Museum; Oakland Public Museum; Richmond Art Center; the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego; M. H. De Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco; San Francisco Museum of Art; the Calif. Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco

COLORADO: Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center; the Denver Art Museum

CONNECTICUT: Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford; New Britain Art Museum; Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven; New Haven Art Gallery, North Haven; Stamford Museum; Turner Museum, Torrington Library

DELAWARE: The Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Howard University Gallery of Art

FLORIDA: Florida Gulf Coast Art Center, Clearwater; the Jacksonville Children's Museum, Inc.; The Research Studio, Matland

IDAHO: The Boise Art Association

ILLINOIS: The Elgin Academy Art Gallery; Burpee Art Gallery, Rockford; Springfield Art Association; Illinois State Museum, Springfield; College of Fine and Applied Arts, University of Ill., Urbana

INDIANA: Indiana University Bookstore, Bloomington; the Evansville Public Museum; Fort Wayne Art School and Museum; the Children's Museum of Indianapolis; South Bend Art Association; the Sheldon Swope Art Gallery, Terre Haute

IOWA: Davenport Public Museum; Des Moines Art Center

KANSAS: University of Kansas Museum of Art, Lawrence

KENTUCKY: The J. B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville

LOUISIANA: Louisiana Art Commission, Baton Rouge

MAINE: The Brick Store Museum, Kennebunk; William A. Farnsworth Library and Art Museum, Rockland

MARYLAND: The Baltimore Museum of Art; the Washington County Museum of Fine Arts, Hagerstown

MASSACHUSETTS: Harvard College Library, Cambridge; the Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield; The George Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum, Springfield; Springfield Museum of Fine Arts; Westfield Athenaeum; Lawrence Art Museum, Williams College, Williamstown; Worcester Art Museum

MICHIGAN: The Detroit Institute of Arts; Grand Rapids Art Gallery; Hackley Art Gallery, Muskegon; Saginaw Museum

MINNESOTA: Minneapolis Institute of Arts; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; Rochester Art Center; the Saint Paul Gallery and School of Art

MISSISSIPPI: Mary Bais Museum, Oxford

MISSOURI: Kansas City Art Institute and School of Design; William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City; City Art Museum of St. Louis

NEBRASKA: Joslyn Memorial Art Museum, Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Dartmouth College Dept. of Art and Archaeology, Hanover; the Currier Gallery of Art, Manchester

NEW JERSEY: Montclair Art Museum; the Newark Museum; Princeton University Art Museum; Division of the State Museum, Department of Education, Trenton

NEW MEXICO: The Roswell Museum; the Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

NEW YORK: Cayuga Museum of History and Art, Auburn; Wells College Supply Store, Aurora; the Brooklyn Museum; Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; Arnot Art Gallery, Elmira; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; the Rochester Memorial Art Gallery; Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts

NORTH CAROLINA: The Mint Museum of Art, Charlotte; Hickory Museum of Art

OHIO: The Taft Museum, Cincinnati; the Cleveland Museum of Art; Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts; the Johnson Humrickhouse Memorial Museum, Coshocton; Dayton Art Institute; the Masillon Museum; the Dudley Peter Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin College; the Toledo Museum of Art; the Butler Art Institute, Youngstown

OKLAHOMA: Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa

OREGON: Portland Art Museum

PENNSYLVANIA: Lehigh University Department of Fine Arts, Bethlehem; the Philadelphia Museum of Art; the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

RHODE ISLAND: Rhode Island League for Arts and Crafts, Providence; Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence

TENNESSEE: Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Memphis

TEXAS: Dallas Museum of Fine Arts; Fort Worth Children's Museum; the Museum of Fine Arts of Houston; Witte Memorial Museum, San Antonio

VERMONT: St. Johnsbury Athenaeum

VIRGINIA: Norfolk Museum of Arts and Sciences; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond

WASHINGTON: Seattle Art Museum

WISCONSIN: The Milwaukee Art Institute; the Wustum Museum of Fine Arts, Racine

HAWAII: Honolulu Academy of Arts

CANADA

ALBERTA: Calgary Allied Arts Council

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver Art Gallery

NEW BRUNSWICK: School of Fine and Applied Arts, Mount Allison University, Sackville

NOVA SCOTIA: Nova Scotia College of Art, Halifax

ONTARIO: The Art Gallery of Hamilton; the Art Gallery of Toronto

QUEBEC: The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts

LIFE—9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

Life Visits the Vanderbilt Mansions



SAGAMORE LODGE, at Raquette Lake in Adirondacks, was Alfred G. Vanderbilt's summer home.



BILTMORE, a truly feudalistic establishment, was erected by George Washington Vanderbilt II near Asheville, N. C. Designed by Richard Morris Hunt, the

mansion was in style of Château de Blois in France, stood on a 147,000-acre estate with private village for retainers. It is built of Indiana limestone, cost \$5 million.

THEY RECALL THE ERA OF OPULENCE

The new century found life in America for the privileged few at a crescendo of luxury and extravagance. The wealth of the great tycoons was poured forth in an era of conspicuous spending in which the monumental mansion became the most conspicuous element. Among the ranks of the great mansion builders of those times none built with greater splendor than the multifarious family descended from Cornelius Vanderbilt, the old commodore who piled up millions in shipping and railroads. In the fashionable social centers, and on their baronial country es-

tates, Frederick W. Vanderbilt, George Washington Vanderbilt II and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt I entertained their friends on a lavish scale. It was an age which had glorified the dwelling and brought forth architects of national fame like Stanford White, Charles F. McKim and others who grew wealthy by catering to the whims of rich men; an age, too, which saw America's leisure class turn back to Europe's ancient and mellowed culture for the art, literature, music and architecture which they missed in their less refined but burgeoning native land.



HYDE PARK, Frederick W. Vanderbilt's country home, was a Greek revival design by Stanford White.



THE LIBRARY at Baltimore was the favorite spot of George Washington Vanderbilt. The 2,482 foot-square ceiling painting by Tiepolo was key to its design. Vanderbilt acquired it in Europe on condition

he never reveal source or price. Among the 90,000 volumes were many on forestry, art and languages which Vanderbilt studied assiduously. He ruled Baltimore with a benevolent but iron hand, assisted by

present Superintendent Clarence Beane Jones Jr. He planned men to oversee all of his estate's operation, which he divided into departments of forestry, agriculture and land rearing. J. S. Morton



THE BANQUET HALL at Biltmore was built in Neoin style, two-thirds proportions. The ceiling is 15 feet high. The large tape-hoop features sculpture by Karl Bitter. Here Vanderbilt often en-

tertained on a princely scale. The great hall was eventually turned into a ballroom for entertainment functions. Frequently attended by Europeans whose friendship Vanderbilt particularly cherished.

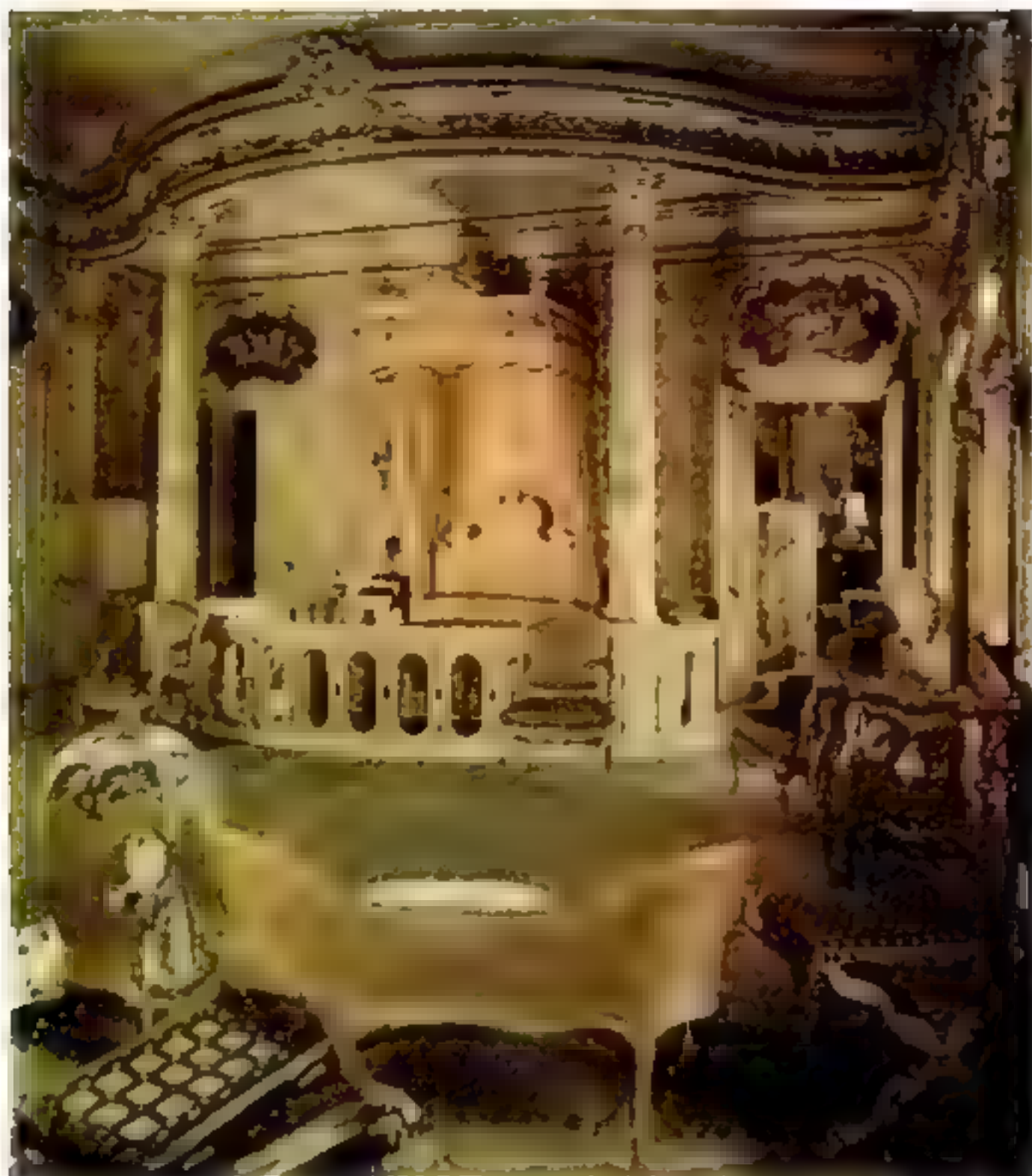


THE DINING ROOM at Sagamore could provide as many as 20 guests with all the delicacies to which they were accustomed, plus the terminal "roughing it" in a camp by the early years, until Alfred G. Van-

derbilt's death aboard the *Lusitania* in 1915, parties of family friends were brought to Sagamore by private railway car. Today the family car and occasionally private plane landing on Raquette Lake.

the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture reported a deal of him. He ends more men than I have in my charge" and that. He is also spending more money than Congress appropriates for this government.

Vanderbilt Mansions CONTINUED



BEDROOM at Hyde Park typified the tastes of Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, who liked to indulge in such fancies as sleeping on black satin sheets. In Louis XV style, it was copied after a royal French bedchamber, even to the railing around bed where callers could gather. Later the house was given to U.S. government.



LIBRARY at Hyde Park is distinctive for its Swiss woodcarvings, including the carved ceiling. This was the center of family life when the Vanderbils were in residence and also served as the master's den. Life at Hyde Park was relatively quiet, with small, intimate gatherings of friends rather than big, formal occasions.



PLAYROOM at Sagamore, located in a small house by itself, was half trophy room, half amusement center for family in rainy weather. Trophies include tusks (framing fireplace) from elephant shot in Kenya by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's son George and stuffed crocodile killed by Mrs. Margaret Emerson. Alfred's sec-

ond wife, on expedition up the White Nile. Sagamore consisted of 1,500 acres, 41 separate buildings, including generating plant. For sunny days there was a boat-house stocked with canoes and rowboats, and guides were available for hiking, hunting or fishing. Mrs. Emerson still brings guests to Sagamore every summer.



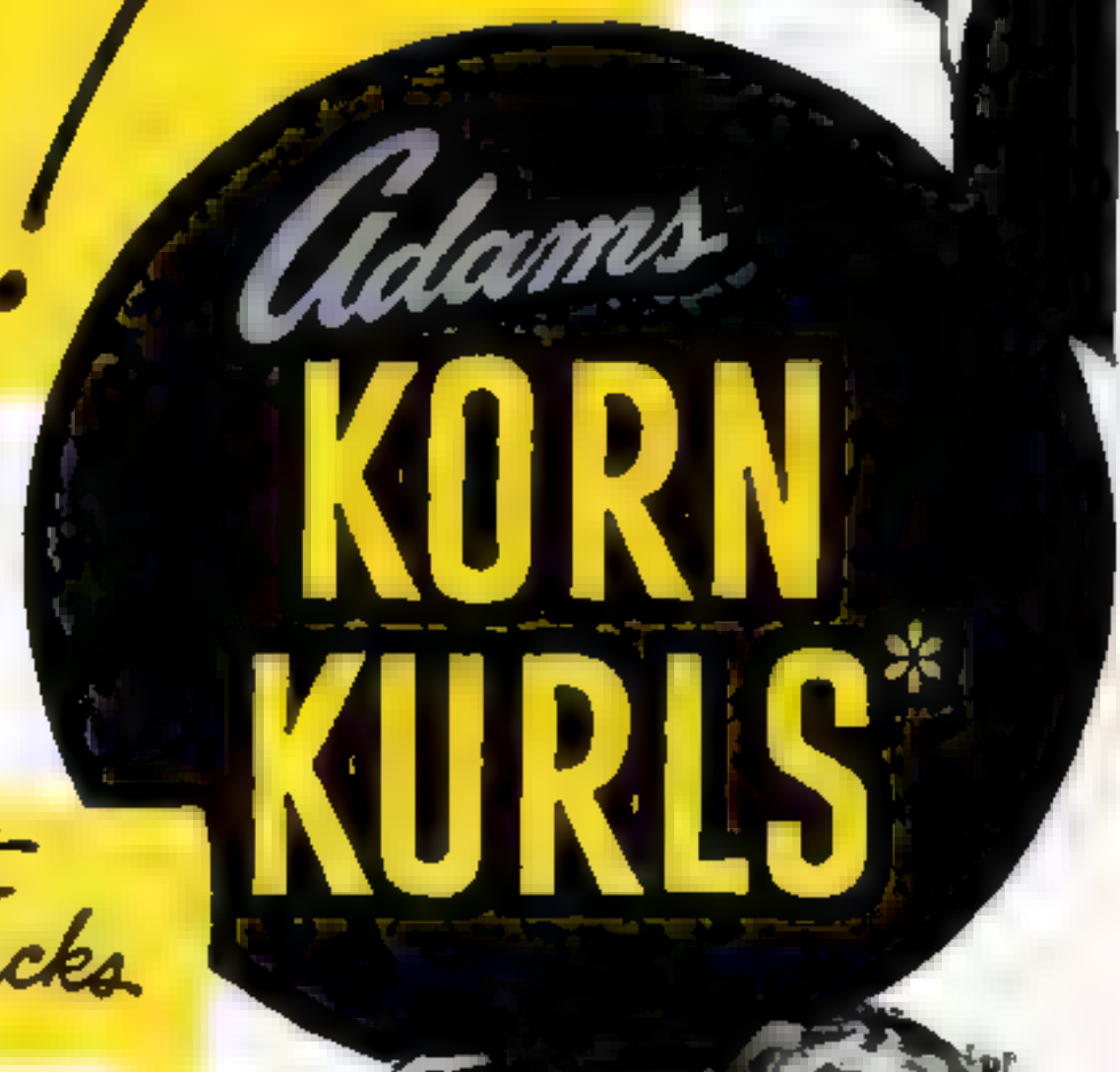
one handful leads to another!

Brand new snack for everybody's eating pleasure! All the goodness of corn puffed into crisp, crusty "kurls" with the tangy tease of cheddar cheese.

So light and digestible you can eat 'em by the bag-full . . .

and you will!

the Aristocrat of snacks



Grand between-meal snack for all ages



Festive touch for company



Delicious at mealtime with soups, salads, fruit



Get Korn Kurls at leading groceries, beverage stores, everywhere good snacks are sold. Just be sure the name KORN KURLS is on the package! Made by the originators of this puffed corn meal food product, Adams Korn Kurl brand. Kept fresh and crunchy in special double bags. 5c, 10c, 15c, big 25c and 29c family packages. The Adams Corporation; Korn Kurl Division, Beloit, Wisconsin



*A puffed corn meal food product. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

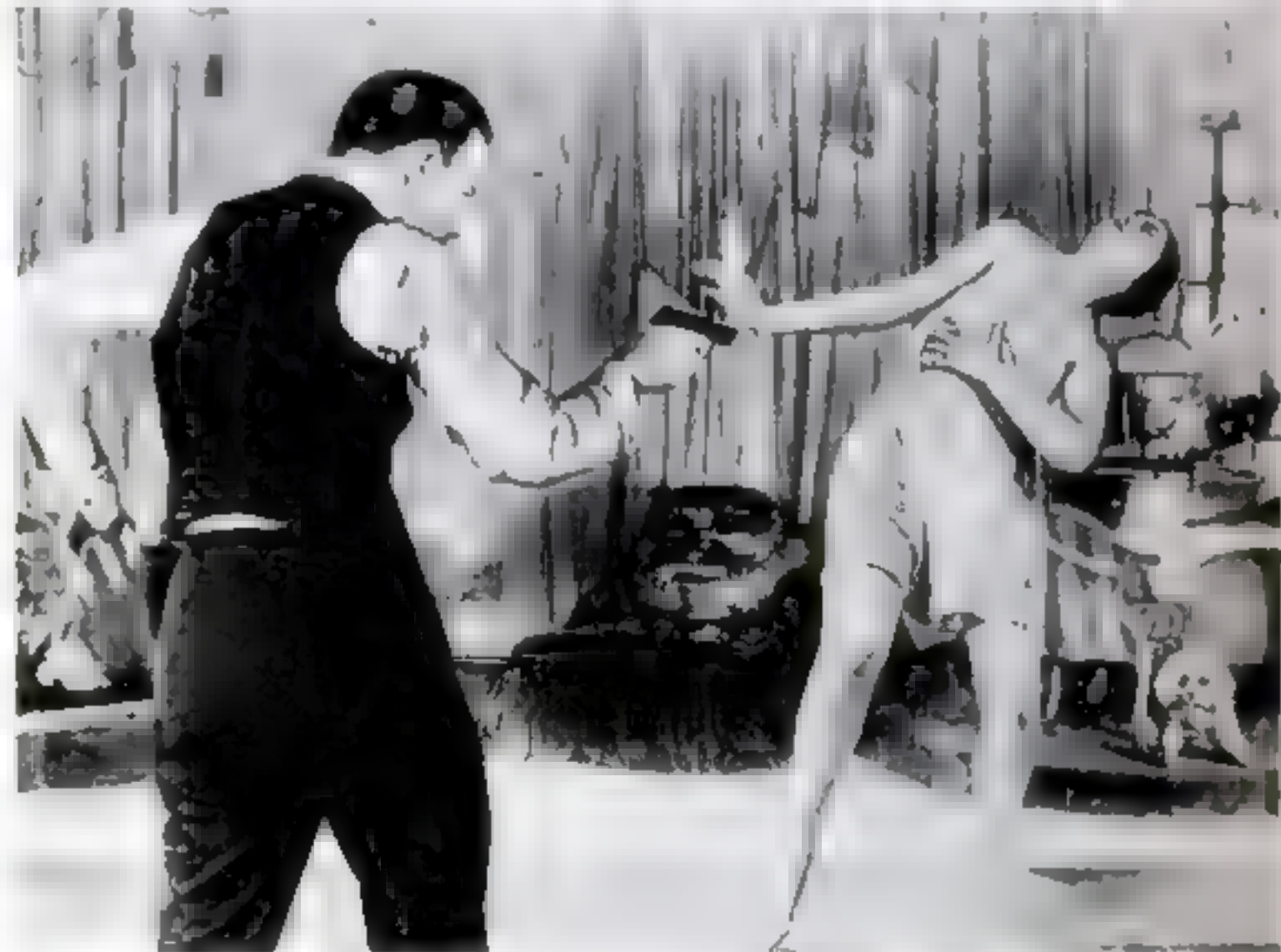


THE FIRST COMPOSOGRAPH printed by the New York *Evening Graphic* was designed by Artist Harry Grogin when his editor, Emile Cauvreau, lamented the lack of

pictures in the Leonard Kip Rhinelandt divorce case. Showgirl Agnes M. Laughlin, who posed as Mrs. Rhinelandt before the bar of justice, later sued the paper for libel.



THE WINE BATH was the *Graphic's* most famous fake. It was assembled after police investigated a party given by Showman Earl Carroll at which it was claimed a showgirl named Joyce Hawley bathed in wine. Carroll, whose head appears on the body at extreme right, subsequently was convicted of perjury for denying the wine-bath story.



A SOCIETY TRAGEDY on Long Island inspired the *Graphic's* models. The melodramatic "re-enactment" resulted after Sociate Sydney E. Brewster shot his wife and then killed himself. As usual the *Graphic* was careful to label its front-page picture a "composite photo," and—as usual—the feminine head was revealingly attired in step-ins.



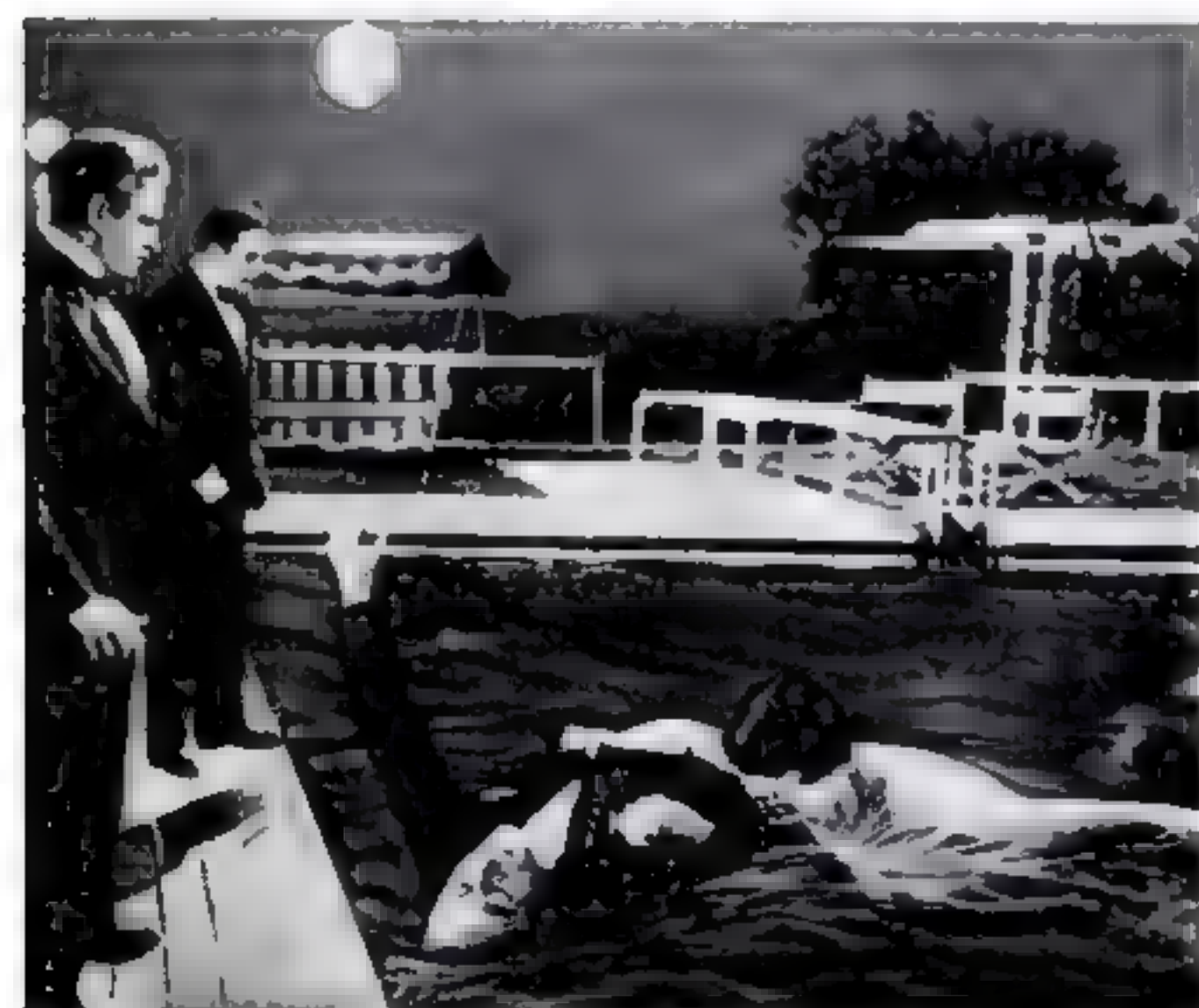
THIS FEARSOME FRAUD was based on Mae O'Neill's charge that Harry K. Thaw once tried to choke her at party.

COMPOSOGRAPHS

Faked news pictures in the New York "Graphic" brought U.S. journalism to a half-century low

On a day in 1925—a day that ethical journalists would like to drop out of the calendar—the New York *Evening Graphic*, a tabloid founded by Bernarr ("Body Love") Macfadden, printed the picture at the left. It was the first "composograph," a fact that the *Graphic* gleefully, even proudly, admitted. The innovation was prompted by the reticence of a judge in the Kip Rhineland divorce case. Rhineland, a wealthy Long Islander, sued his bride of a month on grounds she had concealed her Negro blood. When Bride Alice Jones stripped to the waist in court to prove that Kip had known the truth all along, the judge barred photographers. Only the *Graphic* met this challenge head on. A model was posed with a gang of reporters, and the heads of jury members were superimposed on the resulting picture. It is a matter of somber record that the *Graphic's* circulation jumped 100,000 papers that day.

In the ensuing years the *Graphic*, always with the high purpose of combating evil and selling papers, concocted many similar pictures, some of which are shown here. This technique was once referred to as the "chemise policy," since the female principals usually appeared in "step-ins" or, as they were also known, "unmentionables"—an appellation often applied to the *Graphic* itself. In 1929 the *Graphic's* other great discovery, Walter Winchell, was hired away by the New York *Mirror*, and after that the paper languished. In 1932 the *Graphic* died, and the American boudoir regained at least some of its original sanctity.



SOCIETY MISBEHAVIOR was exposed by the *Graphic* whenever the news was dull and a good, lively picture was needed. This composograph revealed the scandalous goings-on on Long Island, where playboys often fell into swimming pools fully clad, only to be rescued by black-banded female retrievers.

PEACHES AND DADDY WERE PURE GOLD FOR THE "GRAPHIC"



ON COMPOSOGRAPH HONEYMOON, PEACHES AND DADDY HAVE BIG PILLOW FIGHT



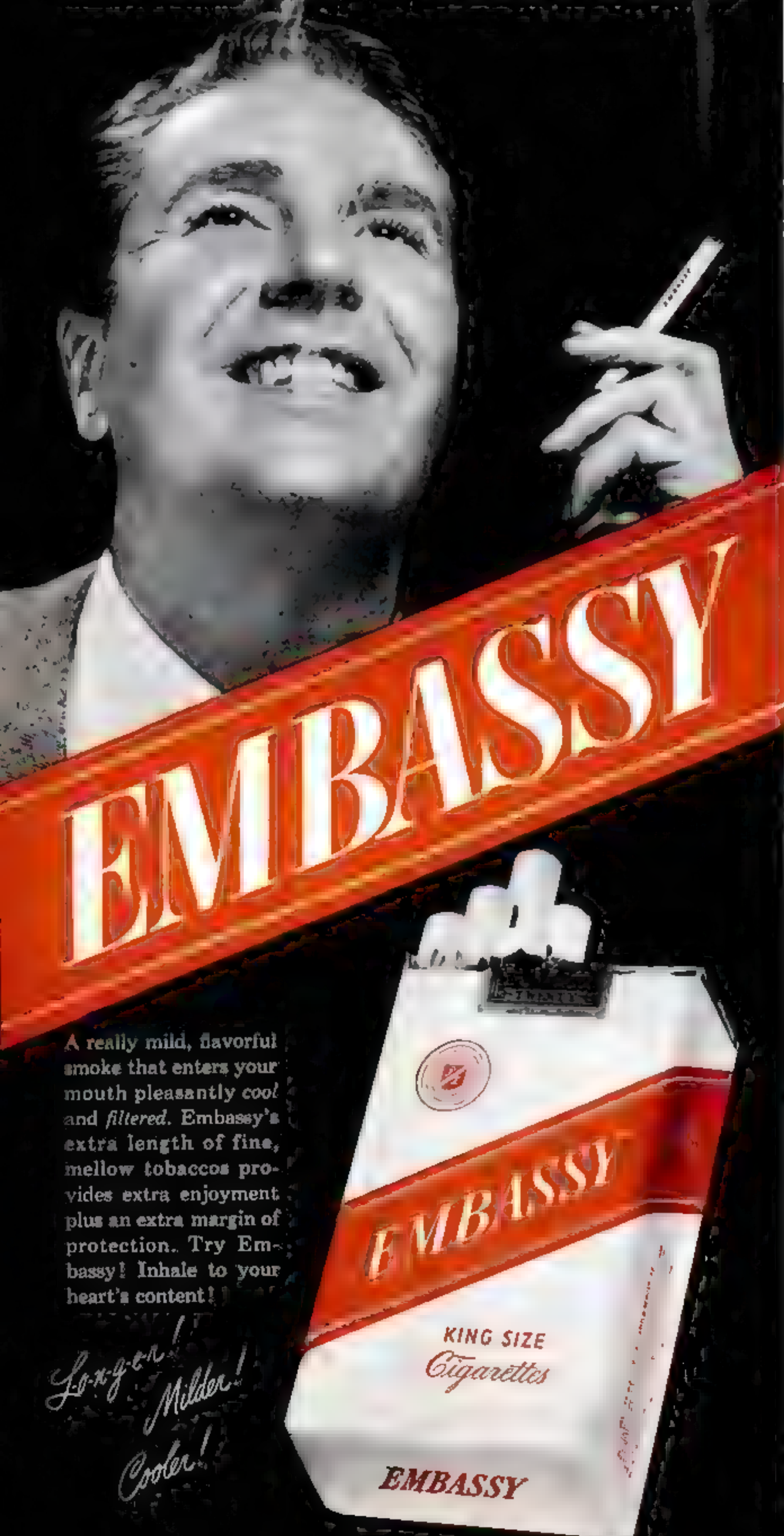
BROWNING'S AT HOME SHARE COMPOSOGRAPH LOVE NEST WITH PEACHES' MAMA



THE BROWNING VERSION in the '20s was romance of 51-year-old millionaire, Edward ("Daddy") Browning, and 15-year-old Frances ("Peaches") Heenan. Their "honeymoon story" appeared in the *Graphic* illustrated with composographs. Some, like this one in which Daddy is fixing Peaches' shoe trees, included rhymes and a talking goose.

Pack after pack of pleasure

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THE CARE AND HANDLING OF A HERITAGE

One of the "scared-rabbit" generation reassures wild-eyed elders about future

by BILL MAULDIN



Bill Mauldin, age 28, became a spokesman for his generation as a cartoonist for the *Stars and Stripes* during his stint in the Army. He has published eight books, the latest of which, *A Sort of a Saga*, was enthusiastically received by the critics. In 1945 one of his cartoons won him a Pulitzer prize. The illustrations for this article are his work.

IT'S been said that fathers don't come slowly and gently to the realization that their sons have grown up and that they themselves have arrived at middle age. These things come as a double shock. As we hit the half-century mark, the shock seems to have come on a grand scale and our elders have turned to stare at us and gulp.

It's very flattering. We had a little attention right after the war, when they didn't know what to expect from "that veteran vote," as they called the whole generation. Now they're looking at us a little apprehensively as "the generation that's going to be running the country soon."

It's an irony, but so many of us are a cautious, nervous, conservative crew that some of the elders who five years ago feared that we might come trooping home full of foreign radical ideas are now afraid that the opposite might be too true, and that we could be lacking some of the old American gambling spirit and enterprise. Before discovering that I was available at 50¢ a word as a class prophet, and having learned to depend on "opinion surveys" for information—much of it inexact—the elders ran a poll on colleges this year. Out of 150,000 graduates (70% veterans) in the class of 1949, the poll showed only 2% had any desire to go into business on their own.

Salary, not commission

THE great majority of those interested in selling for a living want to operate on salary, not commission. In the arts many young painters follow now safe and established Europeans like Picasso or Braque, and this generation's writers lean toward popular, money-making subjects like sex, neuroses, and war-with-four-letter-words. Young lawyers have a penchant for adding their names in tiny gold-leaf letters to doors covered with bigger and older names.

The trend is toward big business, polls say, and the bigger the better. Major oil companies, insurance companies and manufacturers of everything from light bulbs to diesel locomotives canvass the campuses for the best talents, and the talent flocks to the corporations. I guess a lot of us must look pretty awful to those elders who believe in neither the initiative-killing security of big business nor the socialism of big government, but cherish the crapshooting



"WE HAD A WAR IN OUR TIME, TOO!"

tradition of little individuals with big ambitions. We must look like scared rabbits diving for holes.

Last summer I came out of my hole and went to an art school in Skowhegan, Maine to learn how to make a fortune painting pictures like Braque and Picasso. I had hardly arrived and found the bar (art students traditionally learn everything in bars, or cafes) when a local elder engaged me in talk and started picking on me. "Hell," he said, "I'd rather these kids'd be Communists or something else y'can put your finger on. They got about as much spark as a bowl of Jello."

Flattered because the gentleman, who appeared to be in his 50s, considered me worth talking to—it could have been that in the dimness he took me to be much older than I am—I asked him to elaborate.

"If they're interested in food, for instance," he said, "They'll take a job in some independent little store, where they might be owner some day, and they'll work just long enough to get some experience so they can be a starch-collar stooge in the A & P. If they're good at selling, they won't hump it around town with a sample case ringin' doorbells—they want to work in a Sears, Roebuck branch.

"Used to be you could always depend on farm kids, anyhow. Do you see any of 'em clearing out woods and making a place for himself? You see him pulling blueberries for some old farmer, working just enough hours to meet the payment on his big new car with the fenders that make it look like a foundered cow."

Having exhausted himself by a speech which may have set an all-time Maine record for length, the man started off for a tall bourbon, but he was back in a moment with a parting shot: "And don't give me any of that talk about these kids going through a war. We had a war in our time, too!" He was gone before I could give him any of that talk.

The Maine gentleman has been backed up by others recently. General Eisenhower says maybe we're pursuing "an illusory thing called security at the expense of individual liberty" and suggests that we want champagne and caviar when we should have beer and hot dogs. Vannevar Bush fears we might become a people "surrendering their birthright of individual self-reliance for favors, voting themselves into Eden from a supposedly inexhaustible public purse, supporting everyone by soaking a fast-disappearing rich, scrambling for subsidy, learning the arts of political log-rolling and forgetting the rugged virtues of the pioneer."

I agree fundamentally with Dr. Bush; my only complaint is that he picked on the government exclusively and let General Motors, General Electric and an assortment of oil companies, as well as Du Pont, off the hook. The very polls which show the security-mindedness of so many of this generation also show that government's big bureaucracy and small salaries attract few of the bright young men, while mighty industry attracts most of them.

I don't go all the way with polls, and I don't think the distinguished elders need work themselves into such a frenzy. Even some normally moderate conservatives in high places have hinted darkly that nothing short of violent physical action is going to change the trend toward security, but they're going to make gamblers out of us if they have to kill us in the process. It is a little odd for the young ones to take the role of sitting back in a chair and cautioning their wild-eyed elders, "Take it easy; everything will work out all right."

How many lone wolves?

IT'S not really so shocking that only 2% of the potential thinkers and leaders now coming out of college want to go into business for themselves. The preceding generation graduated before polls became so widespread, but it's doubtful if more than 5% of them felt like lone-wolfing it. The fact is that most people would rather work for a steady salary. They can depend on it, plan on it and turn their attention to things that interest them more than their jobs.

Granting our elders (and they probably don't deserve it) that 5% of them who went through college were grand old individualists and admitting that perhaps only 2% of our gang is loyal to the tradition, I'm going to hang some of it on war, past and potential—despite that Maine man's sour warning. I've found that people like him, who enjoy reminding us that they too had a war in their time, often tend to romanticize a little about it. They haven't forgotten the days when they were the "lost generation," with spokesmen like F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos. That troubled adjective gave many of our fathers a sense of mysterious suffering and sometimes made women want to stroke their hair to ease their tortured spirits.

Here comes James Thurber, who recently celebrated his 55th birth-

CARE OF A HERITAGE CONTINUED

day, providing a handy quote from a recent *New York Times* interview: "The sense of doom that they had," he says, speaking of the writers of the '20s, "was more legendary than real. They were the lost generation, but they were lost in Paris and having a pretty good time. All of them had a good 20 or 30 years to look ahead to. There just wasn't the sense of another war to look forward to then, as there is now." He adds: "They didn't worry about the world situation when I was young. Then the greatest menace was Halley's comet. And my cousin Earl's motorcycle."

And here comes a college man I know, who has just passed his loyalty tests and is hoping for a job with Metropolitan Life Insurance—as a junior executive, of course.

"The times and circumstances," he says with a pomp that ill becomes his years, "have changed my sense of values. Once I would have liked to go out on my own and invent something new and have a path beaten to my door. Great personal success still has some flavor—people look up to a man who owns his own shop more than they do some \$20,000-a-year vice president who looks like any brush salesman on the subway. But the struggle for that kind of success takes a long time. How do I know how much time I've got? The minute Met gives me a job and I start up the office ladder, every mother I meet will start throwing her daughter at me. I want to catch one and put her in a house and enjoy it for a while before somebody flattens it."

This struck me as a slightly cynical attitude, but it was nothing compared to what came next.

"Let me tell you about a French girl I knew in Paris," he said. (He'd spent two years overseas in the Army and had finished college on the GI Bill.) "She fell in love with me at first sight. In fact you might say that was her trade. She had two kids to feed and only one way to feed them. Her husband had been a dentist, and he'd been taken into the army medicals at the beginning of the war. I guess he must have got mixed up in the fighting somehow when the krauts first took France, because nothing had been heard from him. He was probably killed."

"Every time I got a pass to Paris I spent it with that girl, and I used to sit in her fancy apartment—she'd been able to keep it, but she'd sold most of the furniture—and wonder about that dentist. She told me he'd worked and slaved and studied for 20 years to build up a big practice before he got married. He must have been about 40, and I guess she was 18 or 19 when she married him. All those years he'd gone without any fun—not even girls. His wife told me he was innocent as a lamb. He'd given up everything a man craves just to be successful and independent."



THEY LIKED TO THINK OF THEMSELVES AS THE "LOST GENERATION"

"I'd sit there and think, 'If that guy's still alive I wonder how he feels about his career now?'"

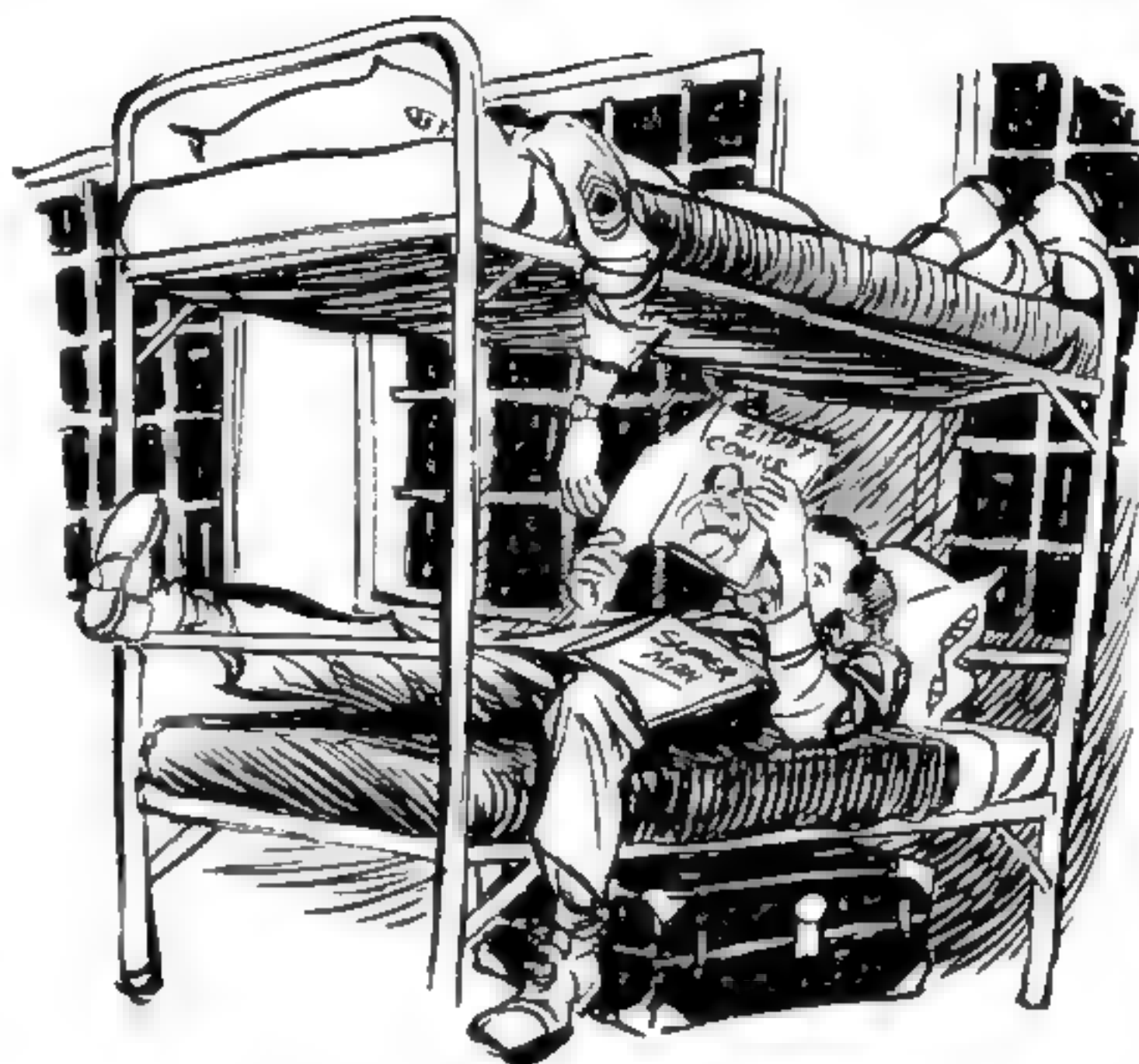
My worldly friend heaved a sentimental sigh.

"Now look at us," he said. "They're practically guaranteeing we're going to get into another war. I'll fight all right, but wouldn't I look silly defending a beachhead on Coney Island in a home-guard uniform with one pocket full of moldy cartridges and an engagement ring and a bunch of big government bonds in the other pocket, when I've just heard that the Treasury in Washington was stonked by a guided missile?"

I assured him he wouldn't look silly at all. I told him he would look downright heroic, but he wasn't impressed.

"I don't want paper in my pocket," he said. "I want to walk through those big brass doors at Met Life and fade into the labyrinth, so to speak—at a good salary, of course, so I can pay instalments on a house, a car and a family that I can enjoy now, on the chance that something's going to happen in a few years. I'm going to buy an insurance policy and let my boss and the instalment collectors take the risks. They're not going to catch me with a pocketful of savings. When they stop scaring me about another war I'll start believing in pieces of paper again, but now I want something that doesn't burn so fast in a fire."

This is an extreme example of an attitude that is spread, in varying



THE ARMY IS THE PERFECT "WELFARE STATE"

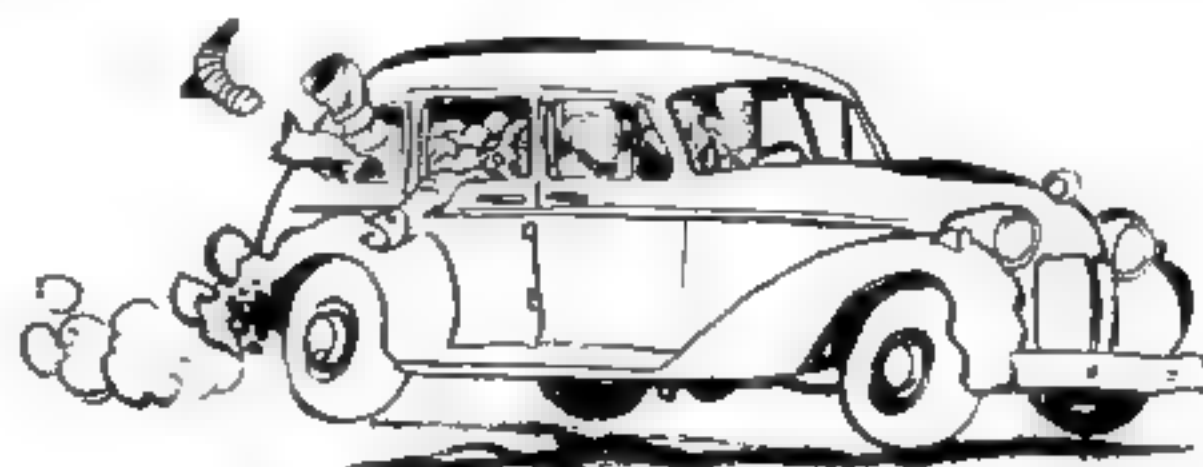
degrees of thickness, over many members of this generation. You can't expose a man to the bitter results of a war like the recent one without having him somewhat affected by it. But in case I've made anybody throw up his hands in horror, it might be a good idea to remember that so far I've been talking largely about the college crew—the upper-white-collar element, you might say. There are many thousands who haven't listened to the voice of doom, have taken long gambles in the approved tradition, and many have succeeded. Time will tell whether they're foolish fellows whose heads are in the sand and whose boldly built careers will turn to ashes, but it's a pleasure, after listening to the voice of doom, to bury your head in the sand with them and talk to them.

There's an establishment in Manhattan known as the Suburban Hand Laundry, owned by the five Barres brothers. They were well spread out during the war. Arthur was an infantry lieutenant, Robert was in the Air Corps, Murray was a paddlefoot in Europe, Martin was in the Merchant Marine and Harold was in the Coast Guard.

The first I knew of them was early in 1946, when I was living a messy bachelor's life in an apartment on East 53rd Street. Murray came to my door and asked if I was lined up for laundry work. It happened that a couple of weeks earlier I had worked the miracle of acquiring, under the OPA price at \$2.66 apiece, a whole dozen then rare white shirts, which at this moment were dirty and jumbled on my closet floor. I hadn't made any previous laundry arrangements, but I hesitated about sending what amounted to my entire wardrobe to an unknown laundry. But we started gassing about the war, and when Murray mentioned he'd been in the 3rd Division, for which I had great respect, I gave him my clothes.

I spent the next 10 days regretting it, because nothing more was heard from the Barres'. Cussing myself and the 3rd Division, I was getting ready to start out through black-market channels for more shirts when my laundry came back. The Barres' are still washing those same shirts, and I've since learned how their firm got started.

Not only was I their first customer, but they picked up my clothes on sheer gall. They didn't even own a washtub. They'd been dickering for a little establishment on 55th Street and had already started hustling for customers. The 55th Street deal didn't go through, however, and for a week the brothers batted around town with their old car full of dirty clothes until they found their present place. While one brother talked



THEY TOOK MY LAUNDRY ON SHEER GALL

price with the owner in the front office, and another went out to get labels printed, the rest rolled up their sleeves and started washing. They now have 15 employees, a long list of customers and a big new delivery truck.

But I can top that one. Since the war I've been on friendly terms—despite the fact that the fellow was my first sergeant in the Army for a while—with one Irving Levinson, a printer who worked in a Stamford, Conn. shop before the war. Perhaps because in the Army he'd been used to giving orders instead of taking them, Irv wanted to start his own shop after his discharge. He had no money, so he teamed up in 1946 with an equally broke partner, reasoning, no doubt, that two flat wallets are thicker than one.

Many ex-soldiers will refuse to believe this, but Irv, the top sergeant, actually had so many friends that he was able to borrow \$10,000, a dab here and a dab there, among them. Irv's partner scraped up another \$5,000. The pair bought a decrepit little shop called the Stuyvesant Press, on Pearl Street in downtown Manhattan. The price was \$37,000. They paid \$11,000 down and started business with a working capital of \$4,000.

Irv and his partner paid themselves bare subsistence salaries (both were married) and hustled business, hauled paper stock and made deliveries in a little Chevrolet sedan. Every time they showed a profit they added another employe or more equipment to the shop. Today they have only a few more months' payments to make before they're out of debt and the entire purchase price is paid. They figure their shop is now worth \$110,000.

Of course the Barres brothers and Irv Levinson were helped by prewar experience in laundry work and printing. Many of the thousands of failures in independent little businesses started after the war by veterans can be attributed to lack of experience. I know a character in California who borrowed some money to start a fancy dog-breeding kennel. His first purchase was an expensive station wagon—he reasoned that his customers wouldn't be impressed unless he had one. He set up the finest equipment: pens, shelters and shiny fences. His house began to look shabby alongside this magnificence, so he and his wife had it remodeled. At last he thought of the most essential ingredient—some breeding stock, but by this time he was broke and couldn't buy the dogs.



"MY RESPONSIBILITIES WERE BOTH WAITING FOR ME OUTSIDE THE SEPARATION CENTER GATE"

But the fact is that he tried, and so did hundreds of thousands of others. If it's gamblers the elders want, there's no shortage of them. Possibly there would be a few more had it not been for the high incidence of young marriages during the war.

I know a writer who always wanted to free-lance, one of the toughest ways in the world to make a living, and who now has a job turning out advertising copy at \$125 a week. His story was a simple one: "When I got my discharge and walked out of the separation-center gates," he says, "I had two responsibilities waiting for me right outside. One of 'em wore a skirt and she was carrying the other one, and that one was squalling its head off. It was hungry." He still has hopes of finishing a book in his

spare time, but he admits the hope gets dimmer: "You're tired after work on weekdays and you can't look a typewriter in the face. You wait for the weekend, and when it comes the kid needs an airing or some friends drop around."

He'd been in the Army about a year when he got married in 1943: "After the war we were pretty optimistic for a while about free-lance writing. We knew rations would be short, but milk was cheap and we thought we'd make it, even with a kid. But things got into focus after about 200 rejection slips from magazines, and when this advertising job popped up I grabbed it. My wife sometimes feels guilty about me, and is always prodding me to work on books or stories, but the fact is that I'm beginning to enjoy that pay check. I'm thinking about getting a house."

There's a popular theory among many elders who in Roosevelt's day failed to be captivated by the charms of the New Deal, that living under it, with its "ideas of soft security," has sapped our "pioneer spirit." Also, that what little gumption we had left was killed by the waste and the discipline of the military life. Many people are afraid we're a setup for a demagog preaching "welfare state" to come along and lead us to slaughter.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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CARE OF A HERITAGE CONTINUED

I think it's interesting that the Army (of which General Eisenhower approves wholeheartedly) is the ideal welfare state, with great attractions for a young man at loose ends today. It offers him far better pay than almost any other job he can get, when you consider that his living expenses are all paid for him and his salary is so much gravy. He has no responsibilities beyond obeying the people who are paid to think for him, if he's a private, or passing orders along if he's a noncom. So long as he keeps his nose reasonably clean, he's guaranteed a decent bed, three daily meals, chocolate bars and plenty of spending money, and even if he gets in trouble all they usually take away is the money. The Army slants its entire recruiting propaganda toward the young man's desire for security. Very little is said about his responsibilities as a citizen to protect his country. Instead the magazines run attractive color ads of picnics and parties soldiers enjoy at government expense. If General Eisenhower's worries about today's youth are completely justified, the Army he loves would have to be turning them away in wholesale lots. But the Army has had to advertise to attract men.

When the war was over there were many people in politics who hoped we'd come trooping home like sheep. The American Legion thought it might get some 10 million of us to help it pry the lid off the Treasury and set up a special kind of "welfare state" with exclusive membership restricted to men in blue uniforms. On the other end of the line the extreme left wing made elaborate plans for us, but all they siphoned off were a few neurotics. Somehow we don't get too impressed with demagoguery. Maybe we're too restless to stand still and listen to them.

Too much propaganda

THINK we're equally unimpressed, by and large, with the approach many speech-makers and article-writers are using to jar us out of our "lethargy" into what they consider a proper American frenzy of ambition. They use slogans and labels and clichés, but we suffered through too much propaganda during the war to be spooked by little words now.

In today's jittering world warning a man that his personal income taxes are too high and that if he isn't careful they will get higher is like the installment collector sending a letter to a soldier walking through a minefield, warning him that if the piano payment isn't made things will get awfully hot for him. This generation, at least the

members of it I know, are not allergic to low taxes, efficient government, stable currency or individual enterprise. But there are other things on our minds, too. The idea of defending the Coney Island beachhead with the pocketful of stable currency may be a little far-fetched, but it's not beyond our imagination.

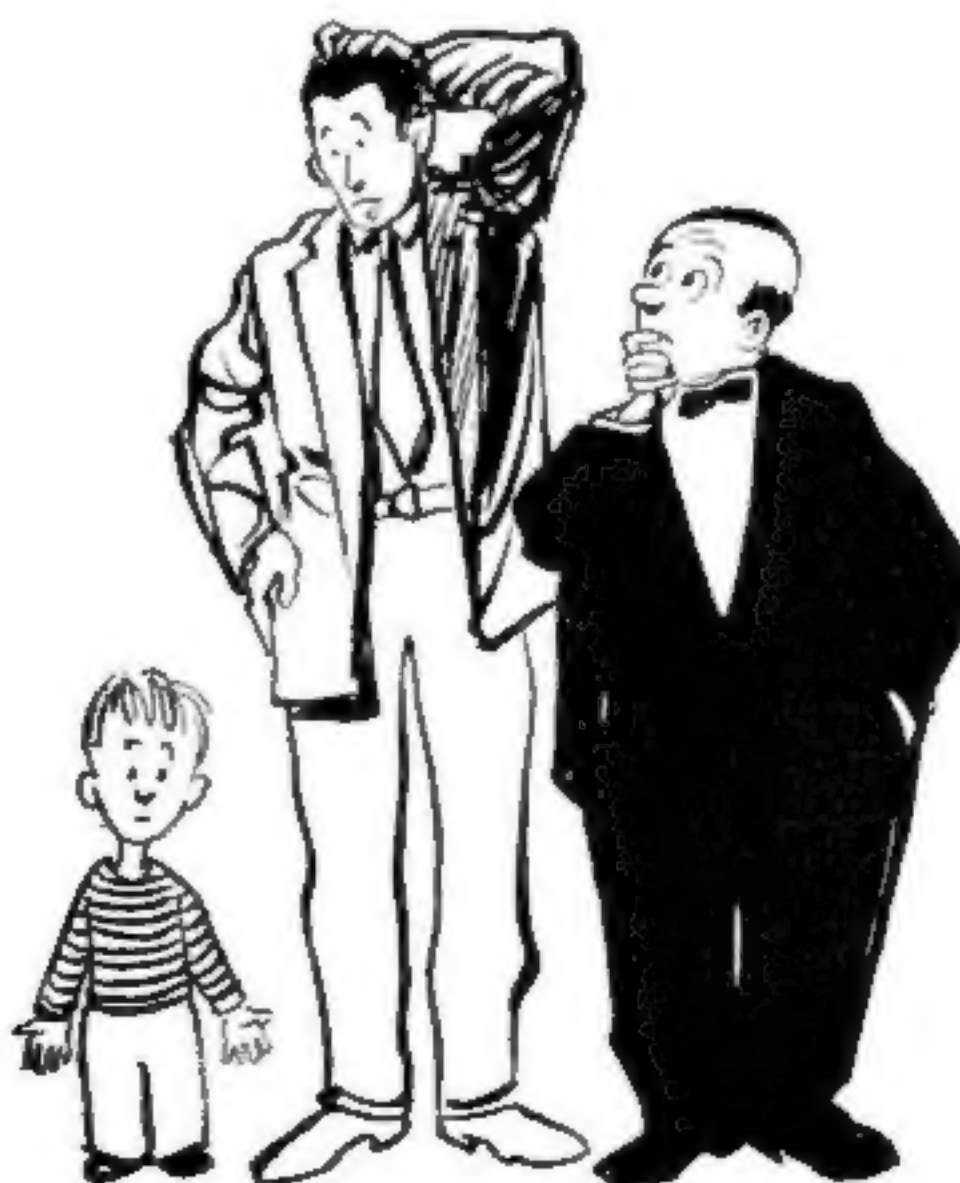
I don't think the majority of this generation voted for Truman because we've been conditioned to regard the Democratic party as a "soft touch," or because we consider Truman a "socialist" and are inclined toward "socialism" ourselves. It seems to be simply that the Democrats, in their own special, bumbling, often expensive and sometimes bureaucratic way, take more interest in the things that make us apprehensive than the Republicans do.

Inflation or a hole in the head?

TOO many of us have been let loose in the raw, hungry, angry old world outside our own sheltered boundaries not to feel, in heart and brain, that a lot of Europeans and Asiatics are pretty close neighbors. So it's likely that those politicians who consider this first, and a balanced budget later, are the ones who'll get this generation's majority vote. It's easy to say there's danger in compromising precious principles (like tidy bookkeeping) with expediency (like buying peace). But the truth is some of us rabbits are scared enough to consider a balanced budget more a luxury than a principle—and the risk of a little inflation better than a hole in the head. It seems that even our occasional idealism is edged with some practical apprehension.

If ever the apprehensions disappear, then this generation may well become the damndest free-wheeling, rip-snorting, dollar-manipulating crowd in history. We'd all like to drive fish-tail Cadillacs.

I hope this makes an elder or two happy and relieves some suspense. They're entitled to know about us. They're giving us, with open hearts, a heritage they've developed at great expense and trouble. The confusions and fears, television comedians, assembly lines, atoms, prejudices, angers, Communists, conservatives, Hydra-Matic drives, Congress, psychiatrists, schools, slot machines, churches, cold wars, contract bridge, bonded bottles, the national debt, canasta and the Constitution are ours to treasure and preserve. We might touch things up a bit—add a little here and take off a little there—but we won't really mess things up. And I hope we can give as interesting an assortment to our offspring.



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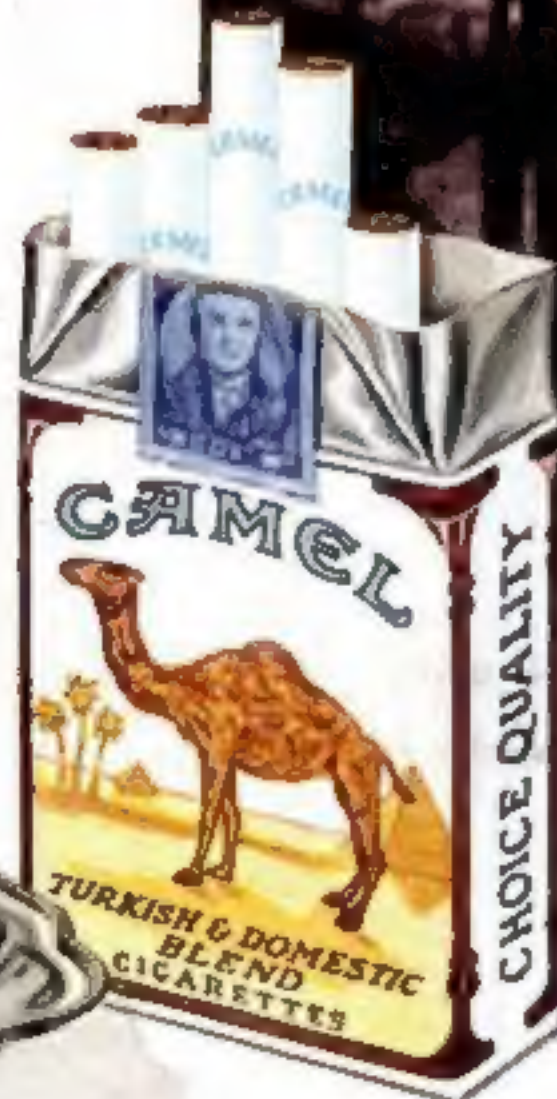
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